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# BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

## Sports and Pastimes

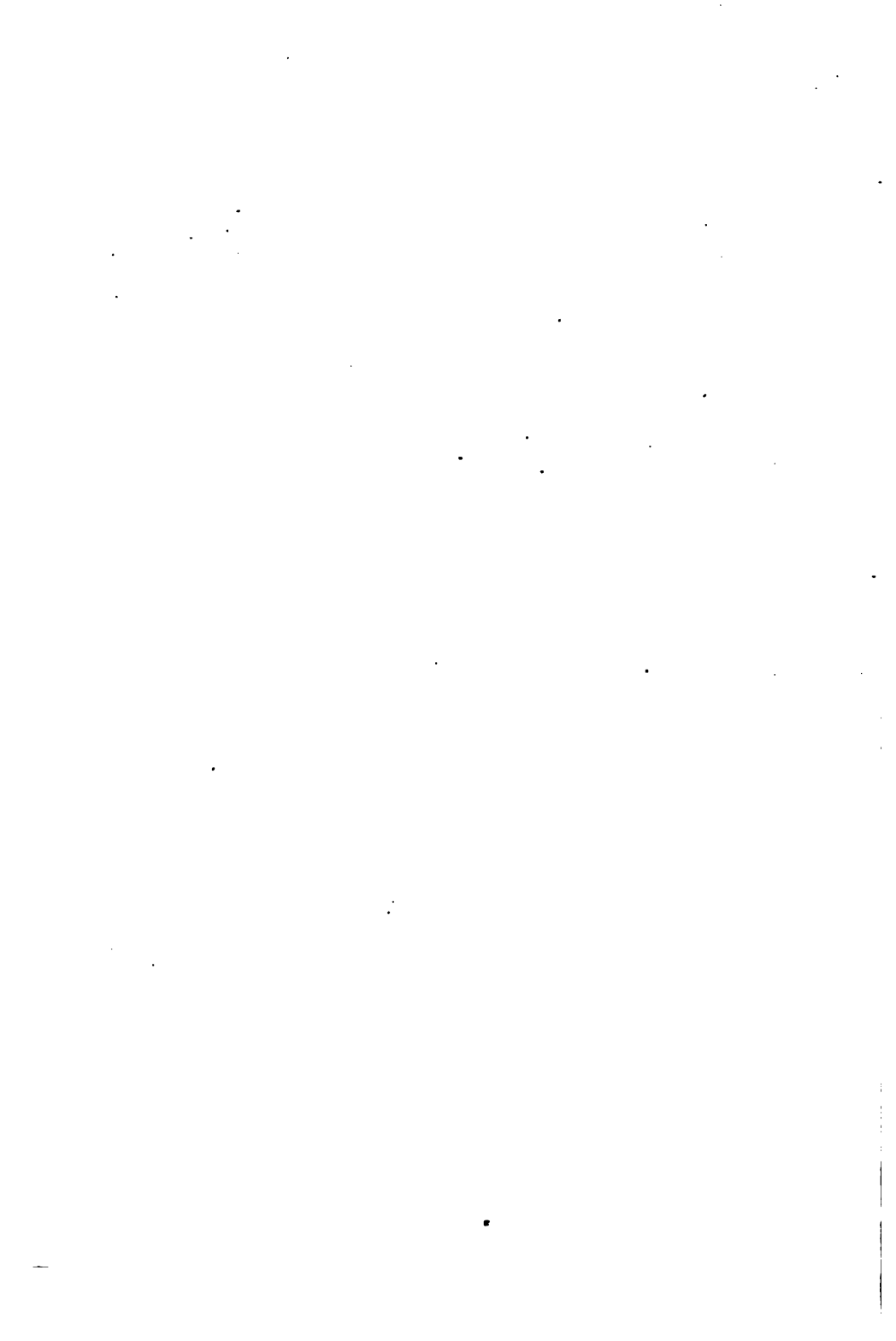


*J. F. Harris*

VOL. LXIX.

LONDON, VINTON & CO. Lim<sup>d</sup>

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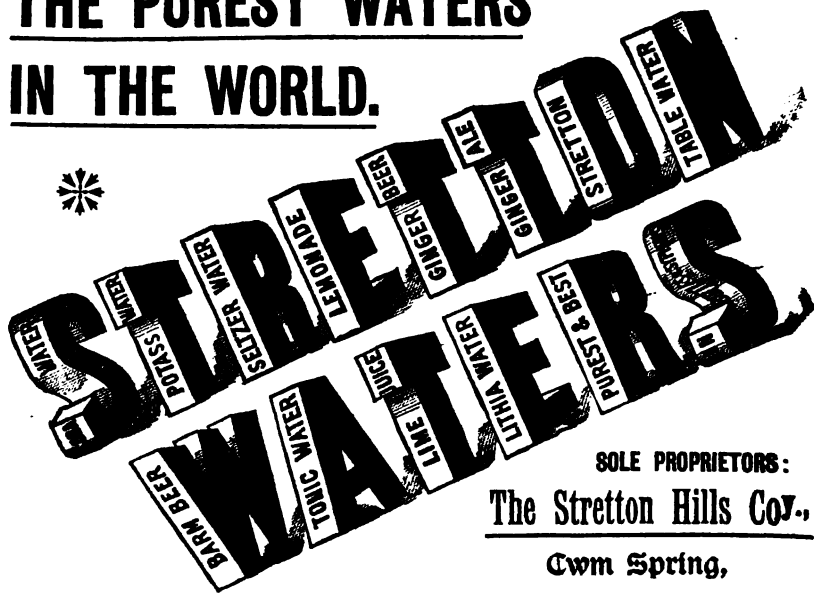
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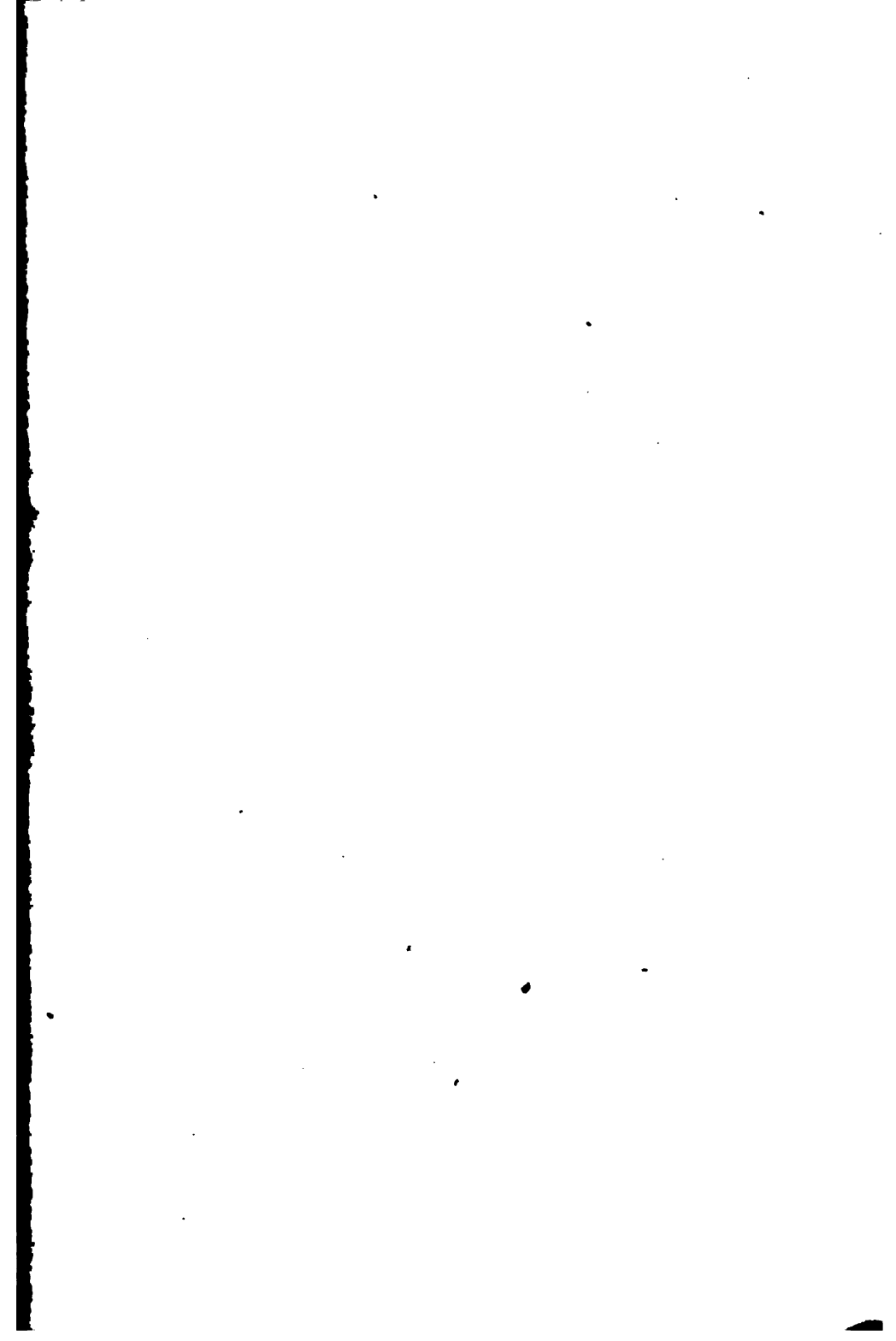
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 Portraits of LADY D. COVENTRY, MRS. WRANGHAM, MRS. STAPLETON MARTIN,  
 MRS. HERBERT PEEL.

Engravings:—THOMAS STOTHARD, R.A., and CONYERS TESTIMONIAL.

## Viscount Wolseley, K.P., G.C.B., G.C.M.G.

"WAITING for a commission" was often a slow business in the days before the Crimean War, and in the spring of 1852 a young military aspirant named Garnet Wolseley, who came of a good soldier stock, and to whom, even thus early, all idleness was abhorrent, was filling up the wearisome time by the study of land surveying in Dublin. The knowledge thus gained was destined to be extremely useful, affording him, indeed, one of the earliest and best openings that led him forward in his adventurous career.

It was not, however, the first chance he turned to good advantage, for directly he was gazetted, as he was on the 12th of March, 1852, he went out to India, and was soon engaged upon active service. He did not tarry at home: the old Indian depôt at Chatham was not deemed the best station for newly joined youngsters, and wise parents, if they could manage it, preferred to send their sons straight to their regiments. Ensign Wolseley's regiment was the 80th, then serving in Burmah, and he went out

there in time to take part in the first Burmese War. They gave him charge of a detachment directly he landed at Rangoon, and hurried him up to the front, although he had not yet learnt his drill and hardly knew a word of command. He took his share of the fighting when still a recruit, and made his first campaign in the buttoned-up coatee, the stock, and shako of the days before khaki and pith helmet, when, in fact, the British soldier wore the same clothing all the year round at home and abroad.

Young Wolseley did his work so well and behaved so gallantly, especially at the capture of the Burmese stronghold of Donabew, where he was severely wounded, that he was mentioned in despatches and recommended for promotion. It came to him presently in a transfer as lieutenant to the 84th, whence he passed within a month to the 90th Light Infantry, the regiment with which he has been most closely and completely identified. It was in this Burmese period that he earned the right to the Royal Humane Society's medal, for while ascending the river with a flotilla of boats he stripped and jumped overboard to save a drowning man. Unfortunately, he was not successful, and the story goes that just after he had been rescued himself, his colonel came on deck, in blissful ignorance of what had occurred. Seeing Mr. Wolseley shivering in his buff, he took him sharply to task for being improperly, or rather incompletely, dressed.

The 90th did not reach the Crimea in time for the early battles, but it formed part of the Second Division, and was soon busy with the arduous operations of the siege. Here came Wolseley's golden opportunity. His

early studies qualified him now to act as an assistant engineer, and he was employed continuously upon the Right Attack, except when incapacitated by wounds. He did his full share of trench work by the side of such men as Charles Gordon, Chapman, and Gerald Graham, in battery building, resisting sorties, and leading attacks, including that on the Quarries, and was repeatedly hit and cut about, losing an eye, and incurring other bodily injuries from some of which he has never entirely recovered. Reward well merited, and not stinted, came at the end; promotion first to captain, then to major by brevet, came in due course, and at last Wolseley was selected for the general staff by Sir Richard Airey, the Quartermaster-General, who had ever a quick eye for a promising assistant.

The Indian Mutiny followed closely on the Crimea, and Major Wolseley was hurried off to the East with the 90th. He had, as his custom was, made the most of any spare time, by studying at the Senior Department of Sandhurst, and was now a scientific as well as a practised soldier. His Indian service was brilliant although not long, and in the Relief of Lucknow, under Sir Colin Campbell, he distinguished himself in capturing the Mess House and the Moti Mahal. His action in the last-named has been called in question, for undoubtedly he exceeded his instructions, and, great as was the triumph, it drew down upon him the severe rebuke of the General commanding. He has never replied to the criticisms passed upon his conduct in that operation, but it is easy to understand that so ardent a spirit, who saw a great opening, could not resist the temptation to do more than he was told. The occasion

was one in which success alone can excuse disobedience, and a junior officer who has dared to do too much can expect no mercy if he fails.

Wolseley was a lieutenant-colonel at the end of the Mutiny, and had an established reputation as one of the most "coming" soldiers of his time. Eager, indefatigably active, of brilliant parts, generally popular and winning the confidence of all, he was certain to be sought out when stirring work was to be done, and thus he went almost naturally with Sir Hope Grant to China in 1860 as one of the Quartermaster-General's staff. He saw all the service there was: the battle of Tangku, the battle of Sinho, the taking of the Peiko Forts, the battle of Palichau, and the advance upon Peking. After the China campaign he went to Canada, at the time of the Trent affair, when war with the United States loomed very near, and Lord Palmerston, with surprising energy, filled Canada with troops in the depths of winter. Wolseley was an assistant quartermaster-general, and won such golden opinions in the post that at the end of his term of service he was given a fresh lease of office with a step in grade—a very unusual boon. So far, however, his merits were scarcely known beyond the comparatively narrow circle of his own immediate colleagues. The time had arrived when he was to fill a large place in the public eye. He obtained his first independent command, that of the Red River Expedition, and at once took rank as a leader of men. In that small but difficult operation, in which success was won by patient preparation of means rather than by actual conflict and collision with an effective enemy, he showed what he was worth; his many high gifts came

out strongly; the faculty of organisation, mastery of detail, and personal ascendancy over others. It was seen that he had the rare knack of winning men to his side by that subtle almost magnetic influence that compels willing, enthusiastic service.

It has been the fashion with some to sneer at the coteries with which Lord Wolseley is said to surround himself; to talk of him as the central figure of a mutual admiration society composed of self-assertive ciphers whose progress was due to their own advertisement and not to their claims. The best answer to any such unjust strictures is to take stock of the "Wolseyites," as they are called, and see what they have since done, under their chief or singly on their own account. It will be found that they number in their ranks the very best men in the army. Such names as Buller, Brackenbury, Butler, Wood, Colley, Baker, Greaves, Grove, may be quoted in proof of this. There has never been any narrowness of choice, any decided preference shown to particular persons. Lord Wolseley has never had but one idea, that of getting the best men around him, and has always gladly recruited his staff and still does so, with all who have given proofs of especial fitness. That he has ever been staunch to his old friends goes without saying, but the circle is large and always widening. All men are glad to serve him, few indeed if he wishes them can long resist the charm of his manner and the sense of power he reflects in all he says and does.

From the date of the Red River Expedition, Wolseley's career is a matter of public property, an integral part of the history of the times, too well known to require

detailed recapitulation. We need only point to the Ashanti campaign as one in which he exhibited fixity of purpose, the dogged resolution not to be beaten by climate, country, or savage foe, in which his cheery laugh and bright face encouraged even the most despondent, as in the worst phase of the fight at Amoaful, or when afterwards the serious news came in that the Ashantis had cut our line of retreat and he laughed it to scorn, boldly continuing his advance upon Coomassie. In the first Egyptian war his transfer of base from Alexandria to Ismailia on the Canal was a fine strategic stroke, carried out with consummate secrecy and skill. The night march on Tel-el-Kebir was a delicate operation, and the attack on the works well conceived; if the surprise had been less carefully planned, success might still have been achieved, but at a terrible cost. Again, if the Nile Expedition failed, it was not in the plan; if its sole object, the rescue of Gordon was not attained, the fault did not lie with Wolseley, but in one circumstance altogether beyond his control. When the Government at last consented to undertake what had been all along an imperative duty, the time for action had already slipped away. It is said that one of Lord Wolseley's staff went to congratulate him on his appointment the day on which it was made, and found him sad and dejected, with one phrase on his lips, "it is too late—too late." Not the less did the leader throw himself heart and soul into the work of preparation; he had his finger on every detail, and fought out the general principles with his usual resistless vigour and directness. Till quite the other day, many held that the move up river was a grand mistake, that the advance would have been much

more rapid from Suakin to Berber and would presumably have succeeded. We now know, on the evidence of those who have just crossed it, that the route was not practicable for a large force, and possibly a great disaster would have attended any advance but that by the Nile.

The final disappointment was greatly embittered by running so near success. Wolseley was within an ace of it when poor Sir Herbert Stewart started on his desert march across the Bayuda and fought the battle of Abu Klea. His death was a measureless catastrophe, and so felt by Wolseley, who is reported to have said to him when he left, "Now, Stewart, I will forgive you anything except getting killed." The misfortune was intensified too by other deaths on that fateful day, and the command in consequence fell to those who were not in the general's counsels, and could not act with the certainty of doing what he wished. There is little doubt that Gordon's loss when all but saved was, and has ever remained a poignant and abiding sorrow with Lord Wolseley, for he held Charles Gordon in deep, affectionate esteem.

Lord Wolseley's wars are probably over; for it is improbable that he will ever again take the field except in the direst emergency. Indeed, as Commander-in-Chief he is debarred, practically, from going on active service. But in his present post, at the very topmost rung of the military ladder, he is in a position of vast potential usefulness if only he had a free hand. This is nevertheless denied, and he may expect praise or blame, especially in this present crisis, for faults and failures in the military machine for which he is nowise responsible. He is generally deemed to have been the chief promoter of short service,



and is accordingly held responsible for its apparent breakdown. The truth being that he supported the system because it promised to solve the pressing questions of recruiting and reserves, as he will assuredly now support any improvements which will remove the threatened deadlock. No soldier who has served the Queen has been more anxious that the army should be sufficient and efficient. As to the coming increase, so long promised, so long postponed, it will probably be found by-and-bye, when the contemporary diaries, journals, and confidential papers see the light that Lord Wolseley has steadfastly advocated that increase, and in terms which exonerate him and might perhaps have upset many Cabinets. As to efficiency, the present Commander-in-Chief is resolved that it shall be of the highest standard in all branches of service. Every change is made after mature thought, every development is towards simplicity and increased usefulness.

There remains behind the great soldier the man, as he appears to those among his friends who are privileged to know him at home and in private life. His worst enemy could not accuse Lord

Wolseley of being spoiled. Success almost unvarying, great station, considerable power have not changed him in the least, he is still as unpretending, as simple-minded, as kind hearted as ever. He is a man of wide catholic tastes; he has a keen appreciation of art, and in early days drew with pleasing facility; he is a lover of all old curios, has a trained eye for Chippendale and Sheraton, and with Lady Wolseley's assistance—staunch true helpmate in far more than this—has collected innumerable art treasures. His tastes are not exactly sporting, but he dearly loves a good horse, and would far rather ride one than a bicycle, indeed his chief joy is to gallop over the breezy downs with his only daughter by his side. He loves books as books, and has a house full of them; he is an omnivorous and indefatigable reader, giving to books for choice the hours of first freshness, for he is no lie-a-bed, but turns out early every morning to read and study. This custom is in a large measure the secret of the vast amount of work he gets through, and explains the production of that excellent life of Marlborough which has placed him in the first flight of military historians.

## The College Grinds.

### REMINISCENCES OF OXFORD IN THE SEVENTIES.

IN a pleasant room in—College at Oxford, an undergraduate was lighting his pipe after breakfast on a fine morning late in October. The rooms were those of an ordinary man of varied tastes. A few engravings, a good many books, a rack of whips and spurs, and one or two rough and spirited oil sketches of hunters decorated

the walls. The furniture was neither very smart nor very shabby, and had been taken over at a valuation from a previous owner, as the custom was. Neither wholly scholar nor wholly sportsman and athlete, the owner of the rooms, Jimmy Seaton, was a good specimen of the undergraduate of his day. He was fair, boyish-

looking, and broad of shoulder, with a certain brightness and charm of manner. Just as the pipe was burning nicely, and he had taken up the *Saturday Review*, then in its heyday of popularity, a knock at the door was followed by the entrance of a quiet-looking, neatly dressed, rather small man, with a compact, well-knit frame and the keen eye and firm mouth of a horseman.

"Hullo, Billy! come in, sit down, and have a weed."

"Thanks," said Billy, who affected a certain sharp sententiousness of speech; "got a letter from Joe Hollingworth. News is good. He backed the winner all right, and we got our two ponies on in the stable commission at an average of tens. Gives us about £500."

Jimmy executed a little dance of delight.

"Jove, Billy," he said, "I shall send round a note of congratulation to my tradespeople."

Billy's face fell. "You do not owe all that?"

"Oh no, only a hundred or so."

"Right," said Billy; "what shall we do with the rest?"

Jimmy smoked reflectively for a moment, and then said, "Let's buy a real good horse, and you shall ride him for the Open Cup at the next Grinds."

Billy brightened. "Nothing I should like better. Look here, I'll write to Joe to look out for a good one and send it down, so that we can hunt it a bit at first."

Do they still have "Grinds" at Oxford, I wonder? Those delightful little meetings which were in fact what Anglo-Indians would call a "sky" race meeting, were not exactly smiled on by the authorities even in the late sixties and early seventies. But the powers that were then had some sympathy for sport, and I do not

think that they were very anxious to catch us or stop the fun, so long as we observed a decent pretence of secrecy. For there were sportsmen among the dons in those days, and "Bob" Falcon loved horse and hounds, and I have myself ridden at a fence side by side with a certain Senior Proctor of the times. Nor has the set of those days lacked distinction in after-life. Did not Lord Rosebery run horses—not with the success of after years—in College Grinds? Lord Randolph Churchill, too, wore the Bullingdon ribbon, and had a pack of harriers. The present Lord Tweedmouth had a big black horse of an uncertain temper and certain weight-carrying powers, which tried him once sorely by refusing a brook, an exasperation which would now seem light after some years' experience as a Radical whip. Three cabinet ministers surely is not a bad record for a very limited set. Those two well-known and popular masters of hounds, Mr. Rolleston of the Rufford, and Mr. W. C. Cardwell of the Eastbourne, were also well-known figures in those days. It was only lately that I saw a portrait of "The Kitten" which won a four-mile steeplechase in the skilful hands of Fairfax of John's, who is now a country clergyman somewhere south of his native Yorkshire. The picture of the game little mare brought back a flood of recollections of the days when Oxford, as it seems to me, was brighter, happier, freer, than it is to-day.

A few weeks later Billy and Jimmy were standing in a loose box in the stables in Holywell, where stood their modest stud, contemplating a great raw-looking mare, which a wooden-faced groom had stripped for their inspection. Both the friends bore

the air of preternatural wisdom which is the outward cloak of youthful ignorance of horseflesh. Beneath the appearance of knowledge, both men had a slightly dismayed air. Jimmy, who had the more tell-tale face of the two, looked decidedly low-spirited. He had expected to see a sleek, slender, beautiful creature such as the racehorse used to be depicted in illustrated papers, but the animal before them, which rejoiced in the name of Aunt Sally, was a big brown mare with rather crooked fore-legs, a ewe neck and ragged hips, not exactly the ideal of the high-mettled racer of the print-shop windows. Billy was less cast down. His uncle owned and backed horses, and Billy had been a diligent student under Joe Hollingworth, his uncle's trainer. He knew enough to appreciate the great powerful loins and lengthy quarters of the mare, and the intelligent expression of an otherwise big and ugly head was not lost on him.

"Looks," said Billy, "as if she could jump and gallop, if those forelegs 'll stand. What do you think, Symmons?"

The groom's face did not change, only his lips moved as he said, "She'll stand right, if so be as you can ride her, sir. She can gallop and jump fit to win the Grand National."

"Is she quite thoroughbred?" said Jimmy.

"No, sir, she ain't. She's H'atch B, which means she's as near a blood'un as makes no difference." Then, as they turned to go, he added, in a lower tone:—"She is a certainty, if you young gents aint up to no foolishness. She'll win this race, and carry you above a bit out huntin', too."

As they strolled back to college, Billy remarked:—"I don't know,

Jimmy, but what it aint better that mare isn't better looking. Anyway, we'll see what she is made of next Monday with Lord Macclesfield at Thame."

On the day of the meet, the two friends duly turned up, and as they were anxious to see the best that the mare could do, they had her walked out while they themselves drove. The mare was waiting for them, and Billy, in a calm, business-like manner, mounted her and jogged off, Jimmy following his every movement with a keenly critical eye. A short, running fox from Fernhill was soon disposed of, and Lord Macclesfield then trotted off to Spartham Bog, the joint owners of Aunt Sally being by this time in undeniably low spirits. The mare pulled a bit, which was only natural, but she had shown herself a slovenly fencer, and had twice already landed on her head into a field. Now Spartham, as most Oxford men know, is a capital covert. It holds, or used to hold, a first-rate fox, as a rule, and it is not hard to get away from, for those who do not mind jumping a rather hairy fence on the top of a bank. Needless to say, that in the days of which I am speaking, we did *not* mind this, though when riding over the country in later years I have had doubts as to whether the gate was not a preferable means of escape. Lord Macclesfield threw his hounds into covert on the side nearest the village, and immediately there was a halloo from the whipper-in and a chorus from the pack. Close in the fox-hounds raced away over the grass towards Lobb's Farm. "Go first, Jimmy," said Scott, "she'll follow you better, perhaps"; and Jimmy accordingly rode at the bank and hedge. As he did so he saw, to his astonishment, the big mare snatch at her

bridle, and with a mighty plunge fly the fence as though it were a sheep hurdle, her big quarters shooting her well into the next field. It was evident that her blood was up. Without dwelling an instant she was away, right up to the pack, and during a glorious burst she stayed there, going well within herself and jumping each fence to perfection.

At the Old Paddock at Ricot hounds wavered, but the fox was too hot to go in, and a moment later the pack was driving hard—how Lord Macclesfield's dog-hounds used to drive—towards Lubersdon. While hounds had paused, Billy managed to range up alongside Seaton. "My boy, she is a ripper," and then he was off again, Aunt Sally striding away easily and strongly.

At the end of the day, as the friends jogged home together, they decided that the open chase was as good as won.

Considering the youth of the owners, the secret of the mare was well kept, but they were a good deal helped by the fact that the men at the House and Merton were convinced that no smaller or less distinguished college would be likely to possess a horse equal to theirs. It could hardly be said that Billy and Jimmy were in the inner House set, for they had neither the means nor the recklessness to live with those pleasant but well-to-do youngsters. Yet they had points in common in a genuine love of sport, and from time to time went to the rooms of one or other of the leading riding men. On these occasions Billy generally kept guard over his friend Seaton, who had a vein of recklessness which was apt to crop out at times of excitement.

The two friends had been asked to a wine at the House, to which

all those who entered horses in the Grinds had been invited.

"I'd like to lay against some of these starters," remarked young Lord C——, after the business had been done, and the preliminaries arranged, such as the place and date of meeting, and the conditions of the various events. "Let's have a bet," he went on, "on the Open Chase. There are eight starters. I'll back mine, or lay against any of the others. Hullo, Seaton, when did you take to running racehorses? Look here, my lad, you'll come to a bad end if you go on like this."

Lord C—— was not a bad fellow, but there was a touch of the aristocratic arrogance about him, "Hubris," as the scholars of his college called it, with a reminiscence of Socrates and Alcibiades. Seaton flushed a little.

"I'll back ours," he said. "Lay you five ponies to one."

"Done," said Jimmy. "Anyone else lay me anything?" and in a few minutes he had backed Aunt Sally to win him several hundred pounds, and had therewith risked his half-year's allowance and more.

"Come away, Jimmy, and don't be a fool," said Billy, and the friends went off to get into college before twelve.

When they had gone, Lord C—— said to Sir William Tilney, "Can that young Seaton pay?"

"Well, he ain't rich. Small potatoes and few in a heap. Wouldn't bet unless he could pay."

"I suppose they've no chance?" said C——.

"None whatever, I should say, except that cousin of mine, Billy Scott, can ride above a bit for a young 'un."

It was within a week of the "Grinds," all had gone well with the friends, and Symmons, the

groom, had proved to know something about training. One morning Seaton was coming back from lecture—for the authorities had become a little restive, and he had consequently been forced to forego the pleasure of seeing Aunt Sally take the gallops. Just as he returned, and, having lighted a pipe, had taken up the *Field* to see where the meets were for the following week, the college messenger arrived with a note. It was from Billy Scott, asking him to go over to his rooms at once. Hastening to the High he found his friend sitting in a chair, looking rather pale, with his arm in a sling.

"What's the matter, Billy?"

"Matter enough," replied Scott.

"That careless devil, Aunt Sally, landed on her head and put my shoulder out. Luckily she didn't hurt herself. Thought she'd be better for a gallop over fences, but you know how slovenly she is when she does not think it's business. She fairly rolled through the hedge on Bustacott's farm because she wouldn't rise. Look here, my boy, you'll have to ride in the Grinds. Doctor says I mustn't."

"Me!" exclaimed Seaton; "I can't. I am all right out hunting, but I'm not a horseman like you; besides, I never rode a race in my life."

"Jimmy, you've got to," said Billy, solemnly. "All you've to do is to sit still. We can't get anyone else who is qualified, for one thing. It's my belief," he added, "that, barring accidents, she'll walk over."

The surroundings of Grinds were simple enough. A natural course flagged out over the fields of a friendly farmer, a couple of tents in the field where the winning-post was, the sporting fish-monger from the High to make

a book, a few farmers, a carriage or two from Blenheim, Ditchley, and Heythrop, and a handful of undergraduates from other colleges who had got the office. Lord C—— was there with an extemporised four-in-hand with which he had taken off a gate-post turning in, not having the skill he developed later, three or four dog-carts were to be seen, and young Seaton driving Billy in a tandem which they had lately set up as a joint concern.

Jimmy was rather nervous, but the excitement of driving two new cobs had steadied him. Billy was very solemn. He had not much confidence in his friend's riding, though he had every faith in Aunt Sally, who in a race was as much to be depended on and safe as she was elsewhere untrustworthy.

The mare's price lengthened out considerably when it was known that Seaton was to ride her, and Billy shot the fish-monger for sixes several times, that being that worthy's longest price.

"Why should I lay more," he would say, "when the young mugs will take it." (This, of course, was only in strict confidence to a few chosen spirits.)

Billy, who had then some of the acuteness which marked his after career, made Seaton get up four pounds overweight, in order that he might ride in an accustomed hunting saddle.

Seaton was anxious, his bets rather weighed on him, and he came to the conclusion that if Aunt Sally failed, he would have to go down for a year at least. Like many other people at various times, Jimmy wished he had not been a fool.

At last the fateful moment had come, and Symmons was leading the mare up and down, his face as like a deal board as ever. But

there was unusual pathos in his tones as he gave his master a leg up.

"Do 'ee, sir, oh do 'ee sit still. The mare she do know such a lot of the game, and you know so little."

"There goes the winner, if Mr. Seaton don't play the giddy garden goat," said Billy.

Symmons' face had resumed its wonted immobility.

"Very good, sir. Yes, sir."

Seaton took his place in the line conscious only of the flickering of the bright jackets round him, and he resolutely determined to sit still and keep his mare straight. So intent indeed was he on sitting still, that he was very nearly left behind, and did lose a length. Aunt Sally, however, had her eye on the flag, and going up into her bit with a tremendous bound that almost wrenched the bridle through his fingers, took her place. The first fence loomed out, then the second, and Jimmy was conscious of flashes of colour on each side of him, the crash of twigs and timber, and the rattle of iron on wood.

As the air whistled past him, his mouth grew dry, his breath came short, and he rolled a little in his saddle. It is in truth no such easy task to sit still on a big thoroughbred racing over fences. If he could have seen, he would have been comforted to know that the mare was striding over her fences in faultless style.

"Billy," said Lord C—, "yours is going as well as anything."

"Ours'll win if Mr. James don't fall off at the water," was Symmons' remark.

Meanwhile Jimmy was getting his second wind, his senses were regaining their acuteness. He found that he was alone, and

the water jump not far ahead. (You came down hill at that water jump, I can see it still, there was a 4 foot hedge, and 18 feet of water, made by damming a stream.) The mare's ears went up, and her great quarters swung right under her as she raced for the jump, and reached at her bridle for her head. Seaton eased the strain on her mouth, and the mare made her only mistake during the race. She took off too soon. What a mighty bound, what an eternal moment in the air, and what a jerk as they landed. Seaton sitting back with all his might, was fairly flung on to her ears. She's down. No, she's up, as with a preternatural wriggle Jimmy saved the fall, and struggled back into the saddle with both feet out of the stirrups, and the reins loose. But he did get back, and when at last he looked round he was many lengths ahead of his field. Then Jimmy, who was not without his little vanities, conceived the idea of pulling back and making a race. There were but three fences more, and Lord C—'s horse, with his brother from Cambridge riding, was coming up. Jimmy eased the mare, and Prince Rupert came up. One fence, two fences, and then horrible thought, Jimmy found he could not shake off the horse, he did not know how to set the mare going again, the last fence and he was behind. Luckily, his love of reading saved him, and he remembered that somewhere he had read that an amateur should not use the whip, but might in extreme cases give a dig with the spurs.

With one agonised kick he managed to touch the mare, and she taking the office, sprang forward and dashed past the post. As Symmons led her back, he said,

"You just done it, sir, but what-ever you wanted to do that





THE CONYERS TESTIMONIAL.



there Fordham business for, when you'd got the blooming race in your pocket, I don't know."

"Nor do I, Symmons, except that I was a fool."

"Yes, sir, very good, sir," in respectful tones, no doubt expressed Symmons' real view of the situation.

Quite different was the applause

of his riding that Jimmy won elsewhere. So often indeed was he told he had ridden a good race, that he laid his head on his pillow that night with the feeling that he was really rather a smart jockey after all.

But then he had won his money.

T. F. D.

## The Conyers Testimonial.

IN the admirable collection of objects of interest to British sportsmen recently on view at the Victorian Exhibition at Earl's Court, there were few, if any, exhibits which attracted or deserved more attention than the beautiful equestrian group in silver lent by Captain the Hon. W. S. Hylton Jolliffe, and shown, by his permission, in the accompanying illustration.

This very original and striking specimen of the silversmith's art was executed by Messrs. Garrard, of Panton Street, Haymarket, from the design of the well-known artist, H. D. Cotterell, R.A. It represents that famous old sportsman, Henry John Conyers, of Copt Hall, Epping, with his faithful huntsman, Jem Morgan. Another hunt-servant, on horseback, is hidden by the old oak-tree in our illustration. He is the first whip, Will Orvis. The inscription upon the pedestal records the presentation of this testimonial to Mr. Conyers on June 2nd, 1851, by the Gentlemen and Farmers of the Essex Hunt, and other friends, as a tribute of respect and esteem for his unwearied exertions to show sport during his Mastership of the Essex Hunt, extending over more than 40 years.

The scene represented is evi-

dently the close of a good run. The master, who, at the date of the presentation was in his 70th year, is admirably portrayed seated on his favourite hunter "in his habit as he lived" and hunted. The huntsman, Jem Morgan, is holding his dead fox over the hounds upon the branch of a venerable oak, such as formerly stood in Ongar Park Wood, one of the principal coverts of the Hunt, and is sounding Reynard's requiem on his horn. Old Jem, though only three years younger than his master, was destined, after leaving Mr. Conyers, to carry the horn for several years for Lord Lonsdale before retiring in favour of one of his four worthy sons. Will Orvis, the whipper-in after replacing Jem Morgan as huntsman of "The Essex," entered the service of Sir Charles Slingsby. How he shared that gallant sportsman's fate in the disastrous capsizing of the Newby ferry-boat is graphically told by Eger-ton Warburton in a "Hunting Song."

A recently published work entitled "The Essex Foxhounds" (Vinton & Co., Ltd., 1896), tells some amusing stories of Mr. Conyers. He was a peppery country squire of the old school who, in extenuation of his strong language in the field, used to say

that when he was a young man in the Coldstream Guards, the sergeant-major would say to him, "Mr. Conyers, hold up your head, sir, and swear at the men, or they will not think anything of you!" His rebukes were often racy, as when he ended his onslaught upon a notorious "thruster," whose personal appearance was unfortunate, with the exclamation, "Confound you, sir, if you persist in riding over my hounds, I'll — *have your portrait taken.*"

In his speech in acknowledgment of the testimonial, he said that "a very great lady" after telling him that it was wicked to hunt, had taken advantage of his infirmity and told him that he swore when he hunted. He admitted that there was ground for the accusation, and added, "I ought

to be ashamed of it, and so I am. I will endeavour never to do so any more; indeed, I have almost taken an oath never to do such a thing again. I have my hounds and my sins. The former I like, the latter I am sincerely sorry for. But as for fox-hunting, I will ever maintain the blessings it confers on a country are great and numerous. It encourages bravery, courage, and enterprise in a people; and, above all things, it promotes kind feeling and good fellowship. Whigs, Tories and Radicals may look darkly and sulkily at each other when they meet in the street, but the moment that the fox has burst covert ill-will is forgotten, and mutual animosities are flung to the wind."

R. F. BALL.

## A Chat with a Whipper-in.

"YES, sir! I've been at the game two-and-twenty years, and am keener than ever. Many a time, as a lad, have I run with the York and Ainsty. I first began as a covert lad, when my father was head keeper on an estate in South Wales on which a pack of harriers were kept. They were like the country, pretty rough, but showed wonderful sport. The whip leaving, I got his berth, and was kennel boy, too, and was with them for several seasons.

"I remember I used to ride a horse called 'Charlie.' One day the huntsman told me to jump on 'Charlie' and take a note to a gentleman's house about four miles off, and to look sharp back. Off I started at full gallop when the horse stepped it with me, put me off, and went back to the stables.

Directly I got back the huntsman gave me a good thrashing, and started me off again. I managed the journey in pretty good time, and brought the old horse back all of a lather into the yard. The master happened to be there, and he gave me a thrashing for giving the horse such a doing. Rather rough for one day, wasn't it?

"I learnt a bit under this huntsman. His son is now huntsman to one of the most celebrated packs. The hounds I was with were of the old Southern harrier kind, no foxhound blood, and their names all began with a P, after the gov'nor's name, instead of being named by litters. I mind the huntsman's horse once caught his foot in a rabbit snare and came down, throwing the huntsman on to his back, and there he lay and cursed everything and

everybody. I burst out laughing, and was obliged to keep a bit clear of him for a time.

"One day hounds were running on the cliffs, when the hare jumped over, and two couples of hounds followed, and were killed. I was jacketed for not stopping 'em. The guv'nor thought he would try and hunt otters with 'em in the summer, so we started one morning with eight couple of old hounds to enter them to otter. Well, they didn't seem to think much of that game, but on going through a small spinney up jumps a fox, and away they went at score. They ran right away a four or five mile point and marked their fox to ground. I had to go back to kennel and get a horse to find them; and when I got up to them they were baying at the mouth of the earth.

"Another time, when taking on by Cross Wood Park eighteen couple of hounds single-handed, they broke away from me after a hare, and ran right across the lawn in front of the house. The owner came out and gave me a warm time, but I kept rating hounds, so couldn't hear him much. I had such a time with them, and never got to my guv'nor's place till nine at night, but I'd got 'em all. They occasionally ran deer, but never killed one.

"After this I went as second horseman to a gentleman in South Wales. One day I was on the guv'nor's best horse waiting on the top of a hill, when hounds ran right by me. I couldn't help it, I jumped in with them, and they ran for one hour. I was first up, and picked up the fox. My guv'nor came up furious, and gave me the sack then and there, but next morning he took me on again. Another time the guv'nor sent me out on a young horse to show him the hounds. The hounds ran over

a wooden foot-bridge, and I must have a try to get over; instead of leading over I rode him, and half-way across he jumped clean into the water; we were both nearly drowned. When I got back and told my guv'nor he sacked me again. My schooling made this horse a perfect hunter, and he was the guv'nor's favourite mount for several seasons.

"I then went back home to North Wales for a time, and then took service as whip to another pack of harriers which hunted anything. I didn't stop long with them. It was a very rough turnout. From there I went as second whip to a pack of foxhounds in Hampshire, under one of the best amateur huntsmen of the day, where I had my proper fixings.

"The kennel huntsman used to drill me in the committee-room at the kennels at night, what to do, and what hound language to use, and the master used to be at me by day, so if I don't know my business I ought to. The master would always call me up on the quiet in covert and tell me where I was wrong. He never jumped me off before the field. He used always to have the second whip with him while drawing, and I had to wait at every cross ride till he'd gone over.

"Before the opening meet I was just struggling into my new boots, which were rather tight (though it was November the sweat rolled off me), when a message came to say that the master wanted me for inspection. He was a very smart man, and most particular. I went in. 'Oh, your tie is crooked. You're showing a button short on your breeches. Your front loop on your boot is to be seen. Boots not pulled up enough. Coat is wrinkled down the back. Here's your cap. God bless my soul, it's too small! Here, give it to me,'

when he gave it a cut in the rim to ease it and drove it right down on my ears. I mind he put me on a grey horse and said, 'Now you're on a 400 guineas mount, and mind you take care of him.' I suppose he was worth about a 'pony.' He was a wonderful performer over timber. We found directly in a little covert. Down goes the guv'nor through the covert and out into the open over a stiff post and rail. I followed just behind him, when he asks me where I'm going to. 'Sticking to you, sir,' I said; 'as you told me.'

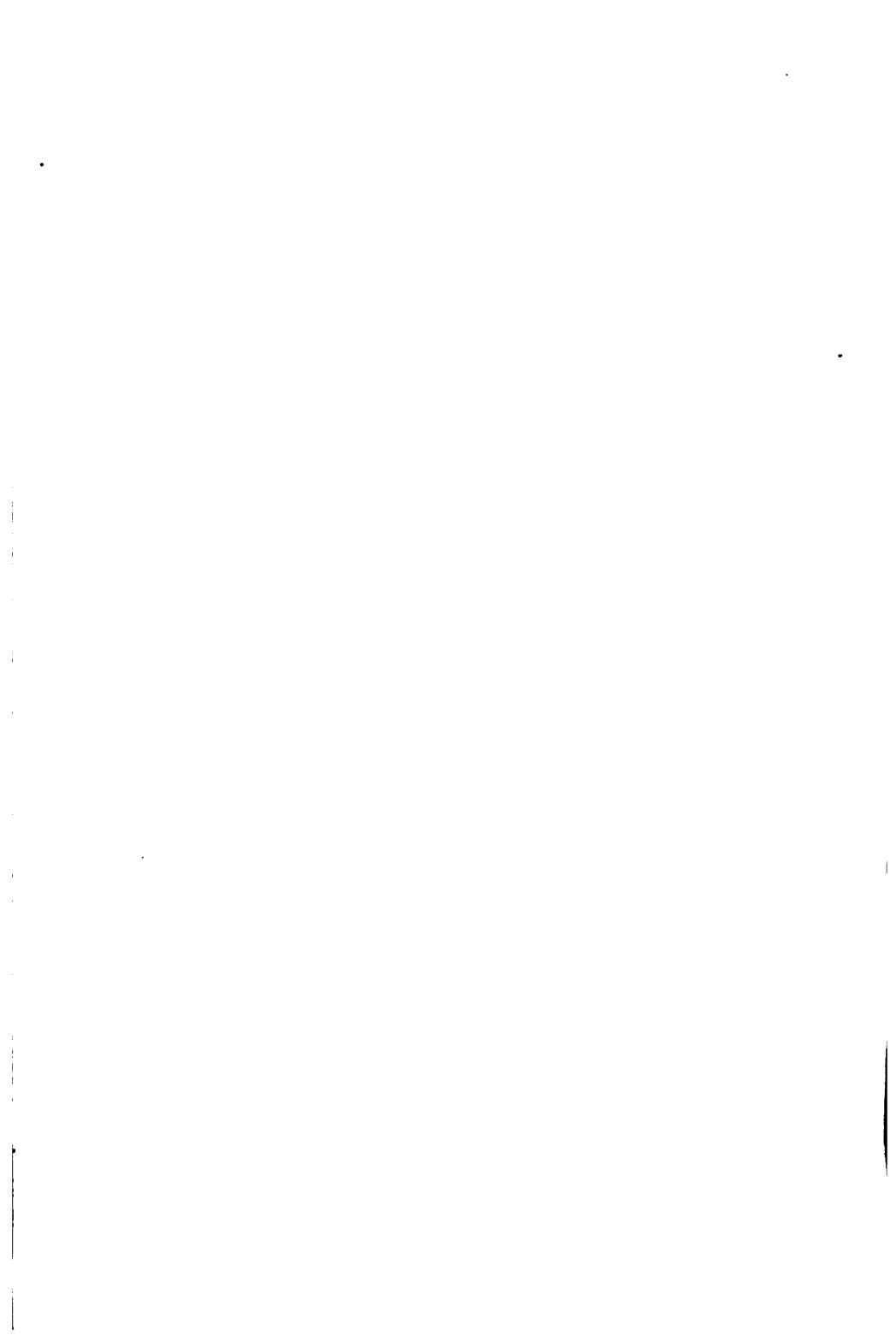
"We killed after a short burst. The first whip was down, hounds baying all round him while he was breaking up the fox. He started holloaing. I jumped off and did the same, when the first whip chuckled the fox's carcase right in my face, which fairly blooded me and my new clothes. I was fairly mad for a moment, as all the gentlemen simply roared. Another time I was sent back to fetch a hound that was back—he'd always hang about round houses and pick up what he could. I didn't find him, and rode home in a hurry, bringing my horse in rather hot, and he broke out in the stable. Didn't I catch it from the guv'nor. Many times have I had to go back and fetch this particular hound, but I squared accounts with him at the end of the season. I had to put an end to him. He was no good.

"One very wet day, after a good run, we ran the fox into a cottage, and he got under the stairs. We had to saw away two steps to get him. We fairly frightened the old woman out of her wits, but she was well paid for the fun. I stayed two seasons in that place. We had wonderful sport, better than they'd ever had in the country before or since. They were a real nice pack, and

could go. After the first season we had a change in kennel huntsman. He was a good man, and had a fresh system. I had to write down the names of all the young hounds when they were out, so I could tell him at once. When exercising them in the summer we used to walk with them ten or twelve miles. It used to be warm work, and made you fit. I had to turn 'em over to him at every gap and gateway. We showed them plenty of riot, but made 'em very staunch. I had to rate and turn a hound once, and running up to him to hit him, he stopped short and turned, and as I went by he bit me in the quarter. He only pinched me, but I never want to be pinched again. I rolled over and over, and the huntsman stood and roared with laughter; I roared with pain. It was awful for a minute or so.

"The Hunt staff always kept the course for the Hunt races, we had some good fun on those days. At the end of second season I wanted a change (I wasn't married then), and having had a rare good drilling in a rough country, went to a good pack in the Midlands (with a first-rate character from my old master). This new pack the noble master hunted himself. Everything was done first-class, and he had a nailing kennel huntsman. The doubles are very big, and take a lot of doing on a tired or sticky horse, especially the Vale of Aylesbury. The kennel huntsman used to break young hounds to turn to him by his whistle and a wave of his hand. He and myself took all the young hounds uncoupled into a deer-park one day, and not one of them broke away. This was trying them pretty high, I think."

VENTURE.





THOMAS STOTHARD, ESQ., R.A.  
(After the Engraving by H. Meyer, from an original drawing by J. Jackson.)

# Animal Painters.\*

XLVIII.—THOMAS STOTHARD, R.A.

BY SIR WALTER GILBEY, BART.

THOMAS STOTHARD was born in London on 17th August, 1755. His father was a Yorkshireman by birth, and Mrs. Bray, in her *Life* of the artist, tells us that he was a member of an old and good family. It would appear therefore, that the branch to which the artist belonged had sustained reverses, for at the time of his birth his father kept the "Black Horse" in Long Acre.

A somewhat delicate child, Thomas was sent when five years old to be brought up in the country by his father's relations: and three years later was sent by them to a school at Stutton near Tadcaster, his father's birthplace. Here Stothard remained until he was thirteen years of age, when his father paid a visit to Yorkshire, and on his return south took his son with him. Stothard senior had evidently thriven in his business as an inn-keeper, for he was now able to send his boy to a boarding-school at Ilford, in Essex. Thomas spent only a year at this establishment, however; his father's death in 1770 obliged his removal from the school, and he went with his mother to live at Stepney Green. He had ere then displayed such marked fondness for drawing, that his mother wisely determined to seek for him some calling in which his talent should be of service; and accordingly he was apprenticed to a designer of patterns for the richly brocaded silks which were then worn by ladies. His master died before Stothard's indentures expired, and though he

continued to work for the widow, it is evident that he had no faith in the pattern-designing industry as a means of livelihood. He worked hard at other branches of art, and having minutely studied Nature, his clever drawings of animals, birds and flowers earned him the patronage of publishers for whom he executed vast numbers of illustrations for various books. Among other famous men who noted his early talent was John Flaxman, the sculptor, and their meeting laid the foundation of a close and lasting friendship which proved of advantage to both.

Stothard in due time became a student at the Royal Academy; ceasing to live with his mother he shared lodgings in the Strand with a friend, and contrived to live on the interest of a sum of £1,200 which his father had bequeathed to him. Always of active habit, physically no less than mentally, his love of Nature led him to seek the country every year as soon as the Academy closed; his sketch-book and pencil were ever at hand, and whatever struck his alert fancy was inevitably committed to paper. To this habit of continually making sketches from Nature, Stothard's pictures owe not a little of their rich variety of landscape and background. Mrs. Bray, referring to the artist's habit of drawing any natural object with which he desired to make himself acquainted, says that if his children asked him a question relating to a bird or an animal, he immediately took his pencil and sketched the creature concerning which information was sought, by way of illustrating whatever verbal

\* Under this heading will be continued monthly the series of brief articles connected with the lives of painters whose works appertain to animal life and sport and who lived between the years 1600 and 1860.

description he might give. His appreciation of the value of anatomical study is shown by his frequent practice of drawing even the skeleton of any animal he might have occasion to introduce into a picture. One such sketch, in the possession of his son Alfred, is described by Mrs. Bray: it is the skeleton of an elephant drawn with pen and ink, and every bone is most carefully distinguished. His sketches of animals are as remarkable for their grace of form and action as are his studies of the human figure. One of his animal pictures which serves to exhibit his masterly handling in drawing and grouping, is that of Orpheus charming the beasts with his lyre. Another painting which is entitled to special notice is his *Canterbury Pilgrims*; this picture was painted at the suggestion of Mr. Crome, an engraver who lived near the artist in Newman Street. The *Knight* and his young *Squire* are prominent characters in this piece: it is remarkable for the skill with which the artist has grouped the numerous figures, and varied the attitudes of the horses in a long procession: an array whose very essence would seem to compel monotony of treatment. Stothard excelled as a painter of horses: the following brief quotation from Mrs. Bray's *Life of Thomas Stothard* indicates the opinion the first horse-painter of that, or any later day formed of his talent in this particular:

"While it was in progress, Stubbs, the animal-painter, called on Stothard, and requested to view his '*Canterbury Pilgrims*,' saying he felt great curiosity to see a picture in which nearly twenty horses were introduced. On looking at it, Stubbs exclaimed, 'Mr. Stothard, it has been said that I understand horses pretty well, but I am astonished at yours. You have well studied those creatures and transferred them to canvas with a life and animation which, until this moment, I thought impossible. And you have also such a variety of them:

pray do tell me, where did you get your horses?' 'From everyday observation,' replied Stothard; and Stubbs departed, acknowledging that he could do nothing in comparison with such a work."

George Stubbs was not addicted to flattery: was perhaps more remarkable for plain speaking than for courtly phrase, but even without the hall-mark of his approval we can see for ourselves from the facsimile of the first sketch for the *Canterbury Pilgrims*, given in the above work, with what singular aptitude Stothard in a few pencil strokes caught the characteristic attitudes and movements of the horse. The sketch is the more remarkable for in no case is an outline horse furnished with ears; an omission which, as every horseman knows, means the denial of a wealth of equine expression and character. This omission perhaps can be explained. It was the common custom to crop the ears of horses at that period, and Stothard depicted what he saw.

Stothard's first Royal Academy picture (*A Holy Family*) was shown at the exhibition of 1778 when the artist was in his 23rd year. He was elected an Associate in 1785, and Academician in 1794. His connection with the Academy, however, was destined to become closer, for in 1810 he was appointed Deputy Librarian, and two years later, Librarian. He exhibited largely; between 1778 and 1834 he sent upwards of 90 works to the Royal Academy, and also contributed many paintings to exhibitions and other galleries. For goldsmiths, he designed subjects for engraving and embossment on gold and silver decorative pieces, race cups, trophies and bowls. His most noteworthy achievement in this department of art was his success in gaining the competition for the Silver Shield presented to the Duke of Welling-



ton by the Merchants and Bankers of London. The drawings he sent in for this were scarcely more remarkable for artistic merit than for the miraculous speed with which they were prepared: exactly three weeks was the time at his command, and in three weeks he studied the history of the Peninsular War, selected the incidents which commended themselves as most proper for representation, and executed his designs! Many of our best known pieces of sculpture (Chantrey's "Sleeping Children" occurs as a prominent example), equestrian groups and others, were chiselled from designs by Stothard. He was a most industrious and prolific workman; it is recorded that he made over *ten thousand* designs for various objects.

Of sporting matters Stothard had little knowledge, or none; his interest in beast, bird, and flower was that of a naturalist, or rather that of the lover of a nature; nevertheless, many of his works display rare power in delineating incidents nearly pertaining to sport. His greatest talent lay in the historical designs by which his most conspicuous successes were won. Drawings of an historical character were among the first to occupy his brush when he was yet a lad, and we recognise his affection for this school of art in his maturer years. Many of the pictures exhibited by him at the Royal Academy were historical subjects; his gift for handling such topics was undoubtedly far above that possessed by the majority of painters. Of his landscape paintings Mrs. Bray remarks that "the backgrounds are generally distinguished by richness of colour and warm glowing sunsets: they display execution in pencilling, but are seldom highly finished. Indeed, very few of his pictures are so; yet that he

could finish highly and elaborately when leisure or inclination led him on to the task, witness his beautiful little picture of *The Cock and the Fox* from Chaucer."

Among the more important books illustrated from designs by Stothard may be mentioned *Boydell's Shakespeare*, *Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress*, and *Rogers' Poems*. His *Canterbury Pilgrims* and *The Wellington Shield* are works to which reference has already been made; and *The Ceremony of the Dunmow Flitch* must not be forgotten. We find Stothard's few purely sporting pictures reproduced in a book entitled *Cynegetics, or Essays on Sporting*, to which is added *The Chase*, by Somerville, published in 1788 by John Stockdale, London. This contains two spirited plates (1) *Tiger Hunting on Elephants*, and (2) *Hare Hunting: the Death*: the latter represents four sportsmen on horseback and one on the ground holding up the dead hare, the hounds surrounding him. These two plates were engraved by James Heath.

The first volume of the *Sporting Magazine*—that for October, 1792—contains a frontispiece by Stothard; this is a picture of *His Majesty George III.* on horseback with huntsmen and hounds on their way out stag-hunting in Windsor Forest; the plate was engraved by Thomas Cook. In many of the earlier issues of this interesting monthly publication (of which there are 150 volumes, dating from 1792 to 1872) we find exquisite plates engraved from Stothard's historical works; the figures, whether human or animal, are always grandly conceived and boldly executed.

Of Stothard's Royal Academy pictures which display his talent as a painter of animals we may note his *Keppel, Earl of Albemarle, at the Siege of Lisle*, where his

horse was shot under him (*vide* the Peerage of Great Britain), shown at the exhibition of 1794; *A Lion Hunt* exhibited in 1798; his *Landscape with Cattle at a Ford*, in 1811; and *Tam O'Shanter* shown at the exhibition of 1816. The picture of *A Lion Hunt* was among the large collection of oil paintings which remained in the artist's possession, and which were sold at Christie's in June, 1834, after his death. The sale occupied three days, but "from inexperience and other untoward circumstances," says Mrs. Bray, "was not well managed by the family." The justice of the remark finds its proof in the prices realised, many of which were absurdly small. *A Lion Hunt* brought £9 19s. 6d. only; the whole sale appears to have been a glorious opportunity for bargain hunters.

Volume 13 of the *New Sporting Magazine* (for July, 1837) contains a plate engraved by J. T. Wilmore from Stothard's picture of *The Cock and the Fox*, to which reference has been made as proving the artist's ability to bestow a high degree of finish on his work when it was his pleasure to do so.

Stothard's activity of mind and body continued unimpaired until he was advanced in life. In 1825, being then seventy years of age, he undertook the execution of many beautiful designs required to illustrate the works of his friend Rogers; and also a large series of illustrations for an edition of Shakespeare which Mr. Tegg, a bookseller, was bringing out. Of more interest to sportsmen, however, was another commission which the artist executed in the same year: this was a series of landscape drawings for a new edition of *Walton's Angler*, or more accurately of the joint work by "Good old Izaak" and his friend Charles

Cotton, which originally appeared in 1676. In order to carry out his task, Stothard repaired to Dove-dale, in Derbyshire, with a few friends; and while he was busy with his pencil they employed themselves with their rods. His life-long habit of sketching everything that came under his eye appears to have asserted itself, for on one occasion when the anglers had made a good basket, Stothard makes the brief entry in his journal, "Drew the roach and graylings." The journal kept by the artist during his Derbyshire trip shows him hale and energetic, taking long walks daily in search of views to fill his sketch-book.

Stothard married in 1784 Rebecca, the daughter of a Mr. Watkins, by whom he had several children, one of whom, Charles, inherited a measure of his father's artistic talent and who is known as author of *The Monumental Effigies of Great Britain*. A few years after his marriage he took up his residence in Newman Street; and there he died on the 27th of April, 1834, in the seventy-ninth year of his age. He was buried in Bunhill Fields.

Stothard's original works are fairly well represented in the National Collections; there are ten on the walls of the National Gallery, and an equal number in the South Kensington Museum. A fine collection of engravings from his pictures, numbering nearly four thousand, may be seen in the Print Room at the British Museum. Numerous engravers of high standing are responsible for plates from Stothard's designs. James Heath and Luke Clennell appear to have done the best justice to his works; Clennell's talent as an engraver has already been noticed in this series; see BAILY'S MAGAZINE for May, 1896.

# The Song of the Shires.

YOUR Nimrod, trotting through the ride,  
 Where fallen leaves are dead,  
 Delights again to be astride  
 His "three-parts thoroughbred";  
 Diana in her kindest mood  
 Has brought a soft grey sky,  
 The rain has made the going good,  
 And scent must surely lie.

November to the village green  
 Her scarlet concourse brings;  
 Once more the devotees are seen,  
 Who love the "sport of kings."  
 The master on his chestnut mare  
 With genial smiles for all,  
 Sits chatting to the parson there  
 Beneath the rectory wall.

Each old familiar face we greet;  
 Here Charles upon his black,  
 With seventeen couples at his feet,  
 Keeps gaping children back;  
 While "Wanderer" stretches in the sun,  
 And eager "Tulip" bays,  
 As though their laurels had been won  
 In *Mr. Meynell's* days.

Once more the same remarks we hear  
 Among the brotherhood;  
 Is that the one he rode last year  
 From Ashe to Bretby Wood?  
 And does he know that man in pink?  
 And will they find a fox?  
 And is it true the critics think  
 Her "curby" in the hocks?

No thought of Trusley brook, where oft  
 A man and beast may part,  
 Although its crumbling banks are soft,  
 Daunts us, a fire to start.  
 "Hound's please"; the welcome word at last!  
 As Charles shakes up his horse,  
 And soon the field is streaming past  
 To draw Markeaton Gorse.

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## Our Army's Future Leaders.

ENGLAND has had every reason to congratulate herself on being served by the gallant and able men who have led her armies in the past quarter of a century. Disasters our soldiers have suffered but never have they brooked dishonour. Whenever they have been called upon to show their manhood and to maintain their country's interests in arms, they have ever had in command of them men who have shared their toils, have given an example of cool and determined bravery; and if in one or two instances, the leader's capacity has not been equal to the overwhelming trials to which it was exposed, he is not to be too hardly thought of because he was unsuccessful. Good fortune has more to do with success than most people are aware of and many a General who has failed should rather be sympathised with because he has had to attempt to perform a task which any man, however gifted, would have found most difficult and which, equally with himself, the great majority would have found impossible.

But, if we have suffered occasional reverses, these reverses have been dignified by heroism, and the country can at least say that they have ever been redeemed by subsequent victory and that most of its campaigns have been a series of triumphs from beginning to end. As the military power of England now stands, there is in high rank in the army an ample supply of officers who are fully qualified in every way to go into the field and hold the highest appointments. They are war hardened, experienced warriors. The worth of Roberts, Wolseley, Buller,

Wood and others has been proved in every detail and, if unfortunately any portion of England's army had to go on active service, it would have in chief command and also at the head of the constituent arms men in whom the subordinate officers and rank and file would have perfect confidence as leaders and whom the nation might fully trust to do everything in human power to guard its dignity and interests.

But time passes rapidly. The men who are in the prime of vigour to-day must in a few years pass from the stage, long it may be hoped to give their aid as counsellors, but unable to endure the toils, hardships and anxieties of a campaign. Who are going to supply their places? Who are to be the leaders and organisers of the future? Have the younger men shown that they are ready to grasp in a firm hand the baton of command, inspiring confidence in the men who are to be led and trusted by the country which they serve? Yes. Most certainly the coming leaders are there, known, experienced and ready. On the outskirts of the wide regions where England's influence is felt and her power must be asserted, there is ever an unrest, dropping shots are always being heard which sometimes blaze out into the thunder of cannon and the continuous roll of musketry. It is in the midst of this unrest that the most ambitious and adventurous spirits in our army are always to be found; it is there that they are gathering infinitely valuable experience in the organisation of war and are called upon to show the stuff that is in them, their possession of the qualities which will be necessary to the

commanders in great conflicts, if such should unhappily arise.

Stand forth, then, ye who have been able to mark yourselves out from your fellows, and the spring-time of whose military career has shown such a fair share of blossom that its summer may be counted upon to produce the ripe fruit of glorious achievement, of high and worthy service to England.

The present Sirdar of the Egyptian Army is hardly to be called a very young man, but he has yet many years before him ere the limit of age is reached which will withdraw him from the active list. He must certainly be among the first to step into one of the highest positions when the inevitable vacancy presents itself. One of the youngest officers on the Generals' list, he has gained every step in rank by the most unflinching and strenuous devotion to duty, by rendering himself fit to seize the fleeting opportunities of distinction as they came within his grasp. So long ago as 1884, Gordon wrote of him as "one of the few really first-class officers in the British Army," and urgently recommended that he should be appointed Governor-General of the Soudan. What a tribute of praise from a man whose name is a household word for clear sightedness and uncompromising directness of speech! Another opinion of his qualifications, written about the same time, came from Baker Pasha, one of the most brilliant soldiers whom England has produced within the last half century, "The man whom I have always placed my hopes upon, Major Kitchener, R.E., who is one of the *very superior* British officers with a cool and good head and a hard constitution combined with untiring energy." How clear the forecast, how just the estimate

formed by these two men, both of whom, working in different spheres, looked with a single eye to the good and honour of their country and sought for the best instruments to carry out a great task.

All of Horatio Kitchener's active service has been seen in and near Egypt and, of the warriors who have trod its banks during countless centuries, the old Nile has seen none who, more than he, have influenced the destiny of the peoples who till the rich mud of its overflow or trade in the bazaars of its cities. Every man who is employed in military or diplomatic duty in an Eastern land can hope to attain only qualified success if he has not studied the ways and made himself familiar with the language of the men whom he must lead in battle or meet in council, and Kitchener has long ago proved that, without being the less an English gentleman, he can hold his place courteously and intimately in the tents of the desert Arabs. A very highly placed official relates the story of first meeting with him, how, on looking into a tent, he found him sitting encircled by wild chiefs who hung upon his words and paid him all the deference due to an all knowing and all powerful sheikh.

In every step of his career which he has taken, since the days when, as a subaltern, he first accepted service in the newly formed Egyptian army till to-day when he is its Sirdar, or Commander-in-Chief, he has ever shown the same cool head, the same iron determination, the same dauntless spirit, and he has ever "plucked the flower safely from the nettle danger." As soldier, negotiator and administrator he has ever taken a foremost place. In the Nile Expedition of 1884-5 he was

on the staff and shared to the full the toils, hardships and dangers of that fruitless campaign. Governor of the Red Sea littoral at Suakin in 1888, he was found commanding in the action of Handoub, where he was severely wounded. Within a year he led a brigade in the campaign conducted by Sir F. Grenfell, the then Sirdar, and took part in the action of Gemai-zah and the crowning success at Toski. These have been the stepping-stones which led to the Command-in-Chief of the Egyptian Army and to the brilliant achievement in that position, the reconquest of the Dongola provinces. Many people have read the accounts of that campaign which were furnished by the daily press of 1896 and the connected narratives which have since been published, but how few have ever studied the circumstances scientifically and have realised the administrative ability, the determination and the power of leadership which enabled Sir H. Kitchener to triumph over the numberless obstacles which he encountered, to make good the advance of the Egyptian frontier by hundreds of miles and to establish peace and security in a land where they had long been absent. Not alone was resistance of a fierce and warlike enemy to be encountered with a yet untried army, the barriers of a pathless and thirsty desert to be conquered, but the full pestilence swept down upon the toiling columns and added difficulties and discouragement that might well have stayed the purpose of a commander less trusted by his subordinates, less steadfast, less resourceful. From the inception of the campaign to its triumphant conclusion, every detail was foreseen and provided for. Unlike the case of many wars that we have seen in

our own day, there was no unlimited supply of means and money. The resources of Egypt were small and England was niggardly in assistance, but the strictest organisation precluded the least appearance of waste and the most careful supervision utilised every appliance to its utmost capacity. The extremest toil was exacted from every man in the force, but though toil there was, there was no repining, for all knew that the man who toiled hardest was the Sirdar himself. When at last he rode victorious over the field at Firkeh, he saw, among the results of his labours, the Fellahin army which he had trained freed from the reputation of untrustworthiness that it had long borne, the army of the Dervishes on the frontier utterly destroyed with a loss of fifty Emirs and two thousand of their followers, the certain fall of Dongola and the prestige given to Egypt by the fact that, for the first time, a purely Egyptian army had challenged the Mahdist strength, had struck the first blow and had struck it effectually. It may be said that Kitchener's experience has been purely eastern and that, in the conduct of European war, it would have little value. But the qualities that make a successful soldier are the same in east and west, and the man who has organised victory in the sultry desert is not likely to fail if he be compelled by circumstances to exercise command on the fertile plains of Europe. The Duke of Wellington, when he was selected for the command in Portugal, was sneered at as the "Sepoy General" because his early laurels were gathered in Hindostan. And yet how gloriously he proved that military ability is not a matter of circumstances and surroundings but remains always unchanged in

whatever sphere it has to act. We may well be convinced that Sir H. Kitchener is a man among men and that when, as he soon must be, he is called to serve England in a higher position than he now holds, he will be found to be a tower of strength to his country.

Let us turn to another warrior who in sharpest trial has ever borne himself gallantly and, young in years, is of such a rank and possesses such a reputation that he may be classed among the men from whom the army expects its future supreme chiefs to spring. Lieut.-Colonel Townshend began soldiering in that grand old corps the Royal Marines and found himself employed on shore at Suakin in 1884 and afterwards attached with his men to the Guards Camel Corps in the Nile Expedition. He joined in the fight at El Gubat and formed part of the stubborn square at Abu Klea which stemmed the vast waves of fanatic attackers and with its feeble numbers asserted proudly the unflinching manhood of Englishmen.

After the campaign Townshend was transferred to the Indian Staff Corps, the solitary instance of such a transfer from the Marines. His gallant services merited any reward, but he only sought to pass to another scene of action where, on the distant borders of the empire there is always work for a good sword and a bold determined man. He joined that *corps d'élite*, the Central India Horse, but he was not destined to draw a sabre in cavalry service, and in the Hunza Nagar campaign, that war of forlorn hopes, he managed to be doing duty with the Ragu Pertab regiment (of the Kashmir Imperial Service troops). Everyone knows how gallantly our native soldiers, led by a small handful of white officers, fought

in the depth of winter and, scaling hitherto inviolable strongholds, wrung from their opponents the declaration "This is a war of giants, not men." There were three Victoria crosses given for extreme gallantry in the campaign, sufficient to vouch that its success was gained by no ordinary hardihood and involved no ordinary exertions on the part of all engaged. One of the few officers who fought from beginning to end of the operations was Townshend. Pass we to his next feat of arms, whose history thrilled every home in England, the defence of the Chitral fort. When that distant and isolated post was threatened by the hordes of tribesmen under Sher Afzul, a reconnaissance was sent out to test their intentions. 'Twere long to tell of the unequal combat, of the bitter fighting that immediately followed; how the gallant Baird was mortally wounded and was brought back to the fort by the devotion of Surgeon - Captain Whitchurch, how Campbell was struck down helpless and the little force of Kashmir Rifles was surrounded by thousands of a well armed and ruthless enemy.

Let us turn to Townshend's share in the action. He had been detached with a hundred men and had advanced to within two hundred yards of the foe who occupied a walled village and overlapped his handful of men on both flanks. Volley firing made no impression and a bayonet charge was ordered. It was led by Townshend accompanied by General Baj Singh and Major Bhikam of the Kashmir service. A desperate and hopeless attempt! an open terrain had to be passed over before bayonets could be crossed with well armed and numerous riflemen whose fire was steady, well aimed and continuous. Baj Singh and Bhikam

were killed at once with many *sepoy*s and a retreat was inevitable, but Townshend's coolness remained unshaken. His retirement "was conducted very slowly and deliberately, though the enemy, who came running out, soon overlapped the little column on both flanks, some even getting behind it, whilst little knots of fanatical swordsmen charged furiously down upon it. \* \* \* \* From all the hamlets as they approached the fort they were fired at from behind the shelter of orchards and houses—from right and left, front and rear. There was nothing for it but to double. But there was no panic or unsteadiness, and Townshend was able to rally his *sepoys* without difficulty at a small hamlet, where he found the British agent steady and encouraging the few men whom he had gathered together. \* \* \* \* To the coolness and gallantry of Captain Townshend must be attributed the fact that the retreat did not degenerate into a rout and the rout into a massacre."

By the death or hurts of his senior officers Townshend fell into military command of the Chitral fort, and, during the whole of the closely pressed, forty-six days' siege, he was undaunted, untiring, full of foresight and expedient. He had made a special study of fortification, and his theoretical knowledge now stood him in good stead. The weakest parts in a weak line of defence were strengthened. Mines were met by countermines. Artificial light was thrown upon the enemy's night attacks. Flanking defences were everywhere provided and the water supply was guarded. No precaution was overlooked, no means neglected. But it was the man, the man himself, who was the soul of all, and it was to his example and determination that it

was owing that the soldiers of the Queen Empress and those of the Maharajah of Kashmir fought side by side so long, so successfully, and with such splendid devotion.

After the Chitral campaign was over, Townshend was, we believe, offered a company in the Guards, but, high though the honour of joining the grand brigade that stands in military pride so near the throne, he was not the man to swell a Royal pageant while there was any chance of leading soldiers where glory was to be gained, and he was again permitted to take service with the Egyptian Army, which he now joined in command of a battalion. He was in time for the Dongola Expedition, and bore his part in its trials and success. We may take leave of him for the present, sure that, when the dogs of war are again let loose, his name will ring in the ears of his countrymen as one of those who will carry England's banner high and do honour to the English Army. Cool, experienced, daring, he has all the qualities that make for greatness, and to boot he has that gift of music and song which, in camp or bivouac, is so great a factor in cheering the spirits of comrades, making light of toil, difficulty and danger. Rudyard Kipling may have thought of him when he wrote the song of the banjo:—

"With my '*Tumpa-tumpa-tumpa-tump*'

In the desert where the dung-fed camp-smoke curled,

There was never voice before us till I led our lonely chorus,

I—the war-drum of the White Man round the World!"

But the future of our cavalry is to be thought of—Who are to sit in the saddles of Sir George Luck, of General Combe and General Talbot, train and direct the horsemen who will hover like a cloud round



an enemy, prying into and divining his movements and intentions, or, gathering into steel-tipped squadrons, hurl themselves in thundering charge on the hostile masses? Many personalities rise before us, any one of whom may yet become an English Murat, and show what a power in battle really well-trained and well-led cavalry may prove itself.

Horsemen have had little chance of distinction in many of our more recent wars. The 17th Lancers at Ulundi, under Drury Lowe, showed how a shaken foe could be broken up and scattered, and the 9th Lancers in the Chardeh Valley displayed the chivalry and heroism which recked not of overwhelming odds at the call of duty, but generally in recent days the infantry and guns have had the honour of doing most of the work. In the Soudan alone have cavalry officers had the means and opportunity of proving the value of their arm, and here we have no difficulty in picking out the man who has given the highest proofs of his power to train, the vigour and dash to lead the mounted soldiers of an army. Lieutenant-Colonel Broadwood made his first campaign in the advance on Dongola, but he was a man from whom great things had always been expected, nor when he had an opportunity did he disappoint the forecast of his powers which had been made by those who knew him best. As a cavalry subaltern, he had been known as one of the boldest riders across a country, one of the most consummate horsemen between flags that the English Army has ever produced. And such accomplishments are the making of a cavalry officer for work in the field. Not alone, however, a horseman and a sabreur, he is a studious and highly instructed soldier who has passed

through the severe course at the Staff College, and is familiar with the science of modern war. In the Egyptian Army, where he is now serving, the efficiency of the troops depends entirely on the training given to them personally by the few English officers, and, in making cavalry soldiers out of the mild and peaceful Fellahin, to whom a horse is in their home life an unknown animal, no one has been more successful than Broadwood. He has been able to instil into these men something of his own spirit, and they have shown themselves capable of becoming trustworthy soldiers, and of emulating the exploits of the old Egyptian armies which served the conquering Ibrahim Pasha.

In nothing was the advance on Dongola more remarkable than for the excellent way in which the scouting and feeling for the enemy was performed by the Cavalry, and, though Broadwood himself did more than half the work, he was well supported by his native troopers. When they first found themselves in the field, the sight of an enemy in the distance was sufficient to make any of their scouts gallop headlong back upon the supports, shouting "Dervish! Dervish!" But, in the hands of their cool officer, the Fellahin Cavalrymen learned to remain steadily where they were posted, to watch intelligently the movements of the Mahdists and to send in reliable reports. On one occasion, Broadwood with 50 men made a daring reconnaissance ride close up to the enemy's camp and remained for half a day, sheltered among some hills noting every disposition and counting the hostile numbers. When his presence was at last detected, he still, by the carbine fire of his little party, dismounted, maintained his position against

masses of horsemen sent to dislodge him, and only retired leisurely when large bodies of infantry began to move round his flanks.

The Egyptian Cavalry have had no opportunities hitherto of executing a charge in any numbers, but they have ever shown themselves ready to follow their officers with steady courage when comparatively small bodies have met the enemy hand to hand. That they are what they are is due entirely to their officers and above all to Lieut.-Colonel Broadwood, who commands the fifteen hundred horsemen that form their squadrons. When he returns from Eastern service, it may well be expected that he will have gathered such a fund of experience and will, when young, have attained such a rank as will mark him out for the most important employment in England's cavalry at home or abroad.

But English soldiers have been learning the lessons of organisation and leadership elsewhere than on the banks of the Nile and, in the beginning of 1897, an officer, young in years and very junior in rank, conducted a campaign and commanded in a battle which, in the inequality of numbers engaged and the completeness of the results attained, more resembled Plassey than any engagement of more modern times. An expedition was moved against Bida, the great capital of the Nupe country, by Sir George Goldie, acting for the Niger Company. The force consisted of a few hundred Houssas with a small handful of Europeans. It was officered by a knot of Englishmen, lent by the regular army to the Niger Company and commanded by A. J. Arnold, a subaltern in the 3rd Hussars, who was serving with the local rank of Major. We need not tell of the toil and difficulties encountered in moving the little band to the point

in the heart of Central Africa at which it aimed.

Let us come to the 26th January, when it sent forward four companies, the greater part of its strength, in reconnaissance towards the enemy, leaving its baggage in a roughly fortified camp. The four hundred Houssas found themselves surrounded and confronted by the Nupe army, between 20,000 and 30,000 strong, of which a large number were horsemen, and for that day they retreated upon the camp, as all their artillery, whose support they sorely needed, had not arrived. It was a leisurely and steady retreat in square, a moving rock of resistance in the midst of surging waves of foemen who repeatedly attacked with horse and foot, with musket and spear. To less stout-hearted men than the English leaders the anxiety of the night of the 26th in camp would have been almost overwhelming in reflecting against what odds they must contend on the morrow and how hopeless was the chance of retreat in case of disaster.

But Arnold and his men quailed not at the prospect. Two guns had at last joined the expedition and, on the 27th, the whole of the weak column marched confidently forward. Over a wide-spreading and undulating grassy plain, which gave every advantage to the enemy's cavalry, they advanced on the high red walls of Bida, in front of which was ranged the multitude of Nupes ready for battle. As in retreat so in advance, they maintained the solid square formation against which undisciplined and furious hordes, however numerous, may hurl themselves in vain. The action was short and quickly decisive. The great city of Bida was taken and the English flag was hoisted on its topmost minaret.

We have said that Major Arnold, to whose powers of leadership this





*T. Bennett & Sons, photo.*  
**LADY DOROTHY COVENTRY ON SIXPENNY.**

great success was mainly due, was a subaltern in the 3rd Hussars, but his career is unique in more than that it led him, at little more than thirty years of age, to command in an important action which extended his country's influence over a great territory. He had served for more than seven years in the ranks! What a success for a man who had begun at the very lowest step of the ladder and what an example for every recruit that enlists in the British Army! Who can tell what services to England Arnold may yet perform and to what rank he may aspire when, in his youth, he has shown by how much he overtops men who started far in advance of him in the race of life!

Many men crowd before one's mind's eye who have all given

proof in trial, difficulty, and danger that they are worthy to be classed among the possible future leaders of the English Army. We have named four, almost at random, as types of a throng who have the same qualities, the same ambition, the same devotion to their country's service. But yet when we think of them, we seem to hear the dread salute "*morituri salutamur*." How many out of their number will die a soldier's death in action; how many will be stricken down by disease on service; how many will be lost through the casualties which haunt the lives of all soldiers! It is because they do not spare themselves in the arena that, when leaders are wanted, the men, who are now qualifying to be such, will not survive in more than necessary number.

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## Dianas of To-day.

### I.—WITH HOUNDS IN WORCESTERSHIRE.

THE Worcestershire district may be taken as representative of provincial hunting in its best aspects. There foxes are wild and plentiful and scent is good, and the variety that gives a charm to hunting is found in the woodland, hill, grass and plough which lie within its extensive borders. Fences are of all kinds, from the "rheens" of the Ledbury country to the hedges and timber of the Croome, so that in a week's hunting you will find change enough to test the cleverness of your hunters and the strength of your own nerve. In Worcestershire, too, the great landowners like Lord Dudley, Mr. Ames and Lord Coventry, are all on the side of sport, the farmers are friendly to it, and the

district is *par excellence* one to raise up sportsmen and sportswomen of the best old English type.

To attempt to describe in detail the whole of this large territory would be to transgress the limits imposed on me, and as the country hunted over by the Croome is typical of the rest, I will refer more particularly to that. The Worcestershire Hunt has indeed more woodland, and a good deal of that heavy clay that is apt to lose all scenting properties when it is sodden with rain. In the Ledbury country is to be found a proportion of good vale, a certain amount of the light sandy soil characteristic of the neighbouring Albrighton, and much hill country which carries a screaming scent, but is

difficult to reach owing to the steepness of the ascent of something well over a thousand feet. These hunts are perhaps less well-known than the Croome, because of the close connection of the latter with the present Master of the Buckhounds.

The Croome country has been singularly fortunate in its history. The creation of one of the foremost sportsmen of the day, nearly the whole of its thirty years' existence has been divided between its first master, Lord Coventry, and Mr. Wrangham, who now rules over the hunt and is a fine horseman and a keen houndsman of the type of his great predecessor, and the late Lord Macclesfield. It is to Lord Coventry's constant support that the Croome owes its position among the hunts of the United Kingdom, for though the hunt was not founded till 1867, there are but few provincial countries which can boast of such a record of sport, or which have a better pack of hounds in kennel. The pack, which is an offshoot of the Belvoir, with a strong strain of Brocklesby blood running through it, is not to be surpassed for drive, tongue and substance, and those who ride with it are devoted to hunting and the work of hounds. This very love of hounds has in fact produced a high level of skill and judgment in riding, throughout the country. For if you love to see hounds work, you must perforce ride near enough to see them, and if I may echo the words of one of our best hunting women of to-day, an appreciative knowledge of hound work is the surest foundation for an enduring delight in sport. Those meteors of a season or two who flash so brilliantly over the grass of Leicestershire, cease to hunt when they can no longer ride in the front rank, but the true hound-lover will hunt wherever she

may be because she *must*, and even if she may no longer ride to hounds she will go out on wheels, so that the music she loves best may not be altogether lost to her.

In a field of which the leading members bear the name of Coventry, hunting and riding go hand-in-hand and from the wife of the Master downwards, the Croome sportswomen know something of the science of hunting and are distinguished by bold and thoughtful riding. The country over which they take their pleasure, may be said briefly to be "The Warwickshire writ small," for while the pastures and the fences resemble those of this famous hunt, they are both on a lesser scale. To cross them you need a hunter—Mrs. Wrangham would say an Irish hunter—but he should not be of the very bold, not to say flippant, character that will be of most service to you in Leicestershire. In the hill country you will have somestone wall jumping, and there, and especially on Bredon Hill, are to be found stout wild foxes which will go fast and far. It was here that Lord Coventry loved to bring hounds, and though naturally the followers prefer to ride over the vale, the present master draws every part of his country in turn and has many a good run after a wild hill fox.

Inseparably connected as Lord Coventry is with hunting in general and the Croome hunt in particular, it is not surprising that his two eldest daughters should be keen riders to hounds and bold and accomplished horsewomen. Lady Barbara, indeed, before her marriage to Mr. Dudley Smith, hunted regularly with the Croome and was always to be found in the first flight in a good run. The reputation she has left in the hunt—which she well lives up to on the occasions of her visits to





MRS. WRANGHAM.



her former home—is that no one can touch her when hounds run hard. Lady Barbara has a wonderful eye to hounds and, what I fear is rare among women, she rides with great judgment. Her hands are of the best, and it is the opinion of one who has seen the performances of some of the best ladies to hounds in England, that he has never seen anyone who can touch Lady Barbara.

Lady Dorothy Coventry also holds a place in the front rank of sportswomen, and is as enthusiastic a lover of hunting as her elder sister. Possessing beautiful hands and a perfectly balanced seat, it is a treat to see "Lady Dolly" skim over the country on her favourite mount, Sixpenny, a well-bred Irish chestnut, standing about 15.2½. This horse on one occasion won the Light Weight Point-to-Point in the Croome Hunt Steeplechases, ridden by Mr. Henry Coventry, but his mistress would never enter him again as she determined to keep him exclusively for the hunting field. Sixpenny is a magnificent timber jumper, and you should have a clever horse under you if you would follow him and his mistress over the stout rails, for be sure he will make no gap for you to profit by. But it is not only when riding her favourite that Lady Dorothy goes well, for being able to claim to be at home on almost any reasonable hunter, she is a bold and skilful rider, and while mounting any horse that is available from her father's stable, she will know how to make the best of it. She can indeed keep her seat through bucks and kicks that would dislodge most riders, be they men or women, and one of the horses on which she is occasionally to be seen is singularly skilful in both these accomplishments. Like all her brothers and sisters, Lady

Dorothy began to ride almost as soon as she could walk, and her baby efforts were made astride a Spanish saddle, as Lady Coventry, who taught all her children to ride and is herself an accomplished horsewoman, believes in this method for giving a firm seat to young beginners.

To turn now from the daughters to their mother, we shall see from whom the younger sportswomen learnt their quiet easy self-possession in the saddle. Lady Coventry, who still retains a youthful seat and good hands, has a wonderful power of making any horse go quietly with her. She is often to be seen with the Croome, and though she does not pretend to ride hard, she is well able to hold her own and will not seldom take a fence in her own singularly quiet way, from which younger women will turn away. It is a matter of regret in the country that since Lord Coventry has taken over the Mastership of the Buckhounds, he and Lady Coventry are less often seen in his old hunt territories than formerly.

Of Mrs. Wrangham, the wife of the Master, I would say that she sets an example worthy of imitation, by throwing herself heartily and intelligently into her husband's pleasures. For is it not true that while many wives are prepared to share a time of sorrow or trouble loyally and unselfishly, they fail to enter into the everyday joys which go to make up so much of life? This at least cannot be said of one of the keenest of keen sportswomen, who enters as enthusiastically into all that pertains to hounds and hunting as does the Master of the country himself. To spend an afternoon in the kennels is her delight, and thus she has learnt to know a good hound when she sees it and to appreciate

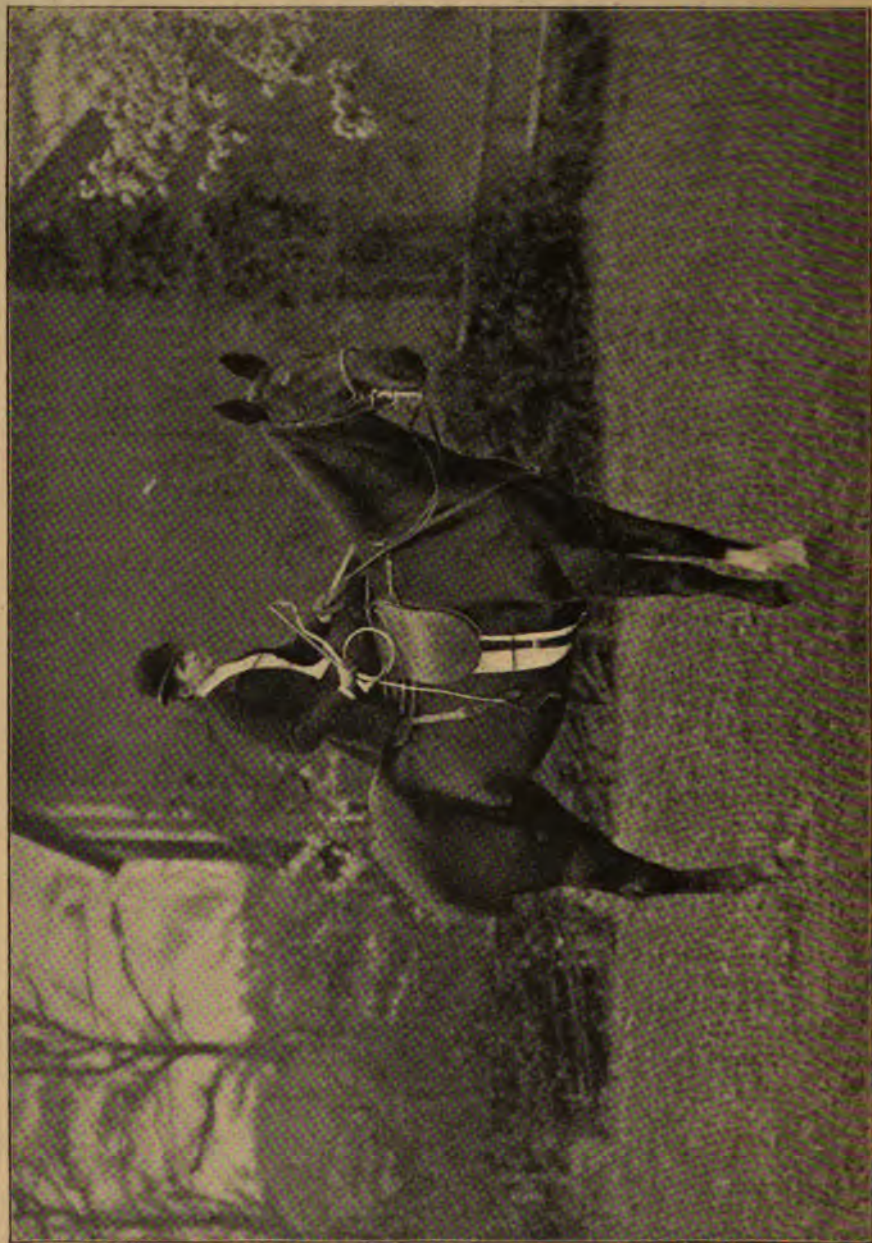
houndwork in the field, so that the inner joys of hunting are open to her. Though she hunts four or five days a week with the Worcestershire, and with her husband's pack, beside having occasional days with the Ledbury, Meynell and Atherstone, she never cares to leave off before hounds go home. Mrs. Wrangham has had considerable experience of hunting in other countries, for she has followed the fox with Mr. Garth, the Badminton and in the V.W.H. country; she has been after the stag with the Queen's, and has besides seen a good deal of sport in Sussex with the Southdown and the East Sussex packs. Of these she would tell you that the V.W.H. and the Duke's are splendid countries in which to learn to go to hounds, and that it was when she first went out with her husband during the season they hunted from Cirencester, that her education in matters venatic really began. While she disclaims all pretension to being a hard woman to hounds, she yet manages to see most of the hunting and is never far off when she is on the back of the Irish horses she best likes to ride. She has a great gift, in always being on good terms with her horse, so that animals which fret and pull with others, will go well with her. In a paddock near the hunting box at Keinpsy, where Mrs. Wrangham lives, there is to be found in honourable retirement, a certain cob, standing little if at all over polo height, for which in the days of his glory, no day was too long and no fence too big. This marvellous cob, which was said by no less a judge than Lord Worcester, to be the best he had ever seen in the field, never gave his mistress a fall, nor did he ever do wrong when he was allowed to be near the hounds he loved. It is true he might have a difference

of opinion with his rider, if he were asked to turn from hounds before they went home, or if he were not put at a fence when they were on the other side. He also had a playful fancy for disposing summarily of a strange rider, when as occasionally happened, Mrs. Wrangham lent him to a friend; but these little touches of equine infirmity were readily pardoned for the delight of a good twenty minutes on his back. It is, I think, in her great love of animals, of which our picture gives a very happy illustration, that we must look for the key to Mrs. Wrangham's undoubted success in managing her horses.

Another woman who must have a place of honour in any mention of the Worcestershire district is Mrs. Bagnall, the wife of the genial Hon. Secretary of the Croome. She is indeed one of the keenest supporters, as well as one of the best known figures with this pack. Mrs. Bagnall hails from Yorkshire, that home of sport and good horses and is a member of the Dayrell family. She is a fine horsewoman with strong seat and hands, and there are but few horses she cannot ride. If she does not now go so straight as formerly, it is because she has had falls to shake the strongest nerves. Two years ago, Mrs. Bagnall had a terrible accident, the horse falling on her and crushing her dreadfully, and it was only her indomitable pluck which enabled her to go out hunting again, as soon as she was able to stand.

Well known of late years with the Croome and Worcestershire Hounds, Mrs. Stapleton Martin, before her marriage, was equally well known in the countries of the Duke of Beaufort and Lord Fitzhardinge. She has, too, been out for a season with the Blackmoor





MRS. HERBERT PERL ON BLACK JACK.

Vale and for one at least with the Heythrop, beside finding her summer amusement in following the red deer on Exmoor, so that she may fairly be said to have a wide and varied experience of hunting. Mrs. Martin is one of the few women who can take their own line and keep with hounds in a good run, and when she is riding her brown mare, Silvertail, there are not many who will beat her. A very quiet style of riding distinguishes her and she has a strong seat, while the genuine love of sport which is a marked characteristic of her family, is hers in no small degree. Mrs. Martin is the second daughter of the late Mr. Walter Busfield of the 68th Durham Light Infantry, and her sister, Mrs. A'Court, is also a keen sportswoman and a member of Lord Fitzhardinge's Hunt.

Mrs. Herbert Peel has hunted regularly with the Croome for the last six seasons, and it is not often that her tall, graceful figure and pretty auburn head are missing at the covert side. Mrs. Peel, who understands the work of hounds, as well as the art of riding to them, is as quiet a horsewoman as are her fellow-riders in this sporting country. Though she would not for a moment claim to be a "first flight" woman, she can generally take her own line and is always well up. Mrs. Peel is so devoted to her horses that she will not hesitate to do any possible service for them, and she will tell you, with a just pride in her powers of resource, that she is quite able to groom them, should the emergency arise. Two favourite hunters, whose performances are much respected in the country, are a little bay mare, named Sleek, and a handsome black cob which answers to the name of Prince; though the best of all perhaps, was a horse called Black Jack, of whose

wonderful jumping quarters some idea may be gained from his picture. Mrs. Peel is fond of all outdoor pursuits, and her husband, who is himself a very fine shot, is proud to say that she is very "useful" with a gun.

Miss Louise Holland is not only a really fine horsewoman, but she is a good all-round sportswoman. Leaving out for a moment her performances in the hunting field, she plays a capital game of tennis and has won in several tournaments; has carried off numerous prizes at archery, and is captain of the Worcestershire Hockey Club, which body has an almost uninterrupted record of success. She is also an expert cyclist and will do her twenty or thirty miles a day and think nothing of it. Miss Holland is a daughter of Mr. Frank Holland, of Cropthorne Court, and he is one of the oldest supporters of the Worcestershire Hunts and well up in the annals of hunting throughout the district. Cropthorne Gorse, on his property, is a favourite covert from which a good wild fox seldom fails to go away. Miss Holland is known with the Worcestershire and the North Cotswold, as well as with the Croome, but it is with the last pack that she is most frequently to be seen. She never minds a long ride home, even after the hardest day, and though she lives in quite one corner of the Croome country, it is no rare thing to find her at a meet on the opposite side of the Hunt. There are not many women—or men either—who care about riding a "rough one" to hounds, but Miss Holland, who has remarkably good hands and a strong seat, rides all sorts and kinds of horses from her father's stables, and can always manage to make them go. Apart from this, Miss Holland is often mounted by her friends, as not only is she a general

favourite in the country, but in her hands, it is well known, horses will do both themselves and their owners credit.

And now I have to speak of a really "first flight" woman who has the lightest of hands and a beautifully poised seat, who can "make" and ride any horse, and is hard indeed to beat with hounds. This neatest and nattiest, as well as most intrepid of horsewomen, is Mrs. Charles Robert, the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Cheape, the latter of whom is widely known as "The Squire" of Bentley fame. Mrs. Robert's education with hounds began when she was two years of age, and like many other good riders she made her first essays on horseback riding astride. The first pack with which she went out was the Fife, of which Colonel Anstruther Thomson was then the Master, and after the country was divided, she hunted in the western division over which her father ruled, and when Colonel Cheape took the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire hounds, she was

constantly to be seen with them. Mrs. Robert used to whip in to her mother's harriers at Wellfield when she was quite a child. After her father and mother left Scotland and settled at Bentley Manor, she hunted with the Worcester-shire Hounds, and since her marriage she and her husband have been regular followers of the Croome.

Now, to turn for a moment to a question which is always of interest in the world of sport, I would say that the coverts of that staunch friend to fox-hunting, Lord Coventry, are a proof, if one were wanted, that foxes and pheasants can exist together. Once every week the Croome Hounds hunt over the former master's land, and yet in a small home covert, appropriately named Pheasant Wood, no fewer than three hundred pheasants were shot last year, though hounds had been there regularly and had never once drawn it blank during the whole season.

FRANCES E. SLAUGHTER.

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MRS. STAPLETON MARTIN.





# My Grandfather's Journals.\*

1795-1820.

[Being episodes in the military career of Colonel Theophilus St. Clair, K.H., formerly of the 145th Foot, and some time Assistant in the department of the Quarter-Master-General.]

EXTRACTED BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

## VI. — A PRISONER OF WAR.

### VALLADOLID.

I WAS soon parted from my friend Etienne Dubois. Escorted by his squadron, we rode back together towards the hills where the French were still in position, and soon came upon Franceschi's Corps of Light Cavalry. When Dubois reported himself and his captive, he was desired to rejoin his regiment, and I was passed on to Soult's head-quarters.

It was with much misgiving that I bade adieu to Dubois, yet I need not have feared for the future. I took with me his good word; I heard him recommend me to the officer who now became my escort as "*bon camarade; bon diable, brave garçon.*" But besides this I soon found that it was the unfailing rule with the French officers—those, at least, who were native born—to treat their prisoners with chivalrous courtesy and consideration. Dubois had insisted that all my possessions, few enough, should be restored to me. I had to thank him in the first instance for my horse, my darling Hatim Tai; but never afterwards was there any question of my ownership, of my right to keep him and ride him as my own personal property.

I missed the Duc de Dalmatie, who had pushed forward close up to Corunna; but a staff officer at his headquarters ordered me to

the rear, to Betanzos, which I found crowded with French wounded and a few English prisoners. The latter were sent further back on the same day, and I was given to understand that I might expect to be forwarded to Madrid with all convenient despatch.

I was sad and sore at heart as I retraced my steps along the road I had twice travelled already and within the last few weeks; once in the heyday of hope as I neared the fighting line, again, downcast and in retreat, but not as yet absolutely despairing. Now I had nothing in prospect but a long wearisome detention in a French war prison, and the road was rendered hideous by the dread sights that war discloses; *débris* and desolation, corpses lying stark on every hill-side, a prey to foul ravening vultures, the blackened ruins of depopulated villages and towns.

We moved slowly, adapting our pace to those on foot, as by far the largest number were. All the prisoners, too, except myself, largely Spaniards of Romana's army, were ragged and wretched, many of them worn out, in the last stage of fatigue and unable to keep up with our march. Their numbers rapidly thinned, and I was told that when they fell fainting by the wayside they got but a short shrift, and were swiftly but brutally put out of their pain. My own men fared better, for having

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some funds, thanks to Dubois' rescue, I could hire country carts to convey the more weakly, and indeed I provided for numbers of the Spaniards as well.

It was a slow and tedious journey, little more than ten or twelve miles daily, and a month had passed before we reached Valladolid, passing through Leon Astorga, Benevente Valderas, and ever so many more hamlets or towns. I had given my parole, and was therefore allowed considerable liberty on the line of march. I might ride on in advance and secure the best quarters, a billet, if possible, in a private house, avoiding the *posadas*, the worst of country inns, where the answer, "*Hay de todo*," you can have everything, meant always "*Nada*," nothing at all. Riding thus alone, I was told I ran great risks, for the roads were infested with *mala gente*, bad folk, belonging to guerilla bands, sometimes avowed banditti, who would rob even a red-coated officer and an ally. But although a bullet whistled past my ears more than once in the narrow ways, I reached Valladolid without accident, and, as I had done all along the route, I immediately reported myself at once to the Commandant. The French had military posts everywhere, an officer whose rank was according to the importance of the place. At Valladolid it was a General of Brigade, the Comte de Gourgeon, one of the old *régime*, an ex-royalist officer, who having been for years an *émigré*, had but lately returned and thrown in his lot with Napoleon. He was the very perfection of a gentleman, high bred and courtly, with the grand air and manner of his time, who could be aped but not imitated. Although of a certain age, he dressed with extreme nicety in new well-made uniform,

with spotless lace and linen; he wore his hair curled and powdered, with a long queue or "catagon." I found him occupying one corner of Charles V.'s huge palace, and he met me with outstretched hand, saying very heartily—

"You must take up your quarters with me, Captain St. Clair. It will give me sincere pleasure to receive an English officer under my roof. I spent three years in your country, sir, and can never forget the kindness shown me in a time of great adversity and trial. My wife and daughter have equally pleasant recollections of England. Come, let me present you."

We found Madame la Comtesse alone, a fair, frail woman with the remains of great beauty. Yet her eyes had the startled apprehensive look of many (as I knew afterwards) who had passed through the Reign of Terror, the look of one who had seen ghosts. There were firm-set lines, too, about her pretty mouth, that spoke of terrible trials encountered and courageously borne. Her greeting was most gracious.

"You are welcome, monsieur; we have reason to love Englishmen. Alas! that our nations should be at war."

"And Cecile?" asked the General.

"She was here, Victor, but this moment. Some one spoke of a fine horse standing at the gateway——"

"*Père chéri*," cried a sweet girlish voice, and one of the prettiest maidens I had ever seen danced into the room: all in white, with a bright blue ribbon around her waist and blue bows in her golden hair. "There is the most perfect horse out there, an Arab of pure blood; oh, so lovely! Come, and see."

"It is mine, mademoiselle," I said.

"This gentleman is Captain St. Clair, Cecile," went on her mother; "an English officer. Speak to him in English, child; he will like to hear his own tongue in this strange land, where he is all alone, as we were in England."

"Indeed, sir, I am very sorry to see you so," she said, in pretty broken English, giving me her hand in English fashion, and with such a friendly look in her soft brown eyes that my heart went out to her there and then.

This was the beginning of the happiest period in my chequered life. I shall always look back upon the days spent at Valladolid with heart-felt gratitude, for there I learnt how inestimable is true woman's love, even if I might not aspire to its possession. The prize seemed too rich, too high placed for my poor hopes, and when indeed I thought it gained, a long dark interval of separation and disappointment stood between me and this greatest treasure.

It was love at first sight with me. I was won instantly and completely by Cecile's sweet looks, her pretty ways, her devotion to her parents, her kindness, her friendliness to me so unaffected and unconscious. I supposed this was due to her natural sweetness of character; that she had any warm feeling for me, I only learnt afterwards under pressure of a great emotion. But we were much together, for I was made quite one of the family, lived at their table, rode with the General and Cecile when they went abroad (she was an admirable horse-woman), and often escorted the ladies to the Prado de la Madalena, where Society paraded under the trees by the banks of the Esquiva.

My only trouble was that I

must sooner or later move on to Madrid, the central dépôt for all war prisoners. I was still kept at Valladolid, for no troops could be spared to escort me. Communication in Spain was everywhere unsafe; it was especially so in the country between us and Madrid, across the difficult passes of the Guadarama. Bands of insurgent peasants and brigands, the wild followers of El Zapatero and other guerilla chiefs infested the road, cutting off couriers and convoys unless properly escorted, and thus rescuing and releasing any prisoners that were being forwarded. I do not think I greatly wished to be rescued just then. I only asked to be left where I was, a willing prisoner, in toils very different to those of military detention. I most dreaded separation from Cecile.

It was with a keen sense of relief that I heard the De Gourgeons were to change their quarters for Madrid. The General had been appointed to the staff of King Joseph, and was to proceed to the capital with all convenient despatch.

"You shall travel with us, Monsieur St. Clair," he said. "I ought indeed to have forwarded you before this, but really I could not spare the troops to escort you. Now, I must take a detachment for my own protection, and you can join our party."

The faint blush on Cecile's cheek, as she looked down without echoing the General and his wife's pleasure at thus keeping me longer with them, was one of the first outward signs she gave that I was not indifferent to her.

A week later we started, with a large company. The ladies were in a travelling carriage; there were several fourgons of baggage; all these were preceded by a detachment of *gens-d'armes*, twenty-

five sabres, with whom the General and I rode; the rear was closed by half a battalion of infantry *leger* under a captain, who really commanded the whole escort. It would have been better to have had all cavalry, but that was impossible. Ney, who was co-operating with Soult in a new invasion of Portugal, had drawn to him every horseman in Northern Spain. So our pace was governed by that of the infantry, and we did not make very rapid progress.

Our force was too imposing to be trifled with lightly, and we reached the foot of the mountain pass without the slightest interference or sign of hostility. The night's halt at the Fonda San Raphael was typical of all the rest. This was a great roadside caravanserai, with a vast central courtyard and many outbuildings, which sheltered us all easily. Rooms were set apart for the General's party, and while the servants unpacked plate and linen, made beds and gave a homely look to the rude surroundings, Cecile and I found our way to the kitchen, as usual, to superintend the preparation of dinner. The General's chef was an old soldier, with no very light hand, and Cecile insisted on preparing the most *recherché* dishes herself, the sauces, the fondue and omelettes, while I pretended to have no equal in the cooking of game. As I shot it, day by day, along the road: hares, wild duck, snipe, and once a wild boar—and it was a welcome addition to our meagre travelling fare—I was allowed to do as I pleased.

I was just leaving the kitchen, which was a great cavernous cellar-like place, with many dark recesses, I was beckoned into one of these by a dark visaged peasant who addressed me in Spanish.

"The Señor Capitan is an Englishman and a friend. Is he ready to make a bold stroke for freedom? Be ready to-morrow when you reach the cross at the summit of the pass."

I explained that I was on parole. I had given my promise not to attempt escape.

"Throw that bone to another dog! It is a chance not to be lost. I can lead you by a secret path to Perales within a march of Sir Cradock and the English army."

"No," I said. "It is not to be thought of, I cannot go back on my word," and I left him indignantly, to be consoled by the pressure of a soft hand and the whisper of a sweet voice.

"I knew you would refuse; that you would not leave us like that."

"I should not indeed, for my parole is given. But I don't know how I can ever leave you, Cecile," I made bold to say, taking her hand and the opening chance had given me, but she broke away and ran off blushing crimson.

We were to cross the Guadarama mountains next day, a long and toilsome ascent by an indifferent road through steep and rocky defiles. It was a long, stiff climb to the summit of the pass, and the way was much impeded by drifts of now rotting and discoloured snow.

About midday we reached a rude wooden cross, that, no doubt, of which the peasant had spoken, and as I approached it I looked curiously for any sign of the rescue I had been promised, but had refused.

Yes, surely there were men accompanying our march, but dodging behind the rocks. Now and again I caught a glimpse of a waving handkerchief or sombrero; at last, close to the cross an arm was outstretched beckoning to me, and I heard the words—

"Jump off. Leave your horse in the path and make for the rocks. No mounted man can follow you."

I may have hesitated, but I had never meant to accept this offer, strong as was the temptation: and now any weakness was crushed out of me by the knowledge that I could only escape by parting with all I held most dear. Of course my parole was paramount: still my honour was pleasantly strengthened by my inclination.

So I rode on, only making a negative gesture to my would-be rescuers, and finding myself abreast of the general's coach, was rewarded by a bright look from Cecile, who no doubt had seen all that had passed.

The day was closing in as we dropped down the slope on the southern side of the pass. We could see the red roofs of the village of Guadarama below, the windows twinkling like diamonds in the strong light of the westering sun. This was our last stage, not eleven miles from Madrid, another but an easy day's journey. We were almost within touch of the French outposts, there was nothing more to be feared it was thought, and our order march straggled out quite half a mile in length from the head to the tail.

First came a couple of *gens d'armes* as the advance, then the carriages and the fourgons, then the small body of cavalry, and after them, but with a long gap intervening, marched the half battalion of infantry, while a couple of *gens d'armes* brought up the rear.

The general and I rode together, now alongside, now in rear of the ladies' carriage, and it was he who first noticed with a sharp cry of displeasure, the great interval between the horse and foot.

"This is wrong; we must halt until the rear closes up." And he

gave the order just as a man in the shovel hat and long robe of a Spanish priest sprang up out of the ground almost under our horses' feet.

"*Ten cuidado!* (Have a care!)" he cried, with a wild wave of the hand, pointing to a small thicket a little behind us, lining both sides of the road over which we had but just passed without a sign of impending trouble. But the danger of which he would have warned us was already upon us. Suddenly a great mob of men, country clad, but armed with *escopetas* or bell-mouthed blunderbusses, broke out of the wood and let fly at our party. Several saddles were emptied at the first fire, and the general was unhorsed.

He was on his feet instantly, giving his orders with great promptitude and self-possession.

"Gallop on with the carriage, *venez à terre. Gens d'armes*, form across the road and charge. Stay, St. Clair" (as he saw me draw my sword), "this is not your quarrel——"

But I was determined to add the weight of my arm in aiding the escape of the ladies, and falling in on the left of the cavalry charged with them. We made great play with point and edge, and had driven back the brigands on to the wood where they were like to have been taken between two fires, for the French infantry seeing the skirmish, was coming up at the double to join in. They were forestalled, however, by a fresh reinforcement to the Spaniards, who now quite overpowered the *gens d'armes*.

My red coat gained me a certain respect, although I had acted as an enemy, and I was able to push out of the *melée* back to where the general stood alone. Being dismounted he could not join in the charge, and now he was in

terrible distress of mind at the overthrow of his men, and fearful also lest the carriage already, happily, a long way off, should be overtaken.

Before he could speak I had jumped off, and giving him the bridle and a leg up, I made him mount Hatim Tai.

"After them now, general. You can do no good here. These rascals are too many for you, and they will be off before your infantry can come up. See, they are streaming across country already. Ride, sir, ride."

"No, no, St. Clair, I cannot leave you in the lurch, you are too good, too generous."

"My coat will protect me; you they would kill out of hand. Hurry, I implore you, for your wife's and daughter's sake. Hurry, or you will be too late."

"I shall never forget this, St. Clair. All I can say is, I give you back your parole. You are indeed free already; but I would not detain you if I could. Adieu, and my everlasting thanks."

He galloped away, not a moment too soon, for now a number of the guerillas came down the road in pursuit. I was, however, seized and very roughly handled at first, but very soon some one in authority appeared and interposed.

"Run, *hombres*. Run! *Core prisa*, bring him with you. The French are on us, we must make for the Quinta de la Horca, or we may be caught in a trap."

They had begun to strip and despoil me, but now desisted, and putting me before them, ordered me to run in front. Any disinclination on my part was overcome by the display of two long and sharp pointed *navajas*, and a threat to prick me into the best of paces if I hung back.

Nightfall favoured the flight, but

I was half dead, sorely bruised, and covered with dust and filth from several falls before we reached Gallows Farm, the Quinta de la Horca, the head-quarters of these savages, who disgraced the cause for which they fought. I was in a miserable plight: my coatee torn to rags, my small clothes tattered; I had lost my hat-cap, my shoes, and the ribbons of my queue. There was nothing to distinguish me from the rest of the Frenchmen, except that I was still clothed, in a fashion, and wore no moustachios, but this might have been youth or the failure of nature.

We were all collected in the great central courtyard around a bonfire of blazing logs, which threw a lurid light upon the fierce dark faces of the brigands, and showed up the abject condition of the wretched prisoners who were huddled together in a group under the ward of several sentries with guns and knives. All the Frenchmen had been stripped, some to their shirt, some were stark naked, all were bound with cords. They were mostly old soldiers, veterans picked for their services and good-conduct to recruit the corps of *gens d'armes* "of Burgos," as they were called, their chief duty being as escorts along the lines of communication. I had seen and admired them often along the road, their gallant appearance, their decorations, for many wore the Cross. They were within measurable distance of death, (how near I had no notion), but they bore themselves with a fine fearless courage that commanded my respect. I was likely to share their fate, and yet I could not show the same calm fortitude.

"Disarm him; throw him in with the rest," now cried a harsh voice, and several rough hands were

laid on me to tear my rags off and seize my sword, when happily my knowledge of the language saved me.

"At your peril," I said, showing my red coat. "See, I am an English officer, who was held prisoner by the French. There are those among you I believe who know it."

"Was he not fighting on their side?" asked the leader, El Zapatero, an ex-cobbler, who had already made a name in party warfare.

No one could say for certain, and after much altercation I was set loose, grudgingly. But now supper was brought, great wooden bowls full of salad, bread and pimientos, first softened with water, smeared then with oil, and flavoured highly with garlic, I was offered a spoon to take my fill with the rest. I could not stomach the food, but when some one offered me a wine skin I raised it aloft, letting the fluid pour down my throat in the way I had learnt in southern Spain, and was highly applauded.

Just then a wounded prisoner made a piteous appeal for water. "*Aqua! De l'eau pour l'amour de Dieu,*" and for all reply was struck brutally on the mouth, a comrade retaliated, and this was the signal for a general onslaught. The brigands, shouting and cursing, sprang to their feet, dozens of cruel knives gleamed in the air, a number of women rushed in and joined their cries to kill and slay. "*A Matar! al cuchillo! Pegalos! A la muerte,*" and every Frenchman would surely have been massacred in cold blood then and there, had I not stood sword in hand between the Spaniards and their unhappy victims.

"Infamous cowards!" I shouted, quite reckless of the danger, or of my own helplessness against

such a crowd. "What do you call yourselves? Butchers, assassins?"

In another moment I believe I should have been stabbed to death, but now shots fired in rapid succession outside rose above the turmoil within, and there was a sudden rush of men into the courtyard with frantic cries of "*Los Franceses! Subiran! Subiran!*" The Spaniards abandoned us, some to fly to their arms, more to retreat before the fierce charge of the enemy who soon filled the place, bayoneting all they met. I narrowly escaped myself, for with my drawn sword I was counted an opponent, but the French prisoners drew me in among them crying, "*C'est des nôtres. Ne le frappez pas. Il nous a sauvé,*" and when the fight was over the whole story was told, vastly to my credit, more I fear than I deserved.

It was an attack made in *vive force* by a flying column under Colonel Subiran, which was always on the move beating up the quarters of the guerillas. News of the surprise of General de Gourgeon's party had reached Subiran, and the direction which the Spaniards had taken was soon ascertained. The Dragoons of the column had pressed forward in a forced march, and on reaching the Quinta de la Horca had dismounted to deliver their attack, which was rapidly successful, as I have described.

Colonel Subiran received me with mingled thanks and apologies.

"I have heard, monsieur, of your gallant interposition on behalf of my unfortunate comrades. It was nobly done, sir, and it cuts me to the heart to make so poor a return. If I might consult my own feelings I would say, 'the road is open to you, go where you please.' But you are English; an enemy, a

brave and chivalrous foe I admit, and we are greatly your debtor, still an enemy, and my orders are positive: to send all prisoners taken alive to Madrid. You will understand, *en bon militaire*, that orders are orders. It will, however, be my pleasing duty to report what has occurred, leaving you to the clemency of the King, who will, I feel satisfied, authorize your exchange."

Full of this hope that I should soon regain freedom, and that meanwhile I should be near Cecile, I rode on with them next morning to Madrid. How bitterly I was disappointed in the first, how little the latter was realised shall be told in due course.

I was the only prisoner "taken alive." The Colonel's words had a deeper significance than I imagined, for as we left the Farm, I saw that it had gained a new claim to be called "of the Gallows," for every guerilla had been hanged out of hand. Never looking back once as we slowly descended to the plain, I saw that the buildings were in flames. Colonel Subiran knew that I understood, and said quickly—

"To twist the necks of all such evil birds and burn their nests, monsieur, such is my invariable custom. We give and get no quarter. In this savage land it is truly *guerra al cuchillo*—war to the knife."

## The Sportsman's Library.

We have received a very comprehensive and complete volume of statistics and records of every imaginable form of sport, which is well worth the price of one shilling, at which it is published.\*

The author claims that this is the first attempt that has ever been made to deal with the whole mass of Sporting Records on a comprehensive and scientific plan, and expresses the hope of making it an annual publication, growing fuller and more accurate with each year's issue, until it shall be an absolutely complete compendium of the records which have been made in every branch of Athletic Sport. There is room for a publication of this character, and we wish it all success.

There is no doubt that within the last fifty years the Science of Dentistry has become developed to a marvellous degree so far as

suffering humanity is concerned, and it seems only fair that the brute creation should also reap some of the benefits of the spread of Science.

As will be gathered from the title of this little volume\* the authors attribute a large number of disagreeable habits and dangerous vices entirely to trouble in the mouth of the horse, trouble which by knowledge can easily be overcome. To demonstrate the advantages which may be derived from careful treatment of the mouth, we will cite the case of an American Express Company, which we are told had 600 horses in constant use, 25 of which were indiscriminately selected for proper dental treatment and separately weighed. Their oats and maize

\* "Sporting and Athletic Records," by H. Morgan-Browne. Methuen & Co., 36, Essex Street, London, W.C. Price One Shilling.

\* "Practical Horse Dentistry, as a remedy for Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Poor Condition, also Rearing, Pulling, Bolting, and other Disagreeable Habits and Dangerous Vices, with a new and simple method of telling, The Age of The Horse," by J. Cohn, M.R. Danish College of Veterinary Surgeons, and Frank Swales. London: Vinton & Co., 9, New Bridge Street, E.C. 1897. Price 3s. 6d.



were reduced two quarts per day each. After the first month a great improvement in their general condition was apparent, continuing during the second and third months, when they were again weighed, and it was found that an increase of 48lbs. per head was the result. The test lasted during the hot months of July, August and September, when flatulent colic was very prevalent in the stable, yet not one single case had occurred amongst these twenty-five horses. We are not surprised to learn that now the company consider it a waste to feed newly purchased young horses until their teeth are examined and put in proper shape. The authors speak with conviction upon the importance of equine dentistry, and our chief regret is that the volume is not larger.

There is a useful chapter upon judging the age of the Horse without depending upon the old-fashioned inspection of the bean-marks in the incisors, and a series of diagrams clearly represent the changes in the appearance of the incisors from five years of age to twenty-four.

A sporting novel\* by Mr. Fox Russell deals, as its title leads one to expect, with scenes and characters incidental to fox-hunting. From their very nature these have become more or less stereotyped as they have been treated by various writers from the time of the inimitable Surtees, and Mr. Fox Russell is to be congratulated upon the comparative freshness of his work; the story winds up with an account of a breach of promise action before Mr. Justice Smotherum, and the final paragraph in

the book records how eight of the chief characters in the story are all married at the same church in the same week, which winds up matters in a satisfactory manner.

The book is very nicely got up, and Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew & Co. should be proud of the paper and type used, whilst the gold-stamped scarlet binding is essentially smart. There is no lack of illustrations, full-page and otherwise, in which we think the artist is more successful in his representation of people than of horses.

We are grateful to Mr. Underhill for what we regard as a valuable addition to our Sporting Library. In this little work\* the author has laid himself out to keep to the point, and in as few words as possible, to give the best practical advice to the tyro in the hunting field. The modern practice and etiquette of hunting are dealt with in part I, which under the heading of *The Rationale of Hunting* opens with a vigorous defence of the sport which was styled by the immortal Jorrocks, "the image of 'war' without its guilt."

It is an oft-told tale, but Mr. Underhill frames his arguments so concisely, that we cannot refrain from reproducing some of his words: "If it were not for hunting, the horse-breeding industry would become practically extinct in this country, and we should lose a large proportion of national wealth. Roughly, there are 150 packs of fox-hounds in England; in each pack we may assume that on the average there are 100 horses used exclusively for hunting purposes, that is, 15,000 horses are kept in England for fox-hunting. Take the average life of a horse in

\* "The Houghtyshire Hunt," by Fox Russell, with sixteen full-page pictures on plate paper, and twenty-four illustrations in the text by R. J. Richardson. London: Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Ltd., Bouverie Street. 1897. Price 15s.

\* "Hunting and Practical Hints for Hunting Men," by George F. Underhill. London: Bliss, Sands & Co., 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, W.C. 1897.

the hunting-field at five years, and the average price paid for him as £100, we find that £300,000 is annually spent in England on horses used for fox-hunting, a large proportion of which must go into the pocket of the breeder, *i.e.*, the farmer. Then we must take into consideration the enormous class of horses, which though not used exclusively for hunting, would not be bred, purchased, and kept, if it were not for hunting. We allude to covert hacks, trappers, and the numerous class of horses who do duty both between the shafts and in the hunting-field."

In regard to the market for fodder supplied by hunting, Mr. Underhill says, "Every one of the 15,000 horses used exclusively for hunting purposes, costs in fodder ten shillings a week to keep; therefore £7,500 is spent weekly upon hunters' fodder or £390,000 per annum, out of which sum, at least £350,000 goes into the pocket of the farmer, to say nothing of the money spent on fodder for horses not used exclusively for hunting." The author draws a dismal picture of the condition of affairs which he anticipates would follow the abolition of fox-hunting.

"The large country seats would either be closed or let to tenants between whom and the farmers there could be no sympathy. Farms would fall into decay, and the capital, without the use of which the small farmer is helpless, would be diverted into foreign channels. Agricultural towns like Melton Mowbray and Market Harborough, would become pauper villages, and the tradespeople who made a profit out of the owners of hunting-boxes, would throng to the town or the county workhouse. Flourishing hotels would become pot-houses and, finally, the small farmer would find himself without a market. The

truth is, that fox-hunting must exist, if only for the reason that it is the principal factor in our agricultural economy."

Mr. Underhill is convincing in his enthusiasm, and although no reader of BAILY could ever require conviction upon this question, we are unable to refrain from quoting some of the author's cogent arguments.

Another subject upon which Mr. Underhill speaks freely, is that of the peripatetic "fox-poachers, who breakfast in Jermyn Street, and pay flying visits into any country as their fancy dictates, although they are careful not to give one hunt the benefit of their presence too many times in succession for fear of being asked for a donation. If they are asked, they will unblushingly reply that they hunt regularly with another pack."

As a remedy for this grievance which, with the increased facilities offered by the railway companies for hunting from town, Mr. Underhill suggests that hunting licences should be issued by the Hunt Secretary upon an agreed scale of prices, so that a stranger hunting with a pack to which he did not subscribe might be required to show that he was a member of some other hunt. This is an original idea, and we fear that there are one or two serious objections to it as an operative remedy, but it will be a good day for fox-hunting when some specific can be found for the individuals, who in the words of Mr. Underhill, "obtain sport under false pretences, and are as much guilty of poaching as the yokel who snares a hare on a moonlight night."

The articles upon Fox-hunting and Stag-hunting are most lucid in their conciseness, and part 2, is full of valuable information as regards hunters, stables and stable

management, grooms and the, to some followers of the chase, all engrossing topic of hunting clothes. The volume closes with some Practical Hints for Hunting Men, and the breeding and schooling of hunters is not forgotten. When we regard the unpretentious size and appearance of the volume, we cannot resist a feeling of admiration at the amount of information which it contains.

The second volume of "The Anglers' Library" follows close upon the heels of the first, and deals with a branch of the gentle art\* which we venture to think is likely in the near future to show a great development. Fresh-water fishing is decidedly overdone in England at present, as the crowd of rods upon all open waters or canals which are likely to afford any sport will testify, whilst the rents for private or preserved waters are in some cases little short of phenomenal.

This island home of ours, however, provides us with a liberal share of sea-board, and in the waters around the English coast there is plenty of room for all to seek the monsters of the deep.

The primitive method of fishing with a hand-line has within the last ten years, to a great extent given place to the use of the more interesting and sporting rod and line, whilst other refinements of sea-angling, the float and ground-bait have been recently introduced into salt waters.

These developments must doubtless open up a great possibility of sport which was not to be found in hauling on a hand-line, and we are inclined to believe

that scientific sea-fishing is likely to become a most popular sport within the intermediate future.

Certainly this little book by Mr. Aflalo will be a means to that end, and his advice must be of the greatest value to the many who desire to increase their knowledge of angling in salt-waters.

We have before us a volume of stories and sketches\* from the pen of our old friend Rapiere, late of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*. Most of the contents of the volume have already seen the light of day in the columns of the above mentioned paper or elsewhere, but no apology need be offered by the author for publishing the collection in book form.

Mr. Watson writes well and understands what he is writing about, his descriptions are full of life and vigour, and his short stories are cleverly worked out. This is just the book to make a railway journey pass pleasantly enough, and profusely illustrated as it is and printed in the clearest and best of type, it is well worth its published price of seven shillings and sixpence.

Part 10 of the Encyclopædia of Sport† brings us to the end of the first volume, which contains 632 pages of most interesting matter.

Hunting is continued in the part now before us, and the subject of stag-hunting is ably dealt with by Lord Ribblesdale, who has just made such a success with his book on the Queen's Buckhounds. The wild red deer of Exmoor receive notice from the pen of the Hon. L. J. Bathurst, whose name is perhaps better

\* "Sea Fish." An account of the methods of angling as practised on the English coast, with notes on the capture of the more sporting fishes in Continental, South African and Australian waters, by F. G. Aflalo, with Contributions by various hands. London: Lawrence and Bullen, 16, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. Vol. II. of the Angler's Library, 1898.

\* "Racing and Chasing." A collection of sporting stories, by Alfred E. T. Watson, with illustrations by various artists. Longmans, Green & Co., 39, Paternoster Row, London, 1897. Price 7s. 6d.

† "The Encyclopædia of Sport." Edited by the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, Hedley Peck and F. G. Aflalo. London: Lawrence & Bullen. Part 10, Dec. 1897. Price 2s.

known in connection with fox-hunting.

The game of La Crosse is explained by Mr. E. T. Sachs, who has for years been one of the chief exponents of this not very well known pastime. To Mr. N. L. Jackson has been entrusted the article upon Lawn Tennis, and Miss Dod, the well known championship player, contributes a paper upon Ladies' Lawn Tennis.

It is not uninteresting to note how by the accident of the alphabet, part 10 of the Encyclopædia is largely devoted to wild beasts, from hyenas to leopards. The full-page illustrations of a stag hard pressed by hounds, and of two leopards crouching for their prey are extremely well executed, and the whole of the work reaches a high standard of excellence.

## The Two-year-olds of 1897.

THE racing season that has just concluded will always be famous for the amount in number and value of races run by Irish and American horses. The totals of Irish successes I make out to be 108 races worth £52,900, which of course include the three classic races won by Galtee More, that placed Mr. Gubbins, an Irishman, for the first time in the Turf's history at the head of the list of winning owners.

The American winnings reckon up to the respectable total of 59 races amounting to £17,000, which is also a remarkable record, seeing how lately the idea of bringing over American horses in a systematic manner to run here has "caught on."

In both these instances we have probably only seen the outset of a new state of things, which is likely to increase and become a household word amongst us.

But all this, tempting though it is to enlarge upon, is beside the subject of this article, viz., "The Two-year-olds of 1897." In these centre the most interesting features of the great three-year-old contests in the coming year of 1898, and in the first place let us note that contrary to our experience of the last three or

four seasons there does not appear to be any animal standing out *facile princeps* in his form, and thus taking much from the interest that would naturally attach to the future. In reviewing our two-year-olds of 1897 it must be a patent fact that they are somewhat "all of a heap" (to use a racing phrase), and the further curious fact stands out manifestly that, if best there be, it is Cyllene, who is not engaged in the Derby or St. Leger. This fine son of Bona Vista and Arcadia was only once beaten after a good race by three-quarters of a length and then was endeavouring to concede 10 lbs. to Dieudonné, the subsequent winner of the Middle Park Plate. By way of clearing the ground before coming to the most promising of the Derby youngsters of 1898, let us also mention two other fine youngsters in Champ de Mars, by Martagon, out of Fleur de Marie, and Cap Martin, by Martagon, out of Flower Girl. The former has won six times out of seven attempts and was only beaten by Disraeli at Derby, when trying to give him 11 lbs. Mr. Douglas Baird must indeed regret not having engaged this colt according to his merits. His half-brother, Cap Martin, is in the St. Leger.

And now, let us enumerate the most promising colts in the Derby, and in doing so we will divide them into four classes, the first three of which will consist of the public performers, and the fourth the dark ones, of which we have seen nothing in public, or if so, have probably not yet had an insight into their best form.

making his débüt at Doncaster very successfully, only sustained defeat in the Middle Park Plate. He is a long, low, powerfully made colt, and I took a great fancy to him when I looked him over in the summer at Beckhampton. Nevertheless, although he does not look the smasher that Galtee More is, he is almost sure to be in the first three

CLASS I.	CLASS II.	CLASS III.	DARK HORSES.
Dieudonné. Wildfowler. Batt. Disraeli. Orzil. Hawfinch. Calveley. Dunlop. Floio Rubattino. Ninus.	Ch. c. by Bend 'Or— Jenny Howlett Jeddah. Perthshire. King of Thebes. Galashiels. Elphin.	Longtown. Palinurus. Sarratt. Heir Male. M. D. Dielytra.	Ormathwaite. Brio. Shapfell. Pheon. Galahad. St. Maur. Sir Lancelot. Kurvenal. Ameer. St. Evox.

In this list I have left out some promising fillies, but propose to deal with these when we place the probable débutantes for the Oaks. A Derby filly is a *rara avis in terris*. Our class I is a large one, and of these good judges would have great difficulty in agreeing upon their placings. In Dieudonné by Amphion, and Mon Droit, we hoped that the Duke of Devonshire had a really good colt, which would enable him to lead back on the Derby day a victor, amid the applause, which always greets such a straightforward sportsman; but, notwithstanding his Middle Park triumph, there are grave rumours of his wind being touched, which was somewhat confirmed when in the seven furlong contest for the Dewhurst Plate he failed to stay home.

Let us hope that things are not quite so bad as they seem, for this colt is quality from head to heel, and quite bred in orthodox fashion, viz., full of Touchstone descent. Wildfowler, also a chestnut, is by Gallinule, out of Tragedy, and

on the Derby day. Batt, by Sheen, out of Vampire, is a Criterion winner and a very useful candidate for Derby honours. Disraeli is a son of Galopin, and a brother to Buckingham, and he made a great sensation by winning the Champion Breeders' Stakes at Derby, but he has since found his conquerors, although he must be reckoned with. Orzil is a chestnut colt by Ayrshire out of Merry Misér, that for a long time stood out by himself as an unbeaten horse in the best company, but reputation became tarnished in the autumn. He is a hot-tempered colt, but a fine mover, and may next spring come back to his best form, and then he will beat everything. Hawfinch, a chestnut, son of Goldfinch and Chalk Hill Blue, made his reputation at one stroke in the Dewhurst Plate, where as a despised outsider he won like a stayer. He is described as a lazy, plain horse, that will only do his best when roused on a racecourse. In addition to this he had been amiss all the summer, so that John

Porter, his owner and trainer, may next year do great things with him. Calvey, a bay colt, by St. Serf, out of Sandiway, has only run once, but showed sufficient promise to enable me to put him in class I as the hope of the Duke of Westminster for next season.

Dunlop, a bay colt, by Ayrshire, out of Fortuna, was bred by His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales, and sold as a foal for a large sum. He has only run once and then only just squeezed home a winner. He is very good-looking, and might greatly improve on this form next year.

Florio Rubattino, a chestnut son of Florentine and Wealth, won the New Stakes at Ascot, but was unaccountably beaten at Doncaster in the Champagne Stakes by a mere pony in Ayah, and has not run well since, and yet he is one of those fine loose made horses that often fill out into good ones, and I for one do not discard altogether Florio Rubattino in my affections.

fancy that more than one of them will try at higher game. Of the Dark division I hear a high opinion of more than one, and it is on the cards that Brio may compensate Mr. Baird for his omission to enter Champ de Mars in the Derby. Whilst of Ormathwaite it can be most truly said that the British Public will be sorely disappointed if His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has not in this fine colt a runner in the Derby, and possibly a winner. Thus it will be seen that unless the winter and early spring with their usual mishaps reduces our list considerably, it is not too much to expect that the Derby of 1898 will see a much larger assemblage of horses at the post than has been the case in recent years, and that most of our best race-horse owners will be represented.

On looking through the fillies we have an equally promising list engaged in the Oaks:—

CLASS I.	CLASS II.	CLASS III.	DARK.
Nun Nicer.	Royal Footstep.	Moussmè.	Isabanda.
Lissa.	Ebba.	Lowood.	
Santhia.	Galinthia.	Denie Verge.	
St. Ia.	Elf.	St. Veronica.	
Sugar Loaf.	Alt Mark.	Petty France.	
Ayah.	Orpah.	Royette.	
Mauchline.	Rhoda B.		
	Simylla.		

Ninus, the hope of Prince Soltykoff, is by Sheen, out of Nina, is a splendid colt to look at, and a winner, better I hope than his brother, The Nipper.

I dare not occupy your space by going through the other classes and variations. The horses in Class 2 have all shown form in high company, and are likely to compete in the Derby, nor must it be forgotten that Elphin represents America. Class 3 may be satisfied with handicaps, but I

Without going minutely through this list it is sufficient to say that Sir Blundell Maple's filly, Nun Nicer, has shown superior quality to anything, and I sincerely trust that she has not been too hard run this season. Lissa won the Acorn Stakes at Epsom in good style, and this race often introduces us to our Oaks winner. St. Ia has shown consistent form, and I am sure we have not seen the best of Sugar Loaf, a grand looking half sister to Galtee More.

Santhia again left off at the top of the tree, whilst Mauchline was Lord Rosebery's Gimcrack Stakes winner. All in Class 2 are worthy of notice when calculating chances for the Oaks, and in Class 3 also we may have some stout fillies that will vie with the other classes next season. The dark Isabanda, sister to St. Frusquin, may, if rumour is correct, come out the star of the season.

In giving these crude ideas of the merits of our two-year-olds of 1897, I do not claim the attributes of a prophet, still less do I possess the advantage of the intimate knowledge of stable secrets, and per-

sonal inspection which every day racecourse lovers can claim to enjoy, and there is little doubt that my classification will be criticised freely, and picked to pieces with certainty. All I claim for it is the merit of impartiality, and it is given with the hope that if the season of 1898 is not destined to bring out such horses as Persimmon, St. Frusquin, or Galtee More, still we shall be more than compensated for the lack of such smashers, by the excitement of larger contests, and wider gains amongst our owners.

BORDERER.

## Glove Fighting.

DOUBTLESS everyone of common feeling, and especially the young American pugilist who won, feels very sorry that a fatal accident occurred at a glove contest in the Sporting Club. I have never seen one of the glove fights there, though in my younger days, commencing in 1842, I seldom missed a real grand benefit, which consisted of, first, an hour's exhibition by young aspirants for fame, mostly young fellows from the markets, who hammered each other for a shower of browns before the stars came on, each pair fighting 3 rounds. I wrote all this in BAILY twenty-two years ago, under the title of "Tom Spring's Back ParLOUR," so will not repeat myself.

Some of the stars who showed had lately fought in the ring, or were matched with some antagonist for a coming battle. They played light, and showed the science of the sport. Three rounds—of no specified length—were the number, and sometimes after a riotous *encore*, the boxers gave

a short extra round. The third round was always a "bustle up," urged on by Jem Turner, "the D'Orsay of the ring:" "Now, my lads, wake up, the gentlemen want to see a wilful murder."

At these big shows, Tom Spring—then between forty and fifty, and looking more like a country gentleman than an ex-champion—and Jem Ward, another ex-champion in succession to Spring, wound up. The late Mr. Grimston used to say that it was worth going one hundred miles to see those two spar. He had been a pupil of both.

The best exhibition since those days which I ever saw, was Ben Hyam's week's boxing at the Agricultural Hall, within the last ten years. I paid a guinea for a week's ticket, and sat each night in a low gallery at a corner of the ring from 8 p.m. till 11. It was a competition for all weights, and the final contest on the Saturday was for the two best in each weight who had done all their trials. The final contests con-

sisted of 4 rounds each. One of the Baxters carried off the prizes in the heavy as well as the middle weights also. I have been once or twice, since coming back to England, to Tom Symonds', in Shoreditch, at a Saturday night's show, which was conducted as quietly as a Quakers' meeting, with a good show of talent. Symonds was one of the managers to, and succeeded the late Bill Richardson. It always has been a good boxing house. Now about the modern style.

The followers of pugilism, as now authorised, did an immense amount of good by insisting on testing the cut and dried evidence which some officious members of the police tendered to the magistrates if they caught two young fellows having a box in some out the way place, sometimes lying in wait for them, and always laying great stress on the fact there were "bottles of water, and sponges and towels just the same as at a regular prize fight," &c., &c. I don't speak hardly against the police as a body, for I think the "Bobbies" as a rule are capital fellows, and the majority of them do *not* "eat the rabbit pie, or bone the goose," but there always were and are a few who "go for a conviction," and are partisans against the men, and not impartial witnesses.

Now, it is ruled that there is nothing illegal in "sponges, bottles of water, or seconds," and that the only parties liable in case of breach of the law are the principals, the "bottle-holders," "seconds and aiders and abettors." The late Baron Pollock, who recently died—one of the best and kindest of men—"pooh-poohed!" the idea that a passer-by who stopped and looked on at a real prize fight was guilty of any offence; and in the old days, when indictments for manslaughter were made in the case of a fatal fight,

the defence always was that it was a "fair fight." When Anthony Noon was killed in his fight with Owen Swift, Jem Ward was his second, and I saw a great deal of him in his later days up to his death, when he was in the "Licensed Victuallers' Asylum," and he told me repeatedly that Noon "killed himself." He said, "I could not keep him away from the water bottle, and he drank like a thirsty dog; and Dick Curtis, who seconded Swift, came to me and said, 'Jem, I will give you "a screen" (£10) to throw up the sponge, your man is very bad, and we shall have an accident.' I could not give in without leave from his backers, and I could not keep him from going on with the fight." He said that "in the last round Swift threw Noon a cross-buttock:" and "I believe that literally he *burst*." At the Assizes there was a verdict of not guilty for want of identity. It was against the conscience of the post-boy who drove Swift to the fight absolutely to swear to him at the Assizes.

Now comes the main question. The facts are these:—(1) Boxing for twenty rounds at any rate is allowed.—(2) There is no law against seconds and assistants or for charging money for admission.—(3) Boxing is a most popular amusement, especially in Regiments; and what better training could a soldier have? We still are proud of the memory of Shaw—the Life-guardsmen, and Shaw had fought in the ring, and **was** backed to fight Spring had he returned from Waterloo.

Granted the above facts, the question is whether those of to-day who promote athletics should not themselves, without the interference of those who know nothing about it, except effeminate twaddle, with the aid of modern athletes and great surgeons find out what



the body can reasonably endure without risk and publish a new Code of Laws, or rather an amendment of the present Code.—

Speaking as a rank outsider "who knows nothing about it," am not I right in saying—from what I read—that the men are constantly "clinchng," which is not allowed? and often "running round the ring" which is tantamount to leading from a single card at whist? If so, why not rule a man out if he "clinches" after one warning; and if a man runs round "to avoid" should not his opponent have the right to "toe the scratch" and beckon him to face him within reach; and if he does not do so in three seconds, let him be "ruled out" and lose the fight. Now comes another "blockhead's"

(that is my own) suggestion. How about 4 minute rounds and 2 minutes rest, and limiting a match to 7 or 9 rounds—an uneven number; if 9 rounds the time in boxing and resting would occupy 54 minutes. Is not that long enough? And lastly, should not the gloves be sent in a sealed packet after having been approved by the seconds and backers and put on the men's hands when in the ring, and not be shifted or moved during the contest. I have heard a good deal about shifting the stuffing sometimes, and I believe it. Mind I have not a suspicion even that such a thing would occur at the National Sports Club; but a rule such as that which I have hinted at above would avoid foul play elsewhere. F. G.

## "Jorrocks's" Statuette.

MR. JOHN JORROCKS was presented by the supporters of the Handley

on Arterxerxes on the cover. When, therefore, we were invited



"JORROCKS" ON "ARTERXERXES."

[By Charles Lutyens.

Cross Hunt with a silver steak-dish, bearing a model of himself

by Mr. A. L. Collie, of 39B, Old Bond Street, to inspect a model of

our old friend on his favourite horse, we hurried off, hoping that some curio-hunter had brought the original to light. Although this expectation, manifestly absurd, was not fulfilled, we were by no means disappointed, for it would be difficult to imagine anything more artistic, or more humorous, than the bronze statuette of the famous pair—the work of Mr. C. Lutyens. Jorrocks sits “soused in his great saddle,” smiling contentedly on the world around, while Arterxerxes appears to be taking a more serious view of life in general, and of fox-hunting in particular. The characteristics of both man and horse are inimitably portrayed, and will appeal at once to all readers of

“Handley Cross”; but as a work of art the statuette appeals to an even wider public—namely, to all those who know good sculpture when they see it. The modelling of the horse is as simple as the best Greek work—it is spontaneous, unaffected, and true to nature; and while the subtle indications of the muscles beneath the skin show an admirable knowledge of anatomy, there is nothing to remind us of those interesting and useful, but at the same time painful and much misused, diagrams of the flayed quadruped with which Stubbs has made us so familiar. Jorrocks on Arterxerxes is a happy illustration of the adage, “The art is to conceal the art.”

## “Our Van.”

**Derby November Meeting.**—This is the most popular of the meetings held at Derby during the twelve months, and county folk and their visitors assemble at it as they assemble on no other occasion. One is satisfied to have it so without enquiring why the usually dreary month of November is selected for the honour. It was by no means a dreary time this year, however, Derby seeming to come in for the very last of the fine weather period, for as the last two races were being run, the fog, which for some time afterwards spread over the land and made the pursuit of sport of all kinds such a dismal business, began to creep over the course. Big fields are the feature of features at this meeting and much shivering in the cold has often to be endured whilst the starter is engaged upon the seemingly impossible task of getting off a couple dozen or more of

two-year-olds on equal terms. When the starting machine arrives for good, we shall be spared all this, so let the coming of the appliance be speedy.

The race of the meeting, the Derby Cup, did not bring out so attractive a field as that seen at Liverpool. Diakka, who won the Peveril of the Peak Stakes at the summer meeting with 8st. 13lb., was top weight with 9st. 4lb., Knight of the Thistle carrying 9st. 11lb. These two looked in good enough condition, as did a few others, but good looks did not distinguish the field as a whole; nor, apparently, were they sought after, for favouritism, and that of no luke-warm order, was accorded to a wretched specimen of a thoroughbred to bring on a racecourse, the Duke of Portland's Smean. He was backed on private reputation only, and backers “followed the money” in the usual sheep-like

fashion. A much more sensible choice was Melange, of whom we did know something, and whose looks were not a reflection on the present day breed of thoroughbred. Sandia was coloured on the card, but did not start, which was not very surprising, seeing that he had to give Eager 9lb. in face of the fact that at Brighton, in August, Eager had given Sandia 3lb. and an easy four lengths' beating over the same distance, a mile. It is true we subsequently had the running in the Cambridgeshire, in which the pair started at even weights, but there is no comparison whatever between the mile and a distance at Newmarket and the mile at Derby, with its uphill commencement. However, the public were satisfied to let Eager start at 10 to 1, and he placed the race to Mr. Fairie's credit by three-quarters of a length from Melange. Diakka did not show, but Knight of the Thistle was fifth. A great tip for the race was Sardis with but 6st. 7lb., but he broke a blood-vessel before going half a mile, when right in front.

I am not sure that Northallerton was not as nice-looking or, at any rate, as business-looking as anything seen out at the meeting. The hard work he has gone through this year has certainly done him no harm, and he proved himself a reliable stayer during the course of the week. The Markeaton Stakes of a mile and a half on the first day, he won in decisive fashion after looking like being shut in; and on the last day, in the Queen's Plate of two miles, he upset an odds-on favourite in Chiselhampton, who of course had the glamour of the Liverpool Cup around him. The magnitude of the fields did not deter backers in the least, and, in one instance they took as little as 5 to 2 about Sir

Geoffrey in a field of twenty-five for the Chesterfield Nursery, and, what was more, saw him "roll home." In the Foston Selling Plate 5 to 4 was taken about Invincible II. on his French reputation in a field of eleven, and that turned up all right too. On the other hand, another plunge was made on that prince of flat-catchers, Belamphion, with the usual result, whilst an insanity seemed to beset people for backing Mr. Rucker's horses, 2 to 1 being taken about King Hampton in the Allestre Handicap, although he was giving weight to everything else in a field of sixteen, and Powderham, a handsome filly, making her first appearance on any race-course, was preferred to the St. Simon—Sanda filly, who won. Of course there were dead-heats, for Derby without dead-heats would not be Derby, and this time we had four, three of them for second place.

**Warwick.** — Warwick must have established something of a record for fog. On the first day we could not see clearly for a hundred yards, but jockeys were found to jump hurdles, nevertheless, though proceedings were stopped after the fourth race, and a huge programme of nine races was got through on the following day. The meeting was emphasised by the appearance of a fresh two-year-old from Kingsclere (by Rightaway out of a Galopin mare), named Hermiston, the property of Mr. Low, whose associations with Warwick influenced him in keeping his colt for the meeting. He was of much superior class to anything else seen there and won the Stoneleigh Maiden Plate of five furlongs with ease from Westman and thirteen others. If the price which Westman has subsequently realised at auction could be taken as a guide, then Hermiston must

be worth a pocketful of money already.

**Manchester.**—The railways are becoming more than ever alive to the value of the race traffic, which is by no means entirely represented by the passenger-carrying specials, because the conveyance of horses makes an important item, as owners realise when their trainers' monthly accounts come in, and the competition which exists in the north between the Great Northern, the Midland and the London and North-Western has been answerable for the fine services which put to shame the feeble efforts of southern lines which take the usual privilege of monopolists, and do pretty much as they please. Now, the Great Western has joined in the contest for the favour of the race-going public, this being the result of a more liberal idea of management than previously obtained. Warwick is one of the not numerous meetings that are served by the Great Western, and the delightfully smooth travelling that is a feature of this fine line was highly appreciated. So, also, was the special from Warwick to Manchester, with its two dining cars, the L. & N. W. of course running a similar train. The last-named railway, it may be mentioned, ran a special from Lingfield to Liverpool in one run, the only drawback to which was the absence of dining cars, and the run on luncheon baskets *en route* was something to be remembered.

Manchester had been suffering severely from dense fog, and there was a good deal of it left when racing began. The view at New Barns is no loss, for it consists mainly of the high walls of the ship canal warehouses, which would be improved by some cast-off scenery from Earl's Court. Wet and slush are the expected concomitants of racing at Manchester,

and they never make the least impression on the attendance. It is a tremendous undertaking, this Manchester Racecourse Company, and the range of stands is enormous. Yet on the third day, which was a Saturday, the cheaper ones were filled to repletion. There was no moving backwards and forwards, from gravel frontage to wooden stand, for both were filled at one and the same time; and it indeed supplies an object lesson to see how this multitude comports itself without any approach to unruliness. The Race Company did a good thing when it decided to distribute no cards for sale in the town, for one is now no longer pestered every few yards between town and course.

The Liverpool executive will do well to take a hint and do likewise.

The racing was phenomenal for the fields that ran, and even Derby was far surpassed in this respect. On the first day 107 horses ran against 85 on the first day at Derby, whilst on the second day the figure reached to 118, the total for three days being 305, against Derby's 243. On the first two days the going was not bad—for Manchester, but on the third day it was very bad. Many trainers show what they think of it by plaiting the horses' tails on each of the three days, the result being the unlovely spectacle of fields half made up of apparently bob-tailed horses. Backers were apparently acting in full belief of the adage, "the bigger the field the bigger the certainty," for there was nearly always a warm favourite, and Dule Tree, who won, was an even money chance in the Cuedon Plate in a field of eighteen. I was sorry to see as many as four races of six furlongs, because on this course nothing can be more unsatisfactory than races at that

distance. They are started at the commencement of the bend, and this compels the horses that draw places on the outside to run many lengths further than those on the inside, which is absolutely unfair. Not much objection could be made if the starting line were drawn on sensible lines instead of being made at right angles to the straight at the end of which it is situated. It would be the simplest thing in the world to measure off six furlongs on the inner rails from the finishing post, and six furlongs on the outer rails, and then draw a line between the two spots. Race-courses, I presume, are measured down the centre, in which case horses started on a curve outside the centre line run over the distance, and those on the inside under the distance. Any variation of this system of measurement other than that above stated is quite as wrong in principle.

Although, barring the fog, the racing on the first day was interesting enough, nothing calls for special mention, but on the second day we had the Lancashire Handicap, for which thirteen ran. Mr. William Stevens's face betrayed nothing by its sphinx-like aspect, but Foston (7st. 2lb.) was a very good favourite, notwithstanding, and little doubt can exist that he ought to have won. It was something of a surprise to see Kopely come out a quarter of a mile from home. Foston was hemmed in by several horses and did not get clear till the distance was reached, then he went at a pace which showed how he should have won instead of being beaten a neck. Circumstances alter cases, but I do not think any jockey on a horse full of running should be shut in a mile race. The third day was Sloan's day, and the little man must have gone back to America powerfully impressed with the character of

an English crowd. Strong curiosity was manifested from the first in Sloan's riding, but he had not previously encountered in England such a crowd as that which assembled on the Saturday. "Follow Sloan" was the cry, and when he got home on the favourite in the first race nothing more was needed. The money was piled on him in the second race, though nothing could have been known by the multitude of his mount, Le Javelot, tried to be an absolute certainty, as a matter of fact. He did not ride in the next race, but in the fourth event he had the mount on Martha IV., and it did one good to hear the swelling cheering as he came to the front once more. Then came the Manchester Handicap, the American being on Keenan, who was very strongly fancied indeed by his party. The public, however, went "bald headed" for St. Bris, who started a very much better favourite than Keenan, to whom he was giving 16lb. Asterie's staying credentials were good enough for the journey of a mile and six furlongs, but no one seemed to think that a boy riding 6st. 6lb. could do her justice. But she was on her best behaviour, and coming clean away after going a mile she was never again approached. Don Alonzo was thought to be a certainty by her trainer, who, however, judiciously kept this opinion to himself till the race was half over, and he made a race with Keenan for second place, losing it by a neck. Ashburn unmistakably cut it at half distance. In the last race, The Final Plate, Sloan was on Bavelaw Castle, who had won on the first day, thus riding four winners out of five mounts, and he was tremendously cheered. Somebody once said, I think that "a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind." It is possible

that any other capable jockey of the requisite weight could have done as he did, but it is impossible not to acknowledge that Sloan exercises great judgment in the matter of pace, and it is very rarely that he does not take a prominent position at some portion of the race. Waiting in front is one of his strong points.

**Turf Statistics.**—After the racing comes the “cackle” in the shape of statistics. In more than one present day sport we are sadly overdone with statistics, but in connection with the turf they have their uses. For instance, no one who had not gone into the matter would, at a guess, approximate within a hundred or so of the number of people running horses on the flat during the season. What the statistics tell us is that nearly four hundred and sixty people running horses had one or more winners, so it may be taken that race-horses are owned by some five hundred persons, and these five hundred form the body that provides sport for their countrymen for some eight months of the year. It is true that in thus providing sport the owner expects a *quid pro quo*, but the statistics show us how wofully he is disappointed in the majority of cases, if he looks to the money won in stakes to pay his training, travelling and entrance fees. A bad horse costs as much to keep as a good one—perhaps more, at times, and when one looks down the list of winning owners, it is really surprising to see with what very moderate success so many have to be content. Of course there is such a thing as backing one's horses, but that cuts both ways. If the coups come off at nice long prices, well and good, but now-a-days it is harder than ever to secure a really well kept thing; and we have this year seen one of the

very cleverest of stables come to grief more than once when they thought they had a certainty. Someone else happened to have something even more certain in the same race. The value of a really good horse is well brought to the front, for we find Mr. Gubbins heading the poll with £22,739, all but £102 of it being won by Galtee More in seven races. Mr. Hamar Bass is a one-horse winner of some magnitude, Love Wisely bringing him £8,667 by his solitary success, the late Lord Hindlip being credited with £4,195 by Limasol's success in the Oaks.

The largest number of races were won by M. R. Lebaudy, who won thirty-nine times with the aid of nineteen horses, and, be it not forgotten, Samuel Loates. His £13,689 gained in stakes places him fifth on the list. Mr. L. de Rothschild comes next to M. Lebaudy in number of wins, with thirty-two by the aid of seventeen horses, and is second to Mr. Gubbins in money won with £17,484 10s. Last year Mr. de Rothschild achieved the record of £46,766. Thanks to his champion stayer, Persimmon, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales is third with £15,770 against £26,819 in 1896. Lord Rosebery, whose Velasquez put in one very big win, is fourth with £15,366, and he, too, shows a falling off from 1896, his total in that year being £20,595 10s. Of the next fifteen, however, the majority show a more or less considerable increase on the previous year's winnings, so the statistics help us to see that the money has been more evenly distributed during 1897, which is satisfactory. The greatest drop of all is that of the Duke of Westminster, who won £23,016 in 1896, and £4,218 in 1897. This greater evenness of distribution is also made dis-

tinged by the fact that, in 1896, nine owners won over six thousand sovereigns, whilst in 1897 the number was nineteen. The exceeding difficulty that besets owners, however long their purses may be, and however willing they are to spend freely, we see from the fact that no one has been able to win £100,000 in stakes in five years, although Mr. L. de Rothschild in one year won over forty-six thousand pounds and Mr. H. McCalmont in one year over thirty-seven thousand. If money could command blood these gentlemen would have it, but it cannot; and we find the rich limestone pastures of Limerick more than a match for millions. There is much consolation in this, for the comparatively poor man.

It is very interesting to turn and see what the sires have done, and there, too, we find a more even distribution. St. Simon at last has to play second fiddle; and whilst the £28,263 which places Kendal at the head is of course largely due to Galtee More, the drop of St. Simon from £59,728 in 1896 to £22,541 is significant. Ayrshire has made a jump of over £10,000, and several other sires show a great advance; but Sheen has dropped nearly £7,000. The most successful sires have for their most successful representatives the following:—Kendal, Galtee More (£22,637); St. Simon, Persimmon (£12,665); Ayrshire, Orzil (£5,036); Donovan, Velasquez (£9,157); Galopin, Goletta (£5,796 10s.); Hampton, History (£2,509); Bay Ronald (£2,378 10s.); and Chiselhampton (£2,360); Saraband, Chon Kina (£3,613); Wisdom, Love Wisely (£8,667); Despair, Comfrey (£2,982); Martagon, Champ de Mars (£5,844); the Sailor Prince, Diakka (£3,940), and Sandia

(£3,253); and Amphion, Dieu-donné (£5,450).

**Alexandra Park.**—This, our only really suburban race meeting, to which the hansom cab is the recognised mode of conveyance, has been gaining wonderfully in the good opinion of the better class of racing man, who has often been heard of late to say that he could do with some more meetings on the course at the foot of the Muswell Hill slopes. The trotting meetings that used to be held on the spot did the flat racing a bad turn, but the evil odour has at last entirely departed and we now have as pleasant a meeting as is to be found anywhere. At Alexandra Park arrangements are made for the comfort of visitors who pay the price for comfort, which might well be copied elsewhere, and the best that could be done to the course has been done. Messrs. Pratt & Co. deserve well of us all for their energy in making Alexandra Park what it is, and I now learn that their programme for 1898, is to be on a very ambitious scale, one race of the value of a thousand sovereigns being part of it. Other good races are contemplated, one being a selling race, the winner to be sold for £500. If this takes in the way that it very well may, there should be a phenomenal field. The directions in which Alexandra Park is going ahead, will be gathered from the fact that by the time flat racing begins again, a club in connection with it will have been formed. The club is to be called the Middlesex County Racing Club, and it will of course be managed by a representative committee. For my part, I do not see why there should not be racing at Alexandra Park once a month, or even oftener. If racing be a good thing, by all means let us have plenty of it, and with the

millions of the metropolis within such easy reach, there is no fear of falling off in patronage.

**Racing Under National Hunt Rules.**—The commencement that has been made has been none too suggestive of a brilliant season; indeed, seldom, if ever, has the prospect been worse. The breeding of the steeple-chaser does not appear to be seriously undertaken in England, and we are each year more and more beholden to our Irish friends for the new blood that has been introduced. They make a study of the thing in Ireland, and Irishmen have been sweeping the board of late, as they deserve to do. The fact that the Prince of Wales has sent a couple of his horses to be schooled does not signify much, for it is now the custom in England to put horses that have disappointed on the flat, "over the sticks."

Somehow, steeple-chasing and hurdle-racing is not so highly thought of in England as in France, where numbers of valuable stakes are offered. The Grand National will always be an institution, but it stands out by itself. The multiplication of courses has been such that there are not horses enough to go round under National Hunt rules, and by the end of the season the competing horses must know each other as well as do the soldiers of a company or the boys in a school class. In connection with the winter racing we have the innovation of Lord Suffolk's welter flat race of two miles and over, for stakes of not less than £200. The first of these took place at the Newmarket Steeple-chase meeting, and when The Rush came out for, and cantered away with it, there up rose a pessimistic chorus, the burden of which was that such races would be farmed by a few good stayers on the flat. If it would answer to keep such

horses in training all the year round there might be something in the cry, but the cast-iron animal that could survive this has not yet been foaled. At Sandown Park the race on these lines was won by Rampion; and if one of the outcomes of the new introduction is to be to give our best horses like Rampion, and owners like Mr. Jay a chance, then not much harm will be done. But it is absurd to try and form an opinion on a couple of races. It will be time enough when we have reached the end of the season.

**Hampton.**—At the ripe age of twenty-five years this noted stallion was mercifully put to sleep in December last, leaving behind him a great reputation and a progeny that should carry on his name for many years to come. Hampton was by Lord Clifden, out of Lady Langden, and was bred by Lord Norreys (now Earl of Abingdon) in 1872. Coming events evidently did not cast their shadows before in his case, for he was sold to James Nightingall, of Epsom, for 200 guineas. He was early given a varied experience, for he was put over the hurdles as a three-year-old, and ran second to a crack hurdle-racer in Chandos for the Grand National hurdle race at Croydon. He then became the property of Mr. F. G. Hobson, who indulged him with a rest of several months, the happy result being that he won the Goodwood Stakes the next year. As a five-year-old he won the Northumberland Plate and the Goodwood Cup, and he subsequently won the Doncaster Cup, Epsom Gold Cup and other good races. He became the property of Lord Ellesmere at 7,200 guineas, and ran fourth in Isonomy's Cambridgeshire. When put to the stud his fee was 30 guineas. He begat three Derby winners, viz.: Merry Hampton,



Ayrshire and Ladas, and an Oaks winner, Rêve d'Or, whilst Sheen, Prince Hampton, Marcion and Royal Hampton are others of his progeny. His stock won between 1882 and 1897 the sum of £232,635 16s.

**Newmarket December Blood-stock Sales.**—These sales drew a number of people of the right sort to Newmarket in the second week of December, and it was found that good prices were forthcoming for good animals. Of these there were a number, thanks in a great measure to the disposal of M. R. Lebaudy's stud. Mr. Horatio Bottomley, it appears, is about to devote himself to the turf, and he was a liberal buyer, giving 5,100 guineas for Count Schomberg and 1,650 guineas for Le Blizen, a two-year-old by Xain-trailles. Northern Farmer, sold by Mr. R. Craig, for which 2,500 guineas were given, was understood to be bought for Mr. Bottomley also. Mr. Bottomley hopes to win the big hurdle race in Paris once more with Count Schomberg, whose purchase he looks upon with equanimity. Other of M. Lebaudy's horses fetched fair prices, Mr. C. D. Rose, who was a prolific purchaser, giving 1,050 guineas for Marius II., and 1,600 guineas for the two-year-old filly Estelle, by Despair. The two-year-old Westman Mr. T. Jay gave 1,650 guineas for, Mr. John Barker paid 2,500 guineas. for Sweet Adare, and Mr. B. Cloete 1,000 guineas for the two-year-old Dartaway, by Galopin.

**Presentation to Mr. John Lawrence.**—The following has been sent us by "Borderer":—"DEAR V. D.,—Not during the present century has there been, I am fain to believe, such an interesting occasion as that of Friday, the 26th of November, when the Duke of Beaufort presented his portrait

by Charlton to Mr. John Lawrence, the Master of the Llangibby Hounds, on his goth birthday, before an assemblage of sportsmen hailing from Monmouthshire and South Wales, such as is rarely brought together. His Grace, as he always is on these occasions, was most happy in all that he said; and when he mentioned the fact that the honoured guest of the day had been a master of hounds continuously for seventy-one years, and bore such an untarnished name as a friend, neighbour and sportsman, he fairly roused his hearers into ecstasies of applause. As for Mr. Lawrence himself, when he rose to reply with the modesty which always becomes him, his vivacity was quite that of a boy; every word he said could be heard throughout the assembly, and his anecdotes and experiences were told with excellent humour. He dwelt, as indeed he must needs do, on the qualities and attributes of Welsh-bred hounds, with which he has through a long life been associated, and which he has laboured so successfully to bring to perfection, but space does not permit my relating these to you now. They are, however, treasured in my memory, and I trust the day is not far distant when the seed sown by Mr. Lawrence will bear wider fruit than it has hitherto done. For I doubt not of the benefits that would thus accrue to fox-hunting. Anyone who could have seen those favourites of the old man's in the hunting-field the next day (and he was there himself on wheels), with every element against them (wind and rain), find, run, and kill three sound Welsh foxes after fair hunts, would not be inclined to doubt these opinions. Nobody was happier in his allusions to Mr. Lawrence and sport generally than

Lord Tredegar, whose name is also a household word in South Wales and Monmouthshire."

**Stag-hunting.**—Hind-hunting is now in full swing with the Devon and Somerset, and Sir John Amory, in the West. Here as elsewhere fog has interfered with sport. A good hind roused on November 22nd, when hounds were in their Dulverton country was saved by the mist when the pack were close at her, not before she had given her followers a good gallop. Mr. Amory has been hunting in the Barnstaple district, hounds and horses being put up at Westaway by Mr. Basset of Watermouth Castle, a former master of the Devon and Somerset. During one of his runs an illustration was given of the extraordinary way in which the hind will lie close when pursued. The hind hunted and lost by Mr. Amory on November 27th, pursued these tactics with the greatest success. Although harboured she lay so close that it was some time before hounds could rouse her. Again in Roborough she played the same game, and after crossing the Taw again lay down among some sandhills, and this time hounds could find no trace of her. She was discovered a day or two later by some men and taking to the water when pursued by a dog they had with them, was captured by two boats in Appledore Pool, and eventually forwarded safely to Mr. Basset. By this time no doubt she is in her old haunts and ready to try the same manœuvre again. I remember once on Exmoor, at Haddon, standing for a quarter of an hour watching hounds at check while the hunted hind was actually lying within reach of my thong on a slight depression in the ground. Then a movement of an ear drew my

attention and I saw her. Yet there was not enough covert to hide a hare.

**The Carted Deer.**—The rehabilitation of this sport by Lord Ribblesdale has been so complete that it is not necessary to be at all apologetic in saying that some of the best gallops of the month have fallen to the lot of the followers of the carted deer. Lord Ribblesdale being a Gladstonian peer, with a hand which is as light on the pen as on the bridle, we can wish for no better advocate. That the best two runs have happened in Ireland with the Roscommon and the Wards will surprise no one. For with those packs, especially the latter, sport is the rule and not the exception.

The secret in both cases lies in the condition of deer and hounds. One good hind from Castleplunket with the Roscommon stood before hounds for an hour and ten minutes, the last part of which was run at racing pace, though all was fast and the country good grass divided by sound banks. Even better was the gallop with their second stag enjoyed by the Wards. The morning run was more remarkable for grief and wire than for sport, but when the second stag was enlarged at Cookstown hounds were no sooner laid on than with little more than time to mark the line with a whimper they dropped their sterns and scoured away to the river. Here the stag soiled and jumping up in view the pace was fair steeple-chasing. Followers got fewer, some were down others were done; some men will never gallop really hard. Brindley was there, his whipper-in, Mr. Chaytor and three ladies. How well those three ladies went, and when at the end of forty-five minutes the hind began to run short these three, Miss Chaytor, Miss Fitz-

gerald and Miss Barry were up to see the stag taken. In England the Queen's are showing good sport, their Beaconsfield day being notable, and Lord Rothschild's new staff seem showing sport of the same class which has ever distinguished this hunt. I noted, too, when out for the first time for some years in the Vale, how patiently Boore allows his hounds to work out a cold scent, and how well this grand pack justify his confidence. In Sussex there is a new pack of staghounds, the South Coast, which have made a most excellent beginning. This pack hunts over the now, alas, derelict Goodwood territory and has some beautiful grass land. I took the opportunity of visiting them on wheels when down in that country, since the saddle is not yet possible. I found a very sporting turn out, a smart pack of bitches and a red deer hind evidently in the pink of condition, for she made, I gathered, a ten-mile point over what looked a pleasant country to cross. Hounds ran very hard indeed for fifty minutes, then they checked, and hunting on towards Rogate they got a view and raced her hard in view to some big coverts, where she was taken.

**Ireland.**—The sister island must have the first place this week, for there can be no doubt, from the letters which lie before me, that the best of the sport has been there. The Emerald Isle no doubt carries a better scent than our colder ground, and perhaps the fences prevent hounds being ridden off the line as often as in this country. The first word must be given to Mr. Langrishe's gallop with the Kilkenny on November 22nd. This fine run took place with a second fox from Killeen. Let the eyewitness speak. "A driving scent

in covert a tearing one outside, hounds close to their fox and a field rather taken by surprise and a fair distance behind. Hounds overran the scent, but swung themselves back on the line. Two trustworthy ones spoke the others, scored to leg and again ran hard with the 'modified chorus' that means scent and pace. A little later there was a second fox in front but the hounds putting faith in the leaders held to the line of the hunted one. There was bog which delayed us, but not the pack, there was but one possible track. Near Hamstorm hounds checked, and the master caught hold of them for the first and only time and quickly set them right. In a covert some three-quarters of an hour from the start we got a pull. It was pretty to hear the hounds burst into a chorus as the fox took a turn or two and then went for Wynne's Gorse, about two fields from which they ran into him fairly in the open. A six-mile point in an hour and grass all the way. I saw the master and Mrs. Langrishe, Captain Williams of the Buffs, Greathead, who plays polo at Hurlingham, and whom you know, and his wife. They do just ride over here."

With the Meath the master marked his return to hunting by a capital gallop, the last twenty minutes so fast that there were but four really with hounds. The master was one, though strapped up in an elaborate manner, and Mr. Coventry on a grey which marked the line for many baffled pursuers. Why grey horses should be good hunters as a rule I know not, but so it is, at all events it was so on this occasion. Mr. Watson, senior, with the Carlow and Island had a fine hour and ten minutes from Bagnalstown, running his fox up into an

ivy-covered tree from which, however, hounds soon dislodged him.

The graceful old custom of giving the brush to the lady who is best in a run seems to prevail still in Ireland, where perhaps old hunting ideas linger longer than in England. For example, Miss Nellie Lowry had a brush given her after a good thirty-five minutes with the Meath from Virginia road. She was in front, too, most of the way, and Miss Crichton had it after a gallop with the Kildares, sharing the honours with Mr. Reggie Chaplin of the 10th, whose nerve has evidently not suffered by his accident of two seasons ago, and who is as good in Leicestershire as in Ireland when staying with his father, Colonel Chaplin, at Kibworth Hall. The Tipperary hounds are doing well, hunting the foxes on weekdays that are kept moving on the seventh day by the "Sunday" pack. This is a scratch pack of old trencher-fed hounds which are hunted by a certain O'Donnell, and affords exercise and amusement to the working men on Sunday. The master does not mind, for they keep his outliers in covert, and being hunted on foot do not often score a kill.

Mr. Burke had a fine gallop on November 29th, in the evening, to Bally Doyle, when by all accounts hounds fairly ran away from their field. The fox was marked to ground, or in the quaint language of a recent hunting correspondent, "became a subterranean."

Time and space would fail me unless the editor were prepared to let the Van become a hound Van, to tell of the sport with Irish packs this month, of the Blazers, of the East Galway, of the harriers which hunt foxes and the harriers which hunt hares.

**Melton Gossip.**—Mrs. Lancelot Lowther has, I am sorry to say,

broken the muscles of her thigh, which must mean a long rest. Lord Lonsdale expects to be out again before the Van is in print. Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Wilson have taken Mrs. Hillyard's (of lawn tennis fame) house at Thorp Satchville, where "Q" and other good sportsmen live. Another polo man, Sir Edward Stracey, is staying at "The George." The Duchess of Hamilton is staying on at Glen for the present. Mr. Fernie's hounds have been showing such sport that the pack is becoming the fashion rather to the dismay of the old members.' But I think the fences will keep the numbers down. The wire has been taken down in the Burton Overy district, and this is due firstly to the kindness of one of the best of the old English Yeomen, Mr. Oswin, and then to the tact and kindliness of a popular tenant of a small hunting box. This gentleman, though he has no local influence, has, by throwing himself into the interests of the place where he takes his pleasure, succeeded where others have failed. Once more we can ride without fear from Glen or Norton to Shangton or Sheepshorns, by way of the beautiful grass pastures which surround the village.

**The Quorn.**—Kirby Gate was too much delayed to count as a formal opening. You cannot get up a first-night enthusiasm for a play that has been running twenty days or so. The morning draw was Gartree Hill, blank, then came that very pretty covert, Sir Francis Burdett's. It is small and if there is a fox he must go. So he did on this occasion, but only to get into a drain near Dalby. Adam's gorse gave an afternoon hunt, which reached a nine-mile point and warmed up as it went along from a slowing hunting run to a smart Leicestershire

gallop. The hero of the occasion was not the fox, nor the hounds, but Tom Firr, whose patience, science and skill were a masterpiece of the huntsman's craft. Over that good scenting ground which lies between Marefield and Tilton Station the hounds pushed their way; the fox skirted, but did not enter Owston Wood; but no sooner had he left it behind him than hounds began to run hard and were stopped as dusk began to fall, near the railway at East Norton.

**Mr. Fernie's Great Run.**—It was I think in this column that last season I recorded a brilliant run from Vowes Gorse, perhaps more than one. At all events, on Friday (hounds had been stopped by fog at Burton Overy on the Thursday), November 12th, the very day after I sent off my last budget, the run began from Vowse Gorse, but the real wild fox of the day was probably roused at Moor Hill Spinneys. This was the one hounds settled to run over that wild, rough and difficult country that is associated with Mr. Fernie's Saturdays. An excursion to Hallowaton Village and back nearly to the gorse and then the fox set his head straight for the Cottesmore. There is enough wire at Belton to frighten any field, and we got a bit scattered there. The present writer would have lost them had the hounds not turned to the right over the Hog's Back where he had cast forward. Then with a rare cry as hounds got nearer their fox they raced him into and through Launde Park Wood. "Well done, Arthur," for quick as the pack were Thatcher was quick enough to get a view of our fox as he went away and reported the rat-tail that marked its identity. On the other side of Launde great wood Arthur Thatcher again viewed the fox, this time dead beat, and saw hounds screaming for a kill, but this

gallant fox held on though with a more wavering course, till hounds ran from scent to view and killed near Ouston village.

**Lincolnshire Hunts.**—It is not possible but that many of BAILY's readers must have hunted in Lincolnshire, if there are such, they will agree with the V.D. that no more sporting country exists. For my part, having lived in the country and shared in the sport, very charming recollections always come back at the mention of sport there. The leading pack now, by virtue of the sport shown, is the Southwold, of which Mr. Preston Rawnsley is master and huntsman, and has been for nineteen or twenty years. These hounds had a capital run with a fox from Somersby, or rather Reynard's gorse—who owns New England, now, and has the old customer left any descendants?—Somersby, as we all know, was Tennyson's birthplace, and till his life appeared we all thought the Somersby brook was *The Brook*. At all events it is easy to cross. A good fox went right away to Tetford Hill top, and then came round to Fullet, near Tetford. Mr. Kennard had a nasty fall and broke his horse's neck.

The Brocklesby snatched a rather fine thirty minutes at the close of a most unpromising day from Melton Gallows. In fact, in Lincolnshire frost and snow have already made their appearance, but not to stay we hope. The Blankney men are still rather low-spirited about their difficulties with shooting tenants, and a reduction of the days of hunting seems inevitable.

**The Oxford District.**—We always used in undergraduate days to consider that you could get from Oxford to any point of the Bicester country if you wanted to, and your credit was good enough. The V.D. can remember the golden

days when Lord Valentia was master and Dick Stovin was huntsman, and it was rather like old days to see the former in command for the day at Buckingham, on the 6th November, when we had a good day. It was indeed like old times to see hounds draw Boriston Brake, and to make the recollection more realistic, to be mounted on an Oxford hireling. I don't think they are as good as they were in Charlie Symonds' day, or is it—? At all events it was a capital gallop right into the Whaddon Chase territory.

The Heythrop have done well, too, under Captain Denis Daly's temporary rule. Mr. Brassey is expected home for Christmas, so that he will not lose all the season, at least if it does not freeze.

#### **The North Warwickshire.—**

At the recent meeting of this hunt it came out that the subscriptions to the covert and poultry fund, had fallen off since last year, the total deficiency being rather over £100. The committee reported that they hoped the covert and poultry fund would receive an increased support, and they made the very practical suggestion, that if a proper covert fund could be raised so as to enable the hunt to rent more of the coverts now in private hands, there would be much more sport. There are a good many coverts in the North Warwickshire country, and several of them, the committee reported, are rented by Syndicates which let out the shooting, and the result is that week after week comes the request that this or that covert may be disturbed, of course to the great inconvenience of the master. If the coverts were in the bounds of the hunt no difficulty would arise.

**The Puckeridge.**—A correspondent writes:—"What promised

to be a good month has proved a little disappointing; there was every prospect of plenty of sport, when the rain set in, but with the exception of a few nice gallops, there has been nothing special to record.

As I said in your last issue, mangle was clearing one portion of the country of foxes, and it is disappointing to a huntsman, not to find till late in the day, which has been the case once or twice during the last few weeks. In consequence of this there is one favour I would now ask of sporting men who own coverts, and that is to endeavour to support the hunt, by instructing their keepers not to interfere with the foxes during the few months the country in its entirety is open. A word from the owner will help to give sport to many.

**The Essex Huntsman.**—We are sorry to learn that J. Bailey who has hunted the Essex Hounds for many years, has this season up to the present been unable to appear in the saddle. Jack Turner, the first whip, has been acting as huntsman *pro tem*, and has shown that he has been an efficient pupil to a first-class man. Bailey was unfortunately compelled to undergo an operation at the beginning of the season, but as he has been progressing well it is hoped that he will carry the horn at the turn of the year with as much vigour as in the past.

**Hunting Accidents.**—Since the fine weather broke up a few weeks ago, fox-hunting has of course benefited. The ground has been softened; scent has improved and many have sat down in their saddle to ride, as they would not do while the land was as hard as a paving-stone. Now, however, that reins have been loosed horses have fallen, sometimes with disastrous results. Very sad indeed, was the death of that accomplished

horsewoman, Mrs. Crofton, wife of Capt. Crofton, who was killed while hunting with the Kilkenny Hounds, early in December. Then Mr. T. Skipworth, son of that fine horseman the late Capt. Skipworth, who was killed while hunting with the Holder-ness Hounds. Mr. Skipworth's horse fell on the road, and when assistance arrived the rider was dead. Leicestershire, too, mourns the death of Capt. Stanley Williams, though his decease can be only indirectly attributed to hunting. He met with a fall some time ago and injured his face; then came a bad cold or chill, and finally influenza, to which he succumbed, to the great regret of most of Leicestershire, in which county the gallant captain was well-known. Before he lived in the Quorn country, Capt. Williams lived at Kerby Hall, in the Alderstone country. Let me pay a tribute to our old friend Mark Howcutt. All who have hunted in the Vale of Aylesbury will remember him as the boldest of whippers-in, as a judicious huntsman and an enthusiastic hound man. The last time I saw him he drew my attention to the substance of some of the bitches in that wonderful pack. "Ah," he said, as he pointed out one or two favourites, "after all, the fox-hound men have to come to us for bone." To think that after riding across the Vale for years after one of the fastest packs in England, he should have met his end on the road. In Scotland, a well-known figure has passed away in Capt. Middleton, the master of the Fife, brother of the celebrated Bay Middleton, and one whose popularity and sportsmanlike qualities were only less widely known than those of his brother. Mention of the Alderstone, reminds one that Mr. Gerald Hardy, master of that

pack, has had a somewhat severe fall; and later, may be added the names of Mr. C. Kennard, Mr. Onslow, (the latter dislocated his shoulder while hunting with the Blackburn Vale); Mr. Massey, of Pool Hall, Cheshire, hurt himself rather badly the other day, and so did Mr. Threlfall while hunting with the South Cheshire. He and his horse fell into a brook, and while both were in a stream the horse kicked Mr. Threlfall in the face.

Lord Lonsdale was knocked over by a stranger the other day, and has been on the shelf in consequence for a short time. In the shires one of our best known and most popular ladies, Mrs. Lancelot Lowther, has had a very severe fall, and so has Miss Greenall, the sister of the Master of the Belvoir. Then Mr. de Winton had a valuable horse cut to pieces by wire when riding over Mr. Fletcher's land in the same country.

The most curious mischance from wire was that which happened to Mr. H. G. Nugent with the Galway. Hounds were running hard over their big bank country, and Mr. Nugent was going well at the top of the hunt. In charging a hairy-looking bank, a concealed strand of loose wire caught him round the neck, and he was lucky to escape with some bruises and a scratched face.

To fall on ice in Devonshire so early in the season seems indeed bad luck, but that is what has happened to Mrs. Amory when hunting with Sir John's stag-hounds. Her horse slipped upon a frozen puddle going round a corner, and so serious was the accident that the hounds were stopped.

### **Fox Terriers and Fox-hunting.**

—The modern fox terrier is not quite so soft as people think, and

Mr. C. McNeil, one of the handiest of Mr. Fernie's men, manages to breed them both good for looks and work. Twice lately his terriers have been called on to bolt foxes and have done it well. It is recorded that a little bitch which had never seen a fox before went into a drain through which two inches of water was running and bolted a fox. The Quorn, too, who always have a couple of terriers out, have or had a bitch from Carlton Carlieu, which was a "nailer."

**Farmers and Gates.**—When you have nothing else to say, lecture the farmer. One writer lately has been scolding farmers for not keeping gates in better repair for the benefit of the hunt. Now, as every one knows who has had anything to do with land, to keep your gates on the swing costs money, and a couple of hundred horses or more going through a gate very soon wears out both hinges and latch. The mending, keeping in order, and rehanging of gates is surely a matter for the hunt, especially as many gates I know exist really almost entirely for their benefit. Surely increasing age and declining nerves will not grudge a toll for the gate which enables him to see sport.

**The East Sussex Hunt.**—I have to give the master of the East Sussex my best thanks for a kindly correction of one of my paragraphs last month. Under the head of the Eastbourne Hunt it was suggested that that hunt would be benefited by an increase of territory on the Bexhill side. I now hear from Mr. Monro that he regards this as being some of the best of his country, and I learn both from him and other quarters that it is most regularly hunted by the East Sussex. I offer the master my thanks for

the correction, and my apologies for the error. But no one is infallible, not even the V. D.

**The Christmas Shows.**—The most striking feature of the Christmas shows of fat stock was, beyond all doubt, the "record" achievement of Mr. John Wortley's cross-bred steer "General," who carried all before him at Norwich, Birmingham and Islington, these being the only three places at which he was exhibited. Several animals, notably Lord Strathmore, Mina of Glamis the year before, have won both at Birmingham and Islington, but they had not competed at Norwich, which has the advantage of being the first of the series, and has, therefore, the charm of novelty. It is never a very large show, but numbers are by no means everything, and what Norwich lacks in quantity it makes up in quality. The local exhibitors, such as the Prince of Wales, Mr. J. J. Colman, Sir Humphrey de Trafford and Mr. John Wortley being reinforced by stock from Windsor. The Duke of York has, since the formation of a herd of Red Polled cattle, been an exhibitor also, but his entries were missing on this occasion owing to the recent death of the Duchess of Teck. The Queen did not make a great mark at Norwich, and the champion prize for cattle was rather easily won by Mr. Wortley with a steer which had only been second the year before at Islington to one of Lord Rosebery's, a cross between the Galloway and the Short-horn. "General" had done very well in the meanwhile, and he was at the very top of his form when shown at Norwich on the 18th of November. The Prince of Wales gained the highest honours in the section for sheep, and the Norwich show was in all respects a success.

The venue was then changed to Birmingham, where a week



later many of the Norwich competitors met again, reinforced by several well-known Midland exhibitors, though Lord Rosebery and two or three other Scottish "breeders and feeders" were missing, owing to the institution of a National Fat Stock Show in Edinburgh; but this had not materially affected the entries, cattle being only six fewer than last year (247), and the competition was just as keen in the Shorthorn, the Polled Angus and the cross-bred classes. Sir Humphrey de Trafford showed a remarkably fine steer in the first-named breed, and would, it was rather expected, win the championship with him, but the judges had more leaning for Mr. John Wortley's cross-bred, and one of those rotund and compact black polls with which Mr. Douglas Fletcher is always bad to beat. When it came to discriminating between the two, the balance of opinion was in favour of the Norwich champion; but as one of the three Challenge Cups with which the Birmingham show is provided is for animals bred by the exhibitor, and as "General" was bought by Mr. J. Wortley from Mr. Parkin-Moore, this trophy was secured by Mr. Douglas Fletcher. The ancient longhorn breed, which used to find a place in the Birmingham prize list has been eliminated since the death of the last Duke of Buckingham, and it struck one that the Herefords, though on their native heath, so to speak, did not come out so strong as usual. The weather at Birmingham was wretched, and the show was shorn to a certain extent of its social success by the absence of the President, this being Lord Hindlip, who had died during the summer, and had not been replaced. The Birmingham people, however, are not without hope that the Prince

of Wales, who will probably come to the town for the summer show of the Royal, may be induced to occupy the post of President next November, for just as the Smithfield Club will be celebrating its centenary, so the next will be the 50th or Jubilee Show of the Birmingham Fat Stock Show.

While the Birmingham show was in progress, others were being held in various parts of the kingdom, notably at Edinburgh, where, as might have been expected, the competitors were all Scotch, Lord Rosebery and Mr. Douglas Fletcher winning the principal prizes, the Lord of Dalmeny being awarded the champion prize for a charming Polled Angus heifer, named Scottish Queen, who was so good all round that her encounter with the Norwich and Birmingham champion at Islington was at once looked forward to as the event of the show season. Lord Rosebery also took the prize for the best cross-bred with the steer which had beaten Mr. J. Wortley's "General" as a two-year-old, and the two were again entered in the same class, so that there were plenty of exciting elements in the programme of the Smithfield Club. Their show opened, as usual, on the first Monday in December, and it proved one of the best which the club has ever had, for though there was a slight decrease among the sheep and the pigs, the cattle were more numerous than ever, and if no one or two animals stood out in special relief, the general all-round quality of the animals was much more level, and that is really what one wishes to see. The Shorthorns, the Polled Angus, the Galloways, the Highlanders and the cross-breds were especially good, and if the Devons were not very numerous, their quality, according to one of the oldest breeders, had never been so

uniformly excellent. This was high praise, seeing how often the Devon has been *in excelsis* at Islington, and it was only the Hereford breed, which, as at Birmingham, left something to be desired. Most of those who read these lines will have followed the competition for the principal prizes at Islington, so that I need not dwell at length upon that head, but I may observe that the struggle between Mr. Wortley's cross-bred and Sir Humphrey de Trafford's Shorthorn for the cup given to the best steer was more prolonged than could have been expected after Birmingham. "General," who had previously to this turned the tables upon Lord Rosebery's steer in his class, was then brought out to compete against Lord Rosebery's Polled Angus heifer, who had taken the corresponding prize for the best of her sex, for the championship, and here again the judges were not a little perplexed between these two different types of bovine excellence. Mr. Wortley's steer had lost some of the bloom which he had on him at Norwich and did not "handle" so well, but his many good points and greater size told in his favour and a hearty round of cheers greeted his success in taking this "treble event." He could not, however, secure the Queen's Challenge Cup, as this is for animals bred by their exhibitors, and with Lord Rosebery's heifer and Sir Humphrey de Trafford's steer in the same case, the Royal trophy will be for the next year in the possession of Mr. Douglas Fletcher, as his Polled Angus heifer, Blue Bell, was an easy first.

The Queen and the Prince of Wales were both exhibitors in the cattle classes, but they did not obtain a very marked measure of success, though the Prince was awarded second prize with one of

his Shorthorns, and was fortunately able to pay the show a visit this time, coming up from Sandringham in time to lunch with Sir Walter Gilbey and the directors of the Royal Agricultural Hall, before making his tour of inspection. His visit was all the more welcome because he has accepted the office of President for the coming year, so that the centenary show will be held under his patronage, and should, as Lord Huntley observed when presiding at the general meeting next day, be a "bumper one." The Prince, who was accompanied by the Duke of Cambridge, made a point of seeing not only the cattle and the sheep classes, in which latter his own Southdowns were defeated this time by a pen belonging to Mr. J. J. Colman, but the exhibition of table poultry. This was not in reality quite ready, as the exhibits were in process of arrival and the judging did not take place until the following morning, but the French and Belgian birds were nearly all on view and the Royal visitors must have seen quite enough to convince them that English rearers and fatteners of poultry have already learnt something from these exhibitions which, thanks to Sir Walter Gilbey, Mr. C. E. Brooke, Mr. Tegetmeier and one or two others, have now become an integral part of the Smithfield Club week. The English cross-bred fowls and the ducks and the geese were for the most part admirable, and there has been an improvement every year, but of pure bred the best were beyond all doubt the La Flèche, the Houdan and the La Bresse, several pairs of which fetched two and three guineas at the subsequent auction. The only jarring note was sounded at the General Meeting of the Smithfield Club when the steward of the carcass

competition was unable to keep his temper in replying to a member who had suggested certain modifications which may or may not be practicable, but which demanded at least a polite reply. The discussion waxed very warm and it remains to be seen what will come of it, the general impression is that the critical member is right and that the prizes ought to be made more valuable if the competition is to be productive of any real good. At present they are so small that the entries do not increase, exhibitors finding that they are out of pocket even if they take a prize. After this war of words, the meeting proceeded to the election of a new President to succeed the Prince of Wales, and they could not have made a happier choice than Lord Winterton, who has been a good sportsman, a good landlord and a good farmer from his Eton days; and it was a fitting compliment to Sir Humphrey de Trafford, who has gone in so largely for stock breeding, to Sir Jacob Wilson, whose face and figure are so familiar at all Agricultural shows, and to Mr. Arthur F. Walter, whose father was President of the club twelve or thirteen years ago, that their names should be added to the long and honourable list of Vice-Presidents.

**Mr. Stoddart's Team in Australia.**—Cricketers ought to be exceedingly grateful to Mr. A. E. Stoddart for the amusement he is affording us through the long winter months, and the contents bills of the evening newspapers now are more reminiscent of mid-summer than of mid-winter. Certainly there has been no lack of excitement over the visit of Mr. Stoddart's team to Australia, and the events preceding the first test match at Sydney tended to still further increase the great interest in the game. First of all, the

English Captain, owing to the lamented death of his mother was unable to take his place in the team, and to make matters worse Ranjitsinhji upon the date appointed for the commencement of the match was suffering from such a severe attack of quinsy, that there was no chance of his taking part in the game if commenced in that week. Fortune favoured the visitors, however, to a great extent, for the unsettled weather led to the postponement of the start of the match from the Friday until the following Monday, by which time the Indian Prince was sufficiently recovered to play, and Mr. Stoddart and Board were the two members of the team to stand out. The game started well under the auspices of Mr. MacLaren, who having won the toss proceeded to go in first and compile a brilliant century, and thanks to support from Hayward, Hirst and Ranjitsinhji, the score at the end of the first day's play showed 337 runs for the loss of five English wickets. From his recent place at first wicket the Indian marvel had waited until the fall of the fifth wicket before taking his innings doubtless with a view to further recovery from his illness before going into action. Thirty-nine not out represented his score upon the first evening, and one newspaper reports that after his effort he was unable to speak that evening; however, a night's rest would appear to have restored his faculties to a great extent, for it was not until the English total had reached the imposing figures of 551 that the Indian was out last man for the magnificent score of 175. Surely a marvellous performance on the part of a sick man! Perhaps the most interesting part of this great entertainment may have been his partnership with Tom Richardson for the last wicket;

the great bowler for once in a way condescended to play a steady game and kept up his wicket whilst the Oriental scored, and so in the last half hour the score was increased by no less than 74 runs, of which Ranjitsinhji claimed over 50. When at last the end came, and the invalid Indian was caught at mid-off, he had succeeded in compiling a score which in England *versus* Australia test matches constitutes a record for the mother country, his total of 175 beating as it does the 173 scored by Mr. Stoddart in the second test match at Melbourne three years ago. This is the way that Ranjitsinhji signalised his first appearance in an international match upon Australian soil. When first he played for England at home he scored 154 not out in his second innings, and so restored to his side a prospect of success which they just failed to grasp. The two highest scores in England *versus* Australia matches recorded up to the present have been the 211 scored at the Oval in 1884 by Mr. W. L. Murdoch, and 201 by Mr. Gregory against Mr. Stoddart's team three years ago in the first test match upon this same Sydney ground.

As is not infrequently the case with a side that goes to the wicket at the end of the day after a long leather-hunt, the Colonials made a terribly bad show at the start of their innings, and the close of the second day's play saw five of their best wickets down for the poor aggregate of 86 runs.

The third morning of the match found the representatives of Australia in a most discouraging position, as with fifteen wickets to fall they required no less than 466 runs to avoid an innings defeat. Some plucky play by Sid Gregory, Hugh Trumble and C. McLeod, raised the total of the first innings to 237, a far better score than had

seemed probable after the collapse overnight. Five of the wickets were taken by Jack Hearne at the extremely moderate cost of 42 runs. Following on, the home team made a much better show, and 408 runs were registered before the last wicket fell. The two left-handed batsmen were the top-scorers, Darling making 101 before he was caught in the out-field off Briggs, whilst young Clement Hill, who played so well in England with the last Australian team, only missed his century by 4 runs; Kelly made 46 not out, and the extras amounted to 27, an unusually high figure, and to be accounted for by an accident to Storer's hand. Once again do we find those mischievous words "run out" against the names of two of the best Australian batsmen, and it may well have been that Gregory was in for one of his big scores when he was run out after making 31.

The cause which led to the dismissal of McLeod is in our opinion much to be regretted. It appears to have been the old story of the batsman leaving his ground with no idea of gaining any advantage from so doing, but merely under the mistaken idea that he was out, and had better get back to the pavilion without loss of time. It would appear that Richardson bowled McLeod with a delivery which Bannerman, the umpire, called "No ball," but the batsman not having heard the umpire, and judging only from the shattered condition of his wicket started for the pavilion, and in so doing left his ground; then it was that the vigilant Storer at the wicket gained possession of the ball, uprooted a stump according to the practice when the bails are off, and appealed for a run-out, an appeal which was answered in the affirm-

ative by Phillips, who was umpiring at that end. It is customary for umpires to give the batsman out upon occasions similar to this, but we cannot avoid a feeling of regret that the occasion should ever arise; it appears contrary to the spirit of fair play and true sport that a batsman should forfeit his innings through a sheer misunderstanding from which he can gain absolutely no advantage, and from which he is not seeking to gain advantage.

Mr. Stoddart's team, left with but 95 runs to win, scored 30 of these without the loss of a wicket before stumps were drawn up on the Thursday night. The balance of 65 runs were obtained upon the following day for the loss of but one wicket, and victory rested with the visiting team, who are to be congratulated upon the success of their tour up to the present.

This is the first test match for many a day that has been played without George Giffen, and there must have been many occasions during the long first innings of Mr. Stoddart's team when his slow bowling was sadly missed; it is true that he has often been severely punished upon these occasions, but he has a knack of every now and then getting somebody out, and the figures of McKibben 1 wicket for 113 runs, Trumble 1 for 138 runs, and Harry Trott 1 for 78, speak for themselves. The most successful bowler was C. McLeod, who has not yet paid a visit to this country, at any rate with an Australian team.

The Australian authorities doubtless know their own business best, and in declining to agree to Giffen's request for an extra fee for playing, they only followed the example set them last year by the Surrey Club, but if any stress is to be laid upon the international character of these

so-called "test matches," it seems a pity that a difference which might almost be considered trifling about terms should keep out of the match the man who has been for years regarded as the best all-round cricketer in Australia.

We have in our mind another cricketer who might well have reduced the advantage gained by the Englishmen had he been playing for his native country of Australia. We refer to Albert Trott, who upon his last year's form was not very far from being the best bowler in England; we understand that he is at present fulfilling a lucrative engagement in South Africa, whence he will, we presume, return to this country next season to represent the country of his adoption which plays at Lords'. Money of course must tell its tale in everything, and more and more are financial considerations likely to influence cricket and cricketers; this, however, must make none the less galling to Australian enthusiasts the reflection that two of the best colonial cricketers, George Giffen and Albert Trott are unlikely to assist their country in any of these contests.

**Sport at the Universities.**—Unusual interest was evinced in the Trial Eights this year. A notable gathering of distinguished oarsmen witnessed the Cantab tussle at Ely, which was won by Davidson's crew—after leading from end to end—in the fast time of 18 mins. 16 secs. Notwithstanding this, neither crew was quite first-class, rhythm and uniformity being conspicuously absent from time to time. This was, perhaps, excusable, as the crews were interfered with not a little by the "Colquhouns" competition. Individually, much real promise was shown, Goldie, Bulard, Calvert, Payne, Steele, &c.,

all rowing in capital form, and with great power. Both crews rowed in boats built by Rough, of Oxford, and much of the individual prowess shown was due to the incisive "coaching" of W. A. L. Fletcher, (O.U.B.C.) and President Dudley-Ward. The latter has every reason to be satisfied with the prospects for next term, as he should be able to, at once, get together a pretty formidable representative eight on Jan. 10th. W. J. Fernie will probably stroke again; and, outside the pick of those mentioned above, Bell, Campbell-Muir, Howell ("Old Blues") and Etherington-Smith will pretty certainly find places. Another distinguished gathering witnessed the Oxonian race at Moultsford, a ding-dong fight throughout ending in the victory of Tomlinson's crew, by 6 feet, in 11 mins., 21 secs. This time compares favourably with any of recent years. Both Eights rose to the occasion grandly, the "raggedness" so apparent on the Isis in practice disappearing, as if by magic, during the actual fight. They must be dubbed fully average. Edwards, Holmes, J. L. Philips, the Brothers Warre, Herbert, Darling, etc., did splendid work throughout, and President Philips could hardly conceal his gratification. He will be able to put another powerful eight afloat within the next few weeks. Gold will probably stroke again, whilst the President, Burnell, De Knoop, Edwards, and Carr ("Old Blues") are all available. Altogether Oxford's chance of further victory is of roseate hue. A very likely lot of "Torpid" and "Lent" crews will also commence active practice almost directly, preparatory to the annual races next month—of which anon.

Cambridge opened Inter-'varsity fray for 1897-8 with a flourish of

trumpets by winning the cross-country contest at Roehampton in the hollowest fashion, as predicted in BAILY last month. W. W. Gibberd was first man home—as also predicted—and every single Cantab was placed before the leading Oxonian; 15 points 40 was the actual result, about a record thrashing for this event, upon which Cantabs generally, and Mr. R. R. Conway in particular, are to be heartily congratulated. A tremendous crowd foregathered at Queen's Club on the occasion of the Inter-'varsity Rugby match, the fame of both fifteens having evidently gone before! Old-time enthusiasm prevailed throughout, and the fight was worthy the occasion, in many ways. Oxford always had the best of matters, however, the Cantabs showing a grievous falling-off from previous exposition. Their all-round display was cruelly disappointing, and the Dark Blues really deserved victory by a greater margin than six points nil. Immediately after the match the Oxonians went on tour to Wales, and the Cantabs to Scotland. The Association teams finished their half-season with capital records, perusal of which will show that another very stubborn tussle may be expected on Feb. 19th:—

	Matches.						Goals.	
	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	For.	Agst.			
Oxford..	11	5	2	4	37	21		
Camb. ..	10	6	3	1	34	20		

The Cantabs resume on the 19th inst., and the Oxonians a week later. Congratulations to Pembroke, upon winning the Cambridge Inter-collegiate Challenge Cup for the first time since its inception! Despite the absence of S. S. Taylor—on the "damaged" list—they won the final from Trinity Hall by 3 goals 2, once again fulfilling our prediction. Owing to severe competition, and

an unparalleled number of draws, the final at Oxford will be played next term. Oriel (Holders) will meet Magdalen, and we still think the last-named will win after another severe fight.

At hockey the Oxonians hold a very fine record for the half-season, and are now touring round the Metropolis. Up to date they are certainly the smarter team, and quite one of the most scientific combinations yet seen in the Parks. The Cantabs appear fluctuating this year, yet they also can claim many notable victories. At golf also, the Dark Blues have shown out and away the best form so far, but any further remarks at this stage would be altogether "previous." Light and Dark Blues are now girding up their loins for a big sequence of Inter-varsity contests, shortly to commence, concerning which all matters of interest must be deferred awhile. Should—as is quite likely—King Frost hold his own again this month, then the Skating Clubs will bring off a series of contests both in figure and speed skating. Among the Vacation sporting feats pertaining to 'Varsity men that of Mr. C. B. Lawes, the ex-Cantab "Blue," stands out prominently. At the age of 55, he lately equalled the Quarter-Mile cycle record of 26½.

**Salmon Fishing.**—Of the noble army of salmon-fishers there are many who are not specially blessed either in possessing a river of their own, or kind friends who will give some good days' sport. Those who are on the look-out for a fishery where they can rent a rod for a limited term may be glad to have their attention drawn to a fishery upon the Upper Shannon, which extends over a distance of six miles, and has provided some of the biggest fish taken in the Emerald Isle. The fishing commences about

fifteen minutes' drive from Limerick city, which can be made the angler's headquarters, and as this is the first private fishery above the tidal flow, anglers here have first chance of the salmon on its arrival from the Atlantic. The season commences on the 1st of February, and on the lower waters the opening months are usually the best. In June there is very good peal fishing, as the stretch of water includes one of the best peal runs on the Shannon. Anglers who are at a loss to know where to wet their line might with advantage apply to the proprietor of the fishing, Mr. Eyre Powell, of Mount Prospect Passage West, County Cork, who will supply terms and full particulars of the water and accommodation.

**The Late Mr. Pownall.**—Pytchley men are mourning the death of their most popular and respected comrade, Mr. W. W. Pownall, who died in London, the other day, in his forty-third year. Mr. Pownall was a son of the late Venerable Archdeacon Pownall, and had for years been one of the most familiar figures with the Pytchley. To the poorer members of the community he was liberality itself, and those in his own parish will miss him sadly. He was heart and soul devoted to the Hunt, and it was to a great extent owing to his exertions that the Pytchley country is so comparatively free from barbed wire.

**Improvements in Stables.**—The stables, Loudwater, Hertfordshire. Loudwater House, which reminds one of an American type of country house, lies between Loudwater and Rickmansworth parks in a sylvan locality surrounded by grounds of exceptional beauty; the river Chess meanders through the property, and is crossed at intervals by rustic bridges from which the

river and pleasure-grounds are seen to the best advantage. The stables contain loose boxes and stalls, a large coach-house, over which is the coachman's residence. The harness-room and cleaning-room are placed in the rear, and the meaner appurtenances of the stables are also situated at the back of the main building removed from sight, but not too far for convenience, and the stable fittings in all cases are up to date. A feature of the stable inside is the treatment of the walls. Tiles of a special design of claret-coloured *fleur de lis* placed at intervals on a cream ground, form a diaper pattern, a border of the darker tint dividing the whole into panels. A panel along the walls and immediately above the mangers about two feet high, is filled in with a very soft sage-green hexagon tile to avoid glare, and are similar to the way the tiling was executed at Mr. Pantia Ralli's stables at Ashted Park, near Epsom.

The stables at Forest Mere, Hants.—The additions at Forest Mere are not extensive, but are so placed in conjunction with the existing buildings as to form a quadrangle. Briefly the additional accommodation consists of a range of loose boxes opposite the stables already existing, and forming one side of the square. The harness-room and coach-house is placed on the north side, over which is provided a range of helpers' rooms. The approach to the court is enclosed by a dwarf wall and gateway. The buildings are constructed of red brick and weather tiling with tiled roofs, and some half timbered dormer windows look into the quadrangle, which has a clock-tower rising centrally out of the roof, marking the character of a stable-yard. Opinions as to the best paving for loose boxes are divided, but there can

be little doubt that the plain ungrooved buff clinker as used here is the best. The paving of the stable-yard is of Portland cement, laid to a special design for utility and appearance. A feature of the harness-room building is that the upper storey containing the helpers' rooms overhangs the lower one, forming a covered way useful in wet weather. In designing the structure, which, by the way, is the work of Mr. John Birch, who will be remembered as a contributor to this Magazine, the old-fashioned style of the existing stables has been followed. We much regret to hear that the owner of this property, which is in the neighbourhood of Hindhead and Haslemere, Captain A. W. Cotton, of the Grenadier Guards, died at Beira, in East Africa, of fever, on the 25th of October last.

**Football.**—The leading clubs in the Football League appear to be very evenly matched, and although more than half the fixtures in the competition have already been decided, it is quite impossible to forecast the ultimate winners with any degree of certainty. Sheffield United managed to avoid defeat until the second Saturday in December, when they were unexpectedly beaten at Stoke. The result was one of the surprises of the season, for Stoke had previously cut a very poor figure in the League matches, and in fact had not won a game for two months. Although undefeated for such a long period, Sheffield United played six drawn games, and Aston Villa's record is very little inferior to the figures of the leaders. It is quite possible that the champions of 1896-97 may pull themselves together for the second half of the season and again carry off premier honours. Two other Midland clubs, West Bromwich Albion and Wolverhampton Wanderers have



played uncommonly well, and should take a much better position than last year. Everton have done one or two smart things, but are certainly no better than last season, whilst Derby County, Preston North End, and Liverpool all show a falling off. Of course there is plenty of time for these clubs to improve their position before the end of the season. Notts County's promotion to the First Division of the League has been attended with disastrous results. Of 15 League games played, only one has been won. In the Second Division of the League, premier honours are being keenly fought for by Burnley and Manchester City, with Newcastle United in close attendance. The two Southern clubs, Woolwich Arsenal and Luton, have only met with a moderate amount of success.

The qualifying stage of the English Cup has been completed, and the opening round of the Competition Proper will be played on January 29th. The ten clubs that proved successful in the first stage were Newcastle United, Wigan, Gainsboro' Trinity, Long Eaton Rangers, Hucknall St. John's, Burslem Port Vale, New Brighton, Southampton, Luton, and Woolwich Arsenal. The three Southern clubs are the same as last season, with the Arsenal in place of Millwall. Of the 32 clubs in the competition proper, no fewer than 26 belong to either the First or Second Division of the League.

The Amateur Cup Competition is arousing a considerable amount of interest, especially in the South, and it is satisfactory to find that the list of entries shows a marked increase over previous years. It is rather unfortunate that the Old Carthusians, the holders of the trophy, have resolved to withdraw from the competition, for they have

certainly proved themselves the best team in the South.

**"Oh, Susannah!" at the Royalty Theatre.**—If we mistake not it was at the little theatre in Dean Street that "Charley's Aunt" made her successful first curtesy to the London public, and there is something in the farcical comedy which is blessed with the above-mentioned title, which is reminiscent of Mr. Penley's great success. We would avoid any comparisons, but there is one feature strongly marked in each production, which is that in both one individual stands out in bold relief as the maker of the success. Just as Mr. Penley as the aunt "from Brazil, where the nuts come from," kept us in roars of laughter in the old days—for Charley's Aunt is quite an old lady now—so that eccentric genius, Miss Louie Freear, bears the burden of "Oh, Susannah." It was a great success that "Sister Mary Jane's" sister made in "The Gay Parisienne," but she has gone one better now, and her Aurora, the maid of all work, at 13, Marmalade Street, Pimlico, is a delightful little study which everybody ought to see. It may be, indeed we imagine that it is, the fact that the look of the play would not appear to give any very great scope to the study of Aurora, and yet the clever little lady who plays the part holds the entire audience every moment that she is on the stage. Although we cannot refrain from singling out Miss Freear in this decided fashion as the main element of the success, we need only mention the names of Mr. Charles Glenny, Miss Annie Hughes, and Miss Clara Jecks—once more a boy in buttons—to demonstrate that the play is cast into good hands.

**Alhambra Theatre.**—The variety entertainments seem more

popular than ever, and crowded houses appear to be the rule every night at the Alhambra Palace and Empire. At the former place the Irish ballet "Donnybrook" and the essentially Scottish "Gathering of the Clans" have run for some long time with unabated success.

Miss Cissie Loftus has been doing a turn, and her impersonations of popular artistes are received with as much enthusiasm as ever. Miss Loftus has studied Fregoli, the quick change artiste, and renders a little sketch with four or five characters in it with great spirit. Madeline Kilpatrick and W. H. Barber, the renowned American Safety Trick Cyclists, give an admirable entertainment, and nothing seems impossible to them, whether they be both mounted upon the same machine or different ones. The Cinematograph continues to flicker away its views of the Jubilee Procession, and a feature of the show at the Alhambra is the introduction of colouring into some of the pictures. The Senorita Consuelo Tortagada has all the verve and piquancy we are wont to associate with dancers from the Sunny South, and she may count her first appearance in England a successful one.

**The Empire.**—Standing-room only, and not over much of that, was the fare provided for visitors to the Empire during Cattle Show week, unless they were prudent enough to book seats in advance or to arrive very early. The patriotic ballet "Under one Flag" is now the first item on the programme, and the second ballet consists of the gorgeous tableau out of the ballet of Monte Cristo, entitled "Treasure Island." We shall doubtless be treated to a fresh ballet early in the year.

Chief amongst the turns are The Schaffer Family, who are quite at

the head of their profession of tumblers and acrobats; their show at present is supplemented by the presence of some horses and a donkey, and very cleverly do the younger members of the troupe complete a turn by falling neatly astride of their mount after a series of somersaults.

Mdlle. Marguerite Cornille continues to gain popular favour, and this young artiste should have a great future before her considering how far she has gone already in her brief career. The Cinematograph continues to reproduce the Jubilee Procession with unabated accuracy, and those of the audience who watch the performance appear to enjoy it, whilst the rest seem happy enough, who mostly *spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectantur ut ipsae.*

**"The Live Stock Journal Almanac, 1898."**—This well known publication contains in addition to the breeders' tables, statistics, lists of societies and fairs, a large number of special articles on all varieties of live stock. Mr. G. S. Lowe opens with a very readable paper on "The Shooting Pony," this being accompanied by an engraving of Abraham Cooper's painting "Shooting Pony and Pointer." Sir Walter Gilbey, Bt., has a valuable contribution "Breeding Carriage Horses," in which he shows that the best carriage horses in use in England are not home-bred products, but that they are, with few exceptions, importations from the breeding centres of France, Germany, Hungary, Austria, Italy and Holland. He describes the methods by which this class of horse has been produced in those countries, and offers suggestions by which breeders in England may be enabled to recover an important trade which has been to a large extent lost. The paper is one that will repay

perusal. It is illustrated by Mr. Palfrey's drawings of the barouche, landau and victoria horses that are in such good demand at remunerative prices. Mr. P. A. Muntz, M.P., writes on the "Future of Shire Horse Breeding." Mr. Wilfrid S. Blunt has an interesting article on "The Breeding of Arabs in England." This is followed by one by Mr. C. Stein on "Chargers," prefixed to which is a portrait of Lord Roberts on his Arab charger. Dr. George Fleming, C.B., writes on "Inflammation of Horses' Foot (*Laminitis*)"; Mr. W. C. A. Blew on "Warranties"; Mr. Vero Shaw on the "Evolution of Horse Shows," and Mr. H. Leeney on "Castration of Horses." The various breeds are reviewed, Mr. C. B. Pitman dealing with Thoroughbreds. Mr. H. F. Euren on Hackneys and Mr. Wm. Scarth Dixon on Cleveland Bays and Yorkshire Coach Horses. There are numerous articles on Cattle, Mr. John Thornton dealing with Shorthorns in 1897. In the same way the various breeds of sheep are referred to in a series of papers. Mr. Frederick Gresham writes on "Dachshunds," and Mr. W. B. Tegetmeier on "Contagious Diseases Common to Fowls and Game Birds." It will thus be seen that there is a full supply of matter of importance to country gentlemen. The Almanac which extends to about 350 pages, and is profusely illustrated is sold at one shilling. Messrs. Vinton and Company, 9, New Bridge Street, London, E.C., are the publishers.

**Golf.**—The present day strength of amateur golf was never shown to more advantage than in a recent match at St. Andrews, between Mr. F. G. Tait and Mr. Edward B. H. Blackwell on the one side and Andrew Kirkcaldy and William Auchterlonie on the other.

The match consisted of two rounds. In the first there were fifteen holes halved, and the other three were won by the amateurs. A carefully prepared record gives the winning score as 74, and that of the professionals 77, the scores of the individual players being Mr. Blackwell 78, Mr. Tait 82, Auchterlonie 81, and Kirkcaldy 86. In the second round the play was even better, and though the professionals struggled hard for victory, their opponents proved too strong for them and won by 5 up and 4 to play. The bye was played out, and while three holes were halved, one, the fifteenth, fell to the amateurs, giving them an advantage of six holes on the two rounds. The individual scores in the second round were, Mr. Blackwell 76, Mr. Tait 79, Auchterlonie 78, and Kirkcaldy 84.

Both at St. Andrews and North Berwick there is a great deal of golf going on this winter.

The professionals engaged in the Midland counties have formed for themselves a club or union. Their object is to protect their interests in a business sense, and to hold competitions which shall enable the younger men among their ranks to show their form. The scheme has "caught on" so thoroughly that practically all the professionals employed within the prescribed area have joined the new organisation.

There was a notable meeting at the links of the Worsley Club near Manchester between Mr. Harold Hilton, the Open Champion, and Herd, the Professional of the Huddersfield Club. The latter is not one of Fortune's favourites. At Worsley, however, he beat Mr. Hilton by 8 up and 7 to play, on a match of two rounds. In the second round Herd established a record of 75.

# Sporting Intelligence.

[During November—December, 1897.]

During a run of the Belvoir on November 25th, Miss Bertha Greenall, sister of Sir Gilbert Greenall, the master, was thrown while taking a fence and broke her collar-bone.

The ninetieth birthday of Mr. John Laurence, master of the Llangibby Hunt, was celebrated on November 26th, at Newport, when the venerable master was presented with his portrait, painted life-size by Mr. Charlton. The Duke of Beaufort, in making the presentation, mentioned the fact that Mr. Laurence had kept hounds in the country for seventy-one years.

The Earl of Lonsdale, Master of the Quorn, met with a nasty accident on November 27th, when he was thrown and had his shoulder put out.

Dr. H. W. Freeman, proprietor of the Heather Stud, died at Bath on November 28th, aged 56 years. Of the more celebrated sires owned by Dr. Freeman, may be mentioned Retreat, Father O'Flynn, Althotas, Hulbran, Pepper and Salt, and Juggler.

While the Shropshire hounds were drawing a covert close by the railway (on November 29th), some of the hounds wandered on to the line as a train was approaching. Fortunately the driver was able to pull up just in time, and none of the hounds were injured.

Lord Dorchester died after a short illness on November 30th. The deceased, who served in the Crimea with the Coldstreams, was for many years well known on the turf, and a good man to hounds.

Mrs. Lancelot Lowther sustained a severe accident while out with the Quorn on December 3rd. She was thrown while taking a fence and badly injured.

During the week ending December 4th, a party of six guns shooting Lady Cardigan's coverts at Deene Park, killed three thousand six hundred head of game in two days.

A fire occurred at the Westcott House Stables, Burbage, on December 4th, when five racehorses were burnt to death. Their names were: Abbey Bell, Weakly, The Moon, Melton, and a yearling.

On December 4th, during a run of Sir Watkin Wynn's hounds from Maesfen to Malpas, the pack had a narrow escape from total destruction. The fox went to earth in a rabbit hole on the edge of a perpendicular rock 50ft. high. The leader, who was just

in advance of the pack, fell over and was killed, the remainder being saved only by the prompt action in whipping them off.

While out with the Holderness Hounds on December 7th, Mr. T. L. Skipworth died suddenly; while on the road his horse fell, and the deceased was thrown from the saddle, death probably resulting from shock. Mr. Skipworth was a son of that well-known Lincolnshire sportsman, Captain Skipworth, and had been a successful rider between the flags, and won the Grand National at Rugby, on Fidget, in 1862.

On December 8th, the celebrated stallion Hampton, by Lord Clifden out of Lady Langden, who was foaled in 1872, came to his end at Stetchworth, the Earl of Ellesmere having decided that the sufferings of the old horse, from acute rheumatism, should be terminated. Hampton was a very successful sire, the winnings of his stock amounting to something like two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. He is credited with three Derby winners—Merry Hampton, Ayrshire and Ladas.

The death of Mr. J. M. Hastie, the well-known oarsman, took place on December 8th. Mr. Hastie was captain of the Thames Rowing Club from 1875 until 1881. He stroked the Thames Rowing Club crews which won the "Grand" at Henley in 1876 and 1878, and with Mr. W. H. Eyre won the "Goblets" in 1877, 1880 and 1881.

A party of six guns shooting on Lord Powis' Lymore preserves on December 9th, killed close upon thirteen hundred head of game, mostly pheasants.

Mr. Walter Whatly Powell, a well-known follower of the Pytchley Hounds, died on December 11th, at the early age of forty-two years. Mr. Powell had taken a very active part in securing the removal of barbed wire from the Pytchley country.

The following is from the *Field* of December 18th:—"A startling incident, a correspondent tells us, happened to Mr. T. G. Heatley, of Woodbridge, on Saturday last, whilst hunting with the Colneis Harriers, which met at Hemley Hall. They were running a hare, and Mr. Heatley took a blind fence, and dropped into a crag pit over 20ft. deep; luckily, the mare dropped squarely on all fours, but slipped down on to her hocks, and the rider slid off the mare on to his back. Several of the field rode round, and were not a little astonished to see Mr. Heatley leading the mare out of the

pit; both rider and horse were uninjured. The mare is well bred, 15 hands, and 8 years old. The fence was 4ft. 6in."

Mark Howcutt, who was for many years one of Lord Rothschild's whips, and who recently retired, met his death in November while riding along a road after attending a meet of the Whaddon Chase Foxhounds.

Barbed wire caused a serious accident in the Woodland Pytchley country late in November. Mr. Lacy Foster's horse fell over the wire, and his rider sustained severe injuries.

At the Newmarket sales, held during the first week in December, the top price reached was five thousand one hundred guineas paid for Count Schomberg, by Mr. H. Bottomley.

Mr. Sheffield Neave, the master of the Essex Stag hounds, fell at an awkward fence, and although he finished the run, it was found he had broken three ribs.

The North Herefordshire have been the victims of poisoning, and two hounds succumbed. The owner of the covert, Captain Cunliffe, offered a reward of £10 for the discovery of the offender.

Some six thousand five hundred head of game were bagged by nine guns, on Mr. Charles Wilson's estate, Warter Priory, in three days. The bag included five thousand pheasants.

The death of Mr. Vaughan-Jenkins is announced. The deceased, who owned the Preston preserves, which are considered among the best in Somersetshire, was a good shot and keen sportsman, he was also a very popular landlord.

It is reported that Mrs. McCowan has sold the capital sporting property of Newtonairs, Dumfriesshire, to Mr. Douglas, of Whitewell, for £39,000.

Among the winning owners during the season 1897, Mr. J. Gubbins stands at the top with £22,739, nearly the whole of which stands to the credit of Galtee More. Mr. L. de Rothschild is second with

£17,484; H.R.H. Prince of Wales being third with winnings amounting to £15,770. Lord Rosebery is placed fourth with £15,574, and the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. C. D. Rose are each credited with over £10,000.

Mr. J. Maunsell Richardson, who won the Grand National in 1873 and also 1874, has been presented with his portrait, painted by Mr. Orless, by the North Lindsay Unionist Association.

In the early part of December Lord Carnarvon had a big shoot at Highclere, when six thousand seven hundred and eighty-four head were killed in three days. The bag included three thousand three hundred and thirty-four pheasants, three thousand three hundred and ninety-four rabbits, and thirteen hares.

Shooting through the preserves at Kingswood Warren, Mr. Cosmo Bonsor's party of nine guns in two days bagged three thousand and eighty-two head, including two thousand four hundred and ninety-six pheasants.

Lord Sandy's shooting party at Ombersley Court had capital sport; about twelve hundred head of game, mostly pheasants, were killed in three days.

A very satisfactory shoot through the coverts at Balmacaan has just finished. In five days Mr. Bradley-Martin's party of ten guns killed four thousand four hundred and forty head of game, including two thousand six hundred and twenty-six pheasants, five hundred and thirty-nine wild duck, one thousand two hundred and six rabbits, and thirty-five woodcock.

Sport on the Stowlangtoft Estate continues good. In two days Mr. Jameson's party of nine guns bagged about fourteen hundred pheasants, and also a large number of hares and rabbits.

At Woodbastwich, Norfolk, Mr. Harry Barclay's party of six guns obtained in four days three thousand pheasants, and some two hundred head of other game, including five woodcock.

## TURF.

### WARWICK.—NOVEMBER MEETING.

November 23rd.—The Warwick Nursery Handicap Plate of 188 sovs., for two-year-olds; five furlongs.

Mr. P. Aldworth's ch. c. by Despair—St. Frida, 6st. 12lb. Dunn 1

Mr. T. Hinton's b. f. Cri de Guerre, 7st. 11lb. Allsopp 2

Mr. W. Low's ch. f. by Right-away—Hall Mark, 7st. 7lb. K. Cannon 3

8 to 1 agst. St. Frida Colt.

November 24th.—The Midland Counties Handicap Plate of 465 sovs.; one mile.

Sir Horace Farquhar's ch. c. Golden Rule, by Royal Hampton—Meteora, 4 yrs., 7st. 3lb. (car. 7st. 5lb.).....S. Loates 1

Mr. D. Seymour's b. m. Angelina, 6 yrs., 7st. 12lb. Sloan 2

Duke of Portland's b. f. Smean, 3 yrs., 7st. 2lb. (car. 7st. 3lb.) K. Cannon 3

4 to 1 agst. Golden Rule.

### MANCHESTER.—NOVEMBER MEETING.

November 25th.—The County Welter Handicap of 251 sovs.; one mile.

Mr. Vyner's br. c. King Crow, by  
Crowberry—Queen of Hearts,  
3 yrs., 7st. 13lb. ....K. Cannon 1  
Mr. Booth's b. g. First Foot,  
4 yrs., 9st. 2lb. ....F. W. Lane 2  
Mr. T. Cannon's b. h. North Sea,  
5 yrs., 8st. 6lb. (car. 8st. 7lb.)  
M. Cannon 3  
3 to 1 agst. King Crow.

The Lancaster Nursery Handicap of 436 sovs., for two-year-olds; seven furlongs.

Mr. F. Hunt, jun.'s b. c. by  
Crafter—Beaulieu Lass, 7st. 12lb.  
Freemantle 1  
Mr. H. Monkshall's ch. c. Beverini,  
7st. 2lb. (car. 7st. 3lb.)  
K. Cannon 2  
Mr. L. de Rothschild's b. g. Crim-  
son Rambler, 6st. 4lb. ...Purkiss 3  
7 to 1 agst. Beaulieu Lass Colt.

The Flying Welter Handicap of 227 sovs.; five furlongs, straight.

Mr. D. Seymour's b. or br. c. Sup-  
pliant, by Atheling or Ashplant  
—Vesper Bell, 4 yrs., 9st.  
S. Loates 1  
Mr. R. Maguire's br. f. Lady  
Athel, 3 yrs., 8st. ....C. Wood 2  
Mr. Murray Griffith's b. or br. f.  
Addio, 3 yrs., 7st. 2lb.  
K. Cannon 3  
10 to 1 agst. Suppliant.

November 26th.—The Ellesmere Welter Handicap of 222 sovs.; six furlongs.

Mr. D. Seymour's b. m. Sapling,  
by Marmion—Deodar, 5 yrs.,  
8st. 9lb. ....Sloan 1  
Mr. W. P. Cullen's ch. c. Wales,  
3 yrs., 8st. 8lb. ....T. Fiely 2  
Mr. Murray Griffith's b. or br. c.  
Orestes, 3 yrs., 7st. 10lb.  
J. Hunt 3  
5 to 1 agst. Sapling.

The Lancashire Handicap of 875 sovs.; one mile.

Mr. R. Lebaudy's ch. c. Kopely, by  
Doubloon—Veronica II., 4 yrs.,  
7st. 2lb. (car. 7st. 5lb.)  
S. Loates 1  
Mr. H. I. Higham's ch. c. Poston,  
3 yrs., 6st. 13lb. (car. 7st. 2lb.)  
K. Cannon 2  
Sir R. Waldie Griffith's b. or br. f.  
Merle, 3 yrs., 6st. 12lb. (car.  
7st.) .....Maxey 3  
100 to 8 agst. Kopely.

The Eglinton Nursery Handicap of 261 sovs., for two-year-olds; five furlongs.

Mr. T. Cannon's ch. c. Addendum,  
by Melanion—Postscript, 7st. 8lb.  
K. Cannon 1  
Mr. P. Aldworth's ch. c. by Despair  
—St. Frida, 7st. 8lb. (5lb. ex.)  
Toon 2  
Mr. L. de Rothschild's b. g. Crim-  
son Rambler, 6st. 10lb. ...Purkiss 3  
10 to 1 agst. Addendum.

November 27th.—The Manchester No-  
vember Handicap of 1,500 sovs.;  
Cup Course (one mile and six fur-  
longs).

Sir R. Waldie Griffiths' b. f.  
Asterie, by Tristan—Sonsie  
Queen, 3 yrs., 6st. 6lb.  
H. Chapman 1  
Lord William Beresford's ch. h.  
Keenan, 5 yrs., 7st. 3lb.  
J. T. Sloan 2  
Mr. G. MacLachan's b. h. Don  
Alonzo, aged, 6st. ...C. Purkiss 3  
100 to 8 agst. Asterie.

### NEWMARKET.—STEEPLE CHASES.

November 30th.—The Newmarket Grand  
Military Steeple Chase of 170 sovs.;  
three miles and a half.

Mr. C. D. Rose's bl. h. Greenhill,  
by Greenfield—Burgage, 6 yrs.,  
10st. 10lb. (car. 10st. 11lb.)  
Mr. Withington 1  
Captain G. R. Powell's b. g. Filbert,  
aged, 10st. 10lb. ....Mr. Beatty 2  
Mr. E. P. Grundy's b. or br. g.  
Olive Branch, aged, 10st. 10lb.  
Owner 3  
6 to 5 on Greenhill.

December 1st.—The Crockford's Hand-  
icap Steeple Chase of 200 sovs.;  
about three miles and a half.

Mr. E. C. Smith's b. g. Goldfish,  
by Gilderoy—Belle of Ouseley,  
6 yrs., 10st. 8lb. ....R. Chaloner 1  
Captain Eustace Loder's br. g.  
Ravenswood, aged, 10st. 11lb.  
Anthony 2  
Lord Binning's ch. g. Glendarg,  
5 yrs., 10st. 11lb. ....R. Pullen 3  
4 to 1 agst. Goldfish.

The Cheveley Cup of 235 sovs., for  
four-year-olds and upwards; the  
Cup Course, about two miles and  
a half, on the Flat.

Mr. Dobell's ch. h. The Rush, by  
Barcaldine—Whirlpool, 5 yrs.,  
11st. 6lb. ....C. Wood 1  
Mr. L. Brassey's b. c. Sophos,  
4 yrs., 9st. 7lb. ....Bradford 2  
Mr. Murray Griffiths' br. h. Xylo-  
phone, aged, 10st. 8lb.  
E. Driscoll 3  
5 to 1 on The Rush.

# KEMPTON PARK.—DECEMBER MEETING.

December 2nd.—The Stewards' Steeple Chase Handicap of 262 sovs.; two miles.

Mr. J. Phelan's ch. m. Sweet Charlotte, by Balliol—Mill Pond, 6 yrs., 12st. 7lb. ....J. O'Brien 1

Mr. B. Bletsoe's br. g. Tribune, aged, 12st. 4lb.

Mr. M. B. Bletsoe 2

Mr. W. C. Keeping's ch. g. Balmy, 4 yrs., 10st. 5lb. A. Nightingall 3  
7 to 2 agst. Sweet Charlotte.

The Kempton Park December Hurdle Handicap of 174 sovs.; two miles.

Mr. M. Firth's b. h. Anchovy, by St. Michael—Sauce, 6 yrs., 10st. 11lb. (car. 10st. 12lb.)

Mr. G. S. Davies 1

Mr. Glenister's b. c. Pretty Correct, 4 yrs. 10st. 2lb. ...E. Matthews 2

Mr. A. Thirlwell's ch. g. Playwright, aged, 11st. 3lb. ....Owner 3  
5 to 2 agst. Anchovy.

The Suffolk and Berkshire Open Welter Flat Race of 195 sovs.; two miles.

Captain Eustace Loder's b. g. Lahore, by Punjaub—Old Blood, 4 yrs., 9st. 11lb. Mr. Lushington 1

Major J. D. Edwards' br. c. Bird on the Wing, 4 yrs., 10st.

Canavan 2

Mr. G. Parker's b. g. Banquet II., aged, 11st. ....A. Parker 3  
11 to 8 on Lahore.

# NOTTINGHAM.—DECEMBER MEETING.

December 14th.—The Welbeck Hurdle Race (Handicap) of 268 sovs.; two miles.

Mr. O. Priaulx's ch. g. Grimpo, by Cardinal York—Wild Huntress, aged, 12st. 11lb. ....Morrell 1

Mr. C. Hibbert's b. f. Sicily Queen, by Panzerschiff—Messilina, 4 yrs., 11st. 11lb. ...R. Nightingall 2

Mr. F. Platt's br. m. Morganne, by Johnny Morgan...Mal de Mar, 5 yrs., 11st. 9lb. ....H. Brown 3  
10 to 1 agst. Grimpo.

December 15th.—The Great Midland Steeple Chase (Handicap) of 405 sovs.; two miles.

Mr. C. A. Cuthbert's bl. g. The Panther, by Strathern—Lady Florence, 4 yrs., 10st. 8lb.

Mr. A. W. Wood 1

Lord Coventry's br. g. Enniskerry, by Atheling—Waterfall, 4 yrs., 10st. 8lb. ....J. Pearce 2

Mr. J. Monro Walker's ch. g. Athel Roy, by Atheling—Lucy, 5 yrs.,

11st. 11lb. ....Latham 3  
100 to 8 agst. The Panther.

# SANDOWN PARK CLUB.—DECEMBER MEETING.

December 3rd.—The Grand Annual Hurdle Race (Handicap) of 255 sovs.; two miles.

Mr. E. J. Percy's ch. g. Cestus, by Ringleader—Nova Scotia, aged, 11st. 12lb. ....W. Taylor 1

Captain A. E. Whitaker's b. c. Knife Boy, 4 yrs., 11st. 10lb.

A. Nightingall 2

Mr. Hervey de Montmorency's ch. c. Bonnie Dundee, 4 yrs., 11st. 5lb. ....Owner 3

100 to 30 agst. Cestus.

The Suffolk Plate (Welter Flat Race) of 194 sovs., for four-year-olds and upwards; two miles.

Mr. T. Simpson Jay's ch. c. Rampion, by Amphion—Rydal, 4 yrs., 10st. 5lb. ....Williamson 1

Captain Eustace Loder's b. g. Lahore, 4 yrs., 10st. 6lb. (7lb. ex.)

Mr. Lushington 2

Mr. Reginald Ward's b. c. Regret, 4 yrs., 11st. 9lb. ....Owner 3

11 to 10 agst. Rampion.

December 4th.—The Great Sandown Steeple Chase (Handicap) of 255 sovs.; about three miles and a half.

Captain A. E. Whitaker's bl. g. Barcalwhey, by Barcaldine—Junket, aged, 11st. 3lb.

R. Chaloner 1

Mr. J. S. Forbes' b. g. Prince Albert, aged, 12st. 6lb.

Mr. G. S. Davies 2

Lord Cowley's bl. g. Ardcarn, aged, 11st. 2lb. ....F. Hassall 3  
6 to 1 agst. Barcalwhey.

# GATWICK.—DECEMBER MEETING.

December 7th.—The National Hurdle Race (Handicap) of 172 sovs.; two miles.

Mr. R. C. Dawson's b. f. Irish Girl, by Gallinule—Lady Jacob, 4 yrs., 10st. 10lb. ....Gourley 1

Mr. Riddington's bl. m. Dusky Queen, 6 yrs., 11st. 1lb.

Mr. R. Ward 2

Mr. S. Wickins' b. c. Sam, 4 yrs., 11st. 11lb. ....Birch 3

9 to 2 agst. Irish Girl.

The Metropolitan Steeple Chase (Handicap) of 174 sovs.; three miles.

Mr. W. C. Keeping's ch. g. Balmy, by Hambledon—Summer Breeze, 4 yrs., 10st. 5lb. ....A. Nightingall 1

Mr. C. G. M. Adams's b. g. Droggheda, by Cherry Ripe—Eglen-tine, 5 yrs., 11st. 13lb. ....O'Brien 2

Miss F. E. Norris's ch. g. Wild  
Man from Borneo, by Decider—  
Wild Duck, aged, 12st. 1lb.

Mr. T. J. Widger 3  
13 to 8 agst. Balmy.

### FOOTBALL.

November 22nd.—At Cambridge, the University v. West Bromwich Albion, latter won by 5 goals to 3.†  
November 22nd.—At Oxford, the University v. Wolverhampton Wanderers, latter won by 2 goals to 1.†  
November 24th.—At Oxford, the University v. Weybridge, former won by 8 goals to 1.†  
November 24th.—At Richmond, London, West and Midlands v. Oxford and Cambridge, latter won by 13 points to 3.\*  
November 27th.—At Oxford, the University v. Edinburgh Academicals, former won by 5 points to 3.\*  
November 27th.—At Kensington, Corinthians v. Sheffield United, former won by 2 goals to 0.†  
November 27th.—At Richmond, London Scottish v. Cambridge University, latter won by 1 goal 1 try to 0.\*  
November 27th.—At Richmond, Old Westminsters v. Oxford University, latter won by 4 goals to 0.†  
November 29th.—At Oxford, the University v. West of Scotland, former won by 13 points to 3.\*  
November 29th.—At Blackheath, Blackheath v. Richmond, former won by 8 points to 3.\*  
December 1st.—At Cambridge, the University v. Cardiff, latter won by 8 points to 3.\*  
December 1st.—At Richmond, Surrey v. Middlesex, former won by 13 points to 8.\*  
December 1st.—At Northampton, East Midlands v. Midland Counties, latter won by 8 points to 3.\*  
December 1st.—At Leyton, London v. Hertfordshire, former won by 8 goals to 1.†  
December 2nd.—At Catford, Harlequins v. Dublin Wanderers, former won by 1 goal to 0.\*  
December 4th.—At Cambridge, the University v. Coventry, former won by 46 points to 0.\*  
December 4th.—At Oxford, the University v. Dublin University, former won by 10 points to 3.\*  
December 4th.—At Newcastle, Northumberland v. Lancashire, former won by 2 goals to 1 try.\*  
December 4th.—At Richmond, Old Westminsters v. Cambridge University, latter won by 5 goals to 0.†

December 6th.—At Cambridge, the University v. Trinity College, Dublin, former won by 2 goals to 1 try.\*  
December 6th.—At Guildford, Surrey v. Dorset, latter won by 5 goals to 2.†  
December 11th.—At Tufnell Park, Casuals v. Burton Swifts, latter won by 3 goals to 2.†  
December 11th.—At Richmond, Richmond v. Moseley, former won by 13 points to 8.\*  
December 15th.—At Queen's Park, Oxford v. Cambridge, former won by 2 tries to 0.\*  
December 17.—At Edinburgh, Edinburgh Academicals v. Cambridge University, former won by a penalty goal to 0.\*  
December 18th.—At Carlisle, North v. South, latter won by 3 tries (9 points) to 1 dropped goal and 1 try (7 points).\*  
December 18th.—At Plymouth, Devonport Albion v. Oxford University, former won by 1 try to 0.\*  
December 18th.—At Richmond, Richmond v. Coventry, former won by 1 penalty goal and 1 try to 0.\*

\* Under Rugby Rules.

† Under Association Rules.

### CRICKET.

December 17th.—At Sydney, Mr. A. E. Stoddart's XI. v. Australia, England won by 9 wickets. Scores: England 551 and 96, Australia 237 and 408.

### HOCKEY.

November 22nd.—At Surbiton, South of England v. Midland Counties, former won by 5 goals to 1.  
December 2nd.—At Bromley, Kent v. Surrey, former won by 2 goals to 0.  
December 4th.—At Oxford, the University v. Ealing, former won by 3 goals to 2.  
December 8th.—At Sale, Cheshire v. Surrey, former won by 4 goals to 1.  
December 9th.—At Manchester, Lancashire v. Surrey, former won by 2 goals to 1.  
December 11th.—At York, Yorkshire v. Lancashire, latter won by 4 goals to 1.  
December 13th.—At Bushey Park, Teddington v. Oxford University, former won by 5 goals to 0.  
December 18th.—At East Sheen, East Sheen v. Oxford University, former won by 2 goals to 0.

### RACKETS.

November 27th.—At New York, Peter Latham (champion) v. G. Standing, for the Championship of the World. Latham won by 4 games to 3, and retained the Championship.



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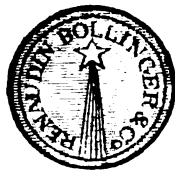
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OF

## SPORTS and PASTIMES

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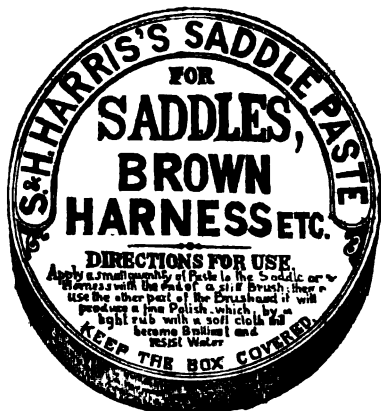


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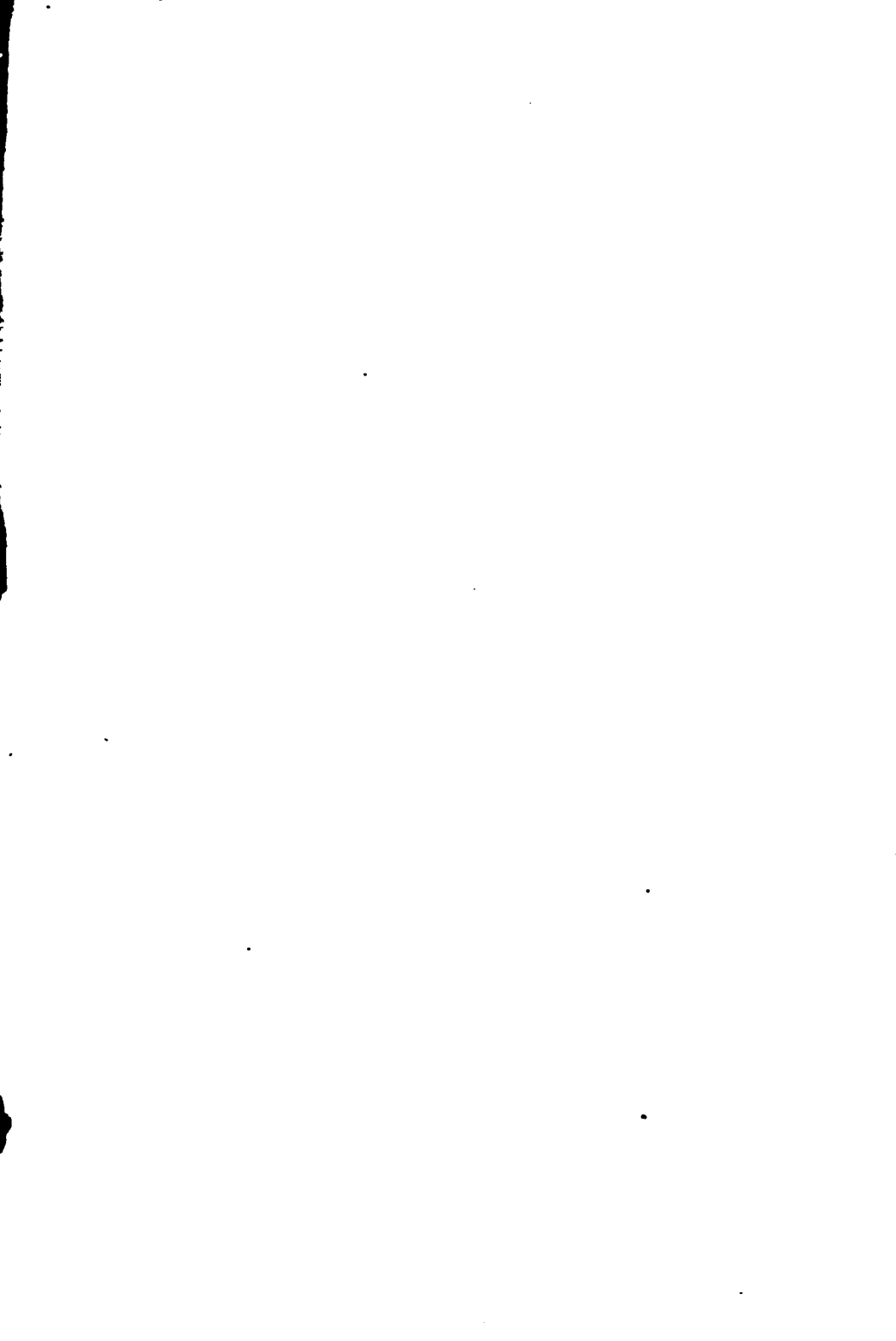
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#### WITH

Steel engraved Portrait of MR. OWEN J. WILLIAMS.

Steel engraving, CHESTER, MAY 2nd, 1791.

Portraits of THE MARCHIONESS OF WORCESTER, MRS. ARTHUR HOARE, THE HON.

MRS. C. HOLMES à COURT, MRS. ROLT, MISS MATTHEWS, and PRINCE BLUCHER.

Engraving, DEER-STALKING.

## Mr. Owen J. Williams.

THE subject of our biography was born in 1850, the son of Sir Hugh Williams, Bart., of Bodelwyddan, Flintshire, his mother being Henrietta, the only sister of the late Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, and therefore no one can show better hunting blood on both sides, seeing that his father, Sir Hugh, before inheriting his title, was for some time secretary to the Warwickshire Hunt, and it was under his management that the great feat was performed of building and occupying with hounds

the Warwickshire kennels, within the space of twelve weeks from their first sod cutting. Educated from his earliest school days (7 years old) at Eton, and coached by "Jonathan," he was wont to steal away to Ascot on a hack, sent by his uncle, Sir Watkin, who used always to stay for the race week at Clewer Lodge, the late Captain Bulkeley's place, who, as most of our readers know, was for many years the ruler of Ascot races. So early had he been broken in to the saddle that at the age of 11



Shatt & Fry photo

W. J. Williams

Owen J Williams

# SPORTS

No. 456.

FEB.

Sporting Diary for the Month

Mr. Owen J. Williams

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Steel Engravings

Portraits of THE YACHT

MRS. C. HOLMES

THE subject

was born

Hugh V. ...

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he rode a three-year-old pony from Bodelwyddan to Charlote, in Warwickshire, 128 miles, in three days, spending most of his time when not in the saddle by the side of the manger, for fear that his friend the pony should be robbed of an oat! In the following year he rode one of Sir Watkin's hunters from Eton home to Bodelwyddan. From Eton to Magdalen, Cambridge, was his next move, but here he made less show with his books than in increasing the number of his friends, and on his return home went in seriously for farming, at the same time doing his best to assist the late General Wynn, of Coedcoch, and Captain Rowley Conroy towards re-starting foxhounds in Flint and Denbigh, which country, since Lord Mostyn had sold his pack, had not been regularly hunted.

Throughout his life the horse has been Mr. Owen Williams' first care, and his sound judgment in picking up young horses in the rough has always been proverbial. Through him the hunters in the Wynnstay stables have often been replenished, and not a few useful chasers picked up.

His favourite blood has been that of Newminster, exemplified chiefly in Ascetic and New Oswestry; and there are very few horse-breeding districts in Ireland which do not know him right well.

As a judge of hunters he has officiated at Dublin, The Royal, and almost all the other big shows, and it is needless to say he is worth trusting in such a capacity.

In 1884, he succeeded Mr. Hughes, of Kimmel, and Lord Mostyn, in the Mastership of the Flint and Denbigh Hounds, and has hunted them himself ever

since. By constant care in the kennel, and keenness in the field he has built up a thoroughly good pack of hounds. In doing this he has acted on the maxim that for a rough country hounds must be taught not to look for too much handling, and provided always that they throw their tongues, the quicker they are, the more likely they are to catch stout foxes.

Above all, he has that unvarying good temper and courtesy to all, which is so necessary to success in a sportsman; and thus he has found a *modus vivendi* for foxes and pheasants, which is so important in a country where many make shooting their first resource.

His farming knowledge also has materially assisted to keep his mastership popular. For instance, he has instituted a scheme of the Hunt Club, which has been taken up by the country generally, of placing out a number of the best pedigree short-horn bulls at convenient centres, for the use of farmers and cottagers in the hunt.

The success of this enterprise, and the appreciation of these animals thus supplied last year gratis, can best be measured by the good feeling expressed on all sides by those who must ever be the backbone of hunting.

We have said enough to show that the subject of our biography, who is still a bachelor, is thoroughly a representative in North Wales of sport and agriculture, and you have only to know him to like him. As long as Mr. Owen Williams resides at Cefn, close to St. Asaph, we can answer for it that he will keep the "sport of kings" in the forefront, and continue to be an excellent exponent of its best attributes.

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CHESTER May 2<sup>d</sup> 1791.



J. S. Barry Esq's Bergamot 1 1 B.F. 2 2 B.C. Dif. B.F. Dif.



Col. Ratcliffe's Mousetrap 4 1 1 Primrose 1 2 2 Needle 2 3 3  
Idas 5 5 4 Ch.F. 3 4 Dr. B.C. Dr.



M<sup>r</sup> Fowler's Windlestone 1 1 Charlotte 2 2 B.H. 3 3 Citizen Dr. Harlot Dr.

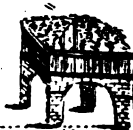


M<sup>r</sup> Fowler's Windlestone 1 1 C.H. 4 2 Labourer 2 6 Laurel 3 4  
Citizen 5 3 Harlot Dr. Bywell Dr.



Col. Ratcliffe's Mousetrap 1 1 Gullystower 3 2 Bergamot 2 Dr Drone 4 Dif.  
Windlestone Dr. B.C. Dr. B.F. Dr. B.M. Dr. Twilight Dr.

Hunters Race for 2,100 Guineas.



Moungie Noble Esq's Sepool Boy 1 Trojan 2 B.H. 3 Losty 4

Thomas Cholmondeley  
and  
John Griffith Lewis Esq



To whom this Plate is  
most Humbly Incribed  
by J. Hunter. Jun<sup>r</sup> CHESTER.

## Racing a Century Ago.

PROBABLY nothing can give us a better idea of what the present century has brought about in racing, and its manner of depiction, than the very curious old plate which prefaces this article, representing the sport at Chester Races in 1791, for the reproduction of which we are indebted to the present clerk of the course, Mr. R. K. Mainwaring. It will bear much inspection throughout, and is evidently the work of no mean hand. The Maiden Plate, with which the fun began on Monday, May 2nd, was evidently reduced to a match, and was a runaway affair for Mr. Barry's Bergamot. The City Members' Plate was a fairly easy win for Col. Ratcliffe's Mousetrap, while the City Plate, which we may fairly assume to be the original Tradesman's Plate, or, as it is now called, the Chester Cup, resulted in a good race between the winner, Mr. Fowler's Windlestone, and Charlotte. The Earl of Grosvenor's Plate, which in those days was the principal race of the Meeting, brought out a field of five horses, and here again Windlestone was the winner. These races evidently took three days to decide, for we find that on Friday the Ladies' Plate came on for decision, and here again Mousetrap won after a good race with Gillyflower, all the others being distanced except Bergamot. The race week wound up with a hunters' race for 100 guineas, in which Mr. Moringo Noble's School Boy proved the victor. There is no doubt that racing was not the only entertainment of the week, and that cock-fighting filled up the time when these heat races were not being run. Although I

cannot turn to the record of cock fights in this year (1791), I find that it was the custom to have annual battles in the race week with the adjoining counties of Lancashire, Shropshire, and Staffordshire, and that large sums of money were staked on the results. For instance, in 1783 during the races, a main of cocks was fought between the gentlemen of Cheshire and Lancashire, consisting of 34 battles for 10 guineas a battle, and 200 guineas the main, which was a drawn one, each side winning 17 battles.

It is interesting to find in the plate a still well-known name in the Sporting Annals of Cheshire, that of Thomas Cholmondeley, who was a steward of the Meeting with a Welshman, Mr. John Griffith Lewis.

That Chester was one of the oldest racing centres in England is well known. I can trace it from 1732, when a plate of £30 and a saddle and bridle was competed for. The then Earl of Derby won the first heat with Tickle Pitcher, but was eventually beaten by Mr. Rawlinson's Whittington. In 1796, the City Plate at Chester was won by Sir Thos. Gascoigne's b. c. by Young Marske, 4 years, in 2 heats. In 1797 the same race was won by Mr. Richardson's b. h. Marske, by Young Marske, in 2 heats, and Sir Watkin Wynn's Broken-legged Taffy was third and last.

In 1798 it was won by Lord Stamford's George, by Dungannon, 5 years. In this year in the Belgrave Plate there seems to have been a scrimmage, (a thing not unknown at Chester even in the present day), for we are told that Enigma came in first, and Mr. Cor-

bet's colt second, but their riders being adjudged to have ridden unfairly in driving Mr. Tatton's filly out of the course, they were distanced, and the Earl of Derby's ch. c. by Diomed out of Brown Bess was adjudged the winner.

We might multiply the records of old Chester racing *ad libitum*, let us, however, in preference turn to other old records, which are of interest in illustrating the subject of our theme. We are indebted to John Orton, keeper of the Match Book and clerk of the course at York and other places, for very interesting racing records from 1709 to 1843, and from these let us cull a few items. In the 18th century York races were only second in importance to those at Newmarket.

It was in 1709 that Mr. Metcalfe's b. h. Wart won the Gold Cup, value £50, for six-year-old horses, 12 st. each, 4 mile heats, and had to run a third heat before he could claim the prize; for, in those days, the rule of racing was that the horse that won the first and second heat was obliged to start for the Stakes, and if he did not save his distance in the third heat, he was not entitled to the plate. It is pretty clear that the object of those days was to have as much fun for their money as could possibly be managed, even at the expense of the poor race-horses, which had to do twelve miles' racing before being proclaimed the winner, although they had nearly all the day to do it in, one race a day being the almost invariable programme.

In 1713 Her Majesty Queen Anne unsuccessfully competed for Her Majesty's Gold Cup of 100 gs., with her grey horse, Mustard; but in the next year, 1714, she managed to win a Plate of £14 with The Star. It was in this year that in a severe race between

Mr. Childers' Duchess and Mr. Peirson's Foxhunter, that the former ran the latter so near the cords that his rider was obliged to whip over his horse's shoulder. This heat was given to Foxhunter, but as both the riders had shown foul play, and afterwards fought on horseback, many disputes arose between the sportsmen, and it was agreed that the heat should be run over again by the pair, when Duchess won by a length. A law-suit followed for the stakes, and all bets were agreed to be withdrawn. In the meantime, The Gold Cup (Her Majesty's gift) was invested in trust in the name of the Lord Mayor of York, Mr. William Redman. The Court decided that all such horses as were not distanced in the race had an equal right to the prize. There being four of them, they sold their shares for £25 each, two of which were purchased by the Duke of Rutland, one by the Earl of Carlisle, and the fourth by Sir William Lowther, Bart., who agreed that it should be run for over again by them in 1719. It is recorded that at this Meeting there were 156 carriages on the field.

In 1719, when this celebrated Cup was again run for, it was won by the Earl of Carlisle's ch. c. Buckhunter—by Bald Galloway, out of the Wharton mare—beating the Duke of Rutland's and Sir William Lowther's horses. This horse, Buckhunter, was a gelding, but won numerous plates at Newmarket, and for a great number of years was used as a trial horse. At 14 years old he was sold, and afterwards won 18 races. At last he broke his leg running for a plate on Salterley Common, and so lost his life, and was buried close to the palings of Stilton Churchyard in 1731.

In those days Hambleton, or



rather Black Hambleton as it was more rightly called, was a great racing place. In 1729 no fewer than 31 horses started for His Majesty's Gold Cup of 100 gs. there! and the Duke of Rutland won with his Bonny Black.

In 1730 the old York course was so flooded by the overflow of the river Ouse that the races had to be postponed, and it was decided to form a new course on Knavesmire, which was planned by Mr. Alderman Talford, and has been used ever since.

In 1831 we first obtain a record of Doncaster, where there were three races, the highest prize being £40, and the lowest £10.

In 1739 York races were very highly patronised, there being 36 carriages and six on the course, and a celebrated horse called Sedbury won, bred by Mr. Andrew Wilkinson, of Borough Bridge, and then owned by Mr. R. Mann.

We are told of Bucephalus that won at York in 1743, that he was the best horse of his day in England.

In 1748, Tartar (who was afterwards the sire of King Herod and Highlander), one of the best horses of his size that ever won a Royal Plate (only measuring 14.1 and afterwards a sire at Hampton Court, won races at York.

In 1749 we are introduced to the Earl of March, in a match in which his horse bolted. This was the celebrated Duke of Queensberry—"Hell-fire Dick," as he was called—who did, or tried to do, everything under the sun, and died in 1810 at the good old age, considering the pace at which he had gone, of 86.

In 1753, the celebrated horse Matchem, by Cade, then the property of Mr. Fenwick, won the Great Subscription Plate at York. This horse is said to have earned

what was then a very large sum as a sire, viz., £17,000, his price being £30 a mare, and he lived to be 32 years old!

In 1756, Blacklegs had to run 4 four-mile heats to beat two opponents, and win £50.

But we must pass on to 1776, when at Doncaster there was a sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, won by Lord Rockingham's Alabaculia. This race was instituted at the suggestion of Colonel St. Leger, of Park Hill, and at the third renewal of the Stakes, 1778, at a dinner party on the entrance day at the Red Lion, then the head inn of Doncaster, the Marquis of Rockingham named it "The St. Leger" in compliment to the gentleman with whom the race originated, and we know that in that year, 1778, it was won by Sir T. Gascoigne's grey filly Hollandaise, by Matchem.

In 1779 The Oaks was instituted in honour of Lord Derby, and won by him with Bridget, by Herod, and the following year, 1780, was run our first Epsom Derby, and won by Sir Charles Bunbury's Diomed, by Florizel, but this is all too well-known to dilate upon in your pages.

We must pass on to 1793, when the Prince of Wales arrived on Epsom Downs just in time to see that great horse Waxy, by Pot-8-os, win the Derby. He beat Johanna, a great favourite, and eleven others very easily, but so little was he thought of beforehand that his name was scarcely mentioned at Tattersalls' rooms, where in those days nearly all the betting was done.

1795 will always be known as Hambletonian's St. Leger, while 1797 records the Derby as being won by the Duke of Bedford's bay colt, by Fidget, a despised outsider; the Oaks by Lord Grosvenor's Niké; and the St.

Leger by Mr. Goodricke's Lounger, another outsider.

One more old racing record and I have done. It was in the year 1800 that the carpeting of Sam Chiffney took place, which has so often been alluded to by old sporting writers. The race was the Oatlands Plate at York, a valuable stake of 50 sovs. each, 40 ft., two miles, which was won by Sir H. Vane's Cockfighter (J. Shepherd); Wonder (F. Buckle), 2nd; and Mr. Cookson's Sir Harry, the Ledger winner (S. Chiffney), 3rd. This celebrated jockey has told the story himself in "Genius Genuine," and I am not going to repeat it here, but it must have been an inimitable scene when Mr. Cookson accused Chiffney of riding Sir Harry "Booty," and took away his cap and jacket for Singleton to wear the next day on the same horse, when they took 6 to 4 about him, and Chiffney calmly told the owner that he had laid 30 to 20 that he did not win, and had the satisfaction of seeing him run last, and then Mr. Cookson said, "Chiffney, you was very right about Sir Harry." Whatever may be said in favour of the jockeys of a century ago, or in their disparagement, one thing should always be borne in mind, and that is, that they had much more scope for exhibiting their prowess and horsemanship in the long-distance races of those days, than in the hurry-scurrys of to-day.

No chronicle of the racing of that last century would be complete without mention being made of its chief hero and ornament in the way of horseflesh, Eclipse, for it is to him that we owe in no small degree the worth of our racehorses in the present day. So much has been written about Eclipse, that anything said now will appear hackneyed, and yet

memories nowadays are short, and there are always young readers to be enlightened. It will be for their benefit to know that Eclipse was bred by His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, in 1764, and at the Royal Duke's death sold to Mr. Wildman for 70 guineas. By him he was afterwards sold to Col. O'Kelly, who is said to have realised £25,000 by his services as a sire. His sire, Marske, was originally a despised country stallion, standing near Windsor at a fee of 10s. a mare, but his son soon brought him into prominence, and we afterwards find his fee raised to 100 guineas. Eclipse won all his races as a five and six-year old, and as is well-known, was never beaten. In his last race at the Newmarket October Meeting, the odds of 70 to 1 were laid on him. He was the sire of 162 winners of 852 races, and one of his daughters was the dam of the famous horse, Phenomenon. His best sons were: Pot-8-os, Meteor, Mercury, Alexander, Adjutant, Horizon, Dugannon, King Fergus, Young Eclipse, Javelin, Joe Andrews, Serpent, Planet, Bonnyface, Farmer, Mountebank, Volunteer, Vertumnus, Soldier, Sergeant, and Salt-ram, and he died in 1789 of disease of the kidneys. His heart weighed 13lbs., a sure sign of courage. Probably the most interesting piece of information left to us of this great racehorse is from the pen of a Frenchman, M. Viel de St. Bel, equerry to the then King of France, who was a great anatomist, he writes:—

"The principal defects of conformation which might be imputed to Eclipse, consist first in his body, which was too thick. This fault was certainly less in his youth when he ran. Secondly, his shoulders were too fleshy, and consequently too heavy, but this

fault was counterbalanced by the perfectly physical and mechanical conformation of his legs. His figure in general did not please the eye of the pretended connoisseurs, whose skill seldom goes beyond the surface of the skin. But no one is ignorant that the most beautiful quality of a race-horse is the celerity of the gallop, consequently that the horse that gallops the fastest ought to be reckoned the most beautiful, and serve as a model in the rules of proportion to all others. It is not the same in the *manège* horse, whose conformations ought to be absolutely opposite. The principles of beauty ought then to be relative to the use the horse is destined to. With the greatest probability, Eclipse, free of all weight, and galloping at liberty with his greatest swiftness, could cover an extent of 25 feet of ground at every complete action on the gallop, and run four miles in the space of six minutes and two seconds."

Eclipse was, after dissection, stuffed by Mr. Hall, of the City Road, and in 1797 was to be seen in fine preservation, as well as attitude, in a glass case at Cannon's.

To give records in illustration of what racing was a century ago, would indeed be such a fruitful subject as to be entirely beyond the scope of one article, and I am reminded that a period must be placed on my pen. Enough has been said however to show that notwithstanding the drawback that the sport had then to contend with, it was as keen and genuine as anything could possibly be, and that its records have been wonderfully well kept, as old John Orton worthily remarks in his preface, "The various contests for the three great races of the kingdom, the Derby, the Oaks, and the St. Leger" (and I hope they will never be displaced even by the new-fashioned ten thousand pounders), "ever continue objects of interest and reference, and as few persons can possibly possess extensive sets of racing calendars, this volume will be found convenient for reference when the social circle recount the exploits of some favourite steed, and

'his pedigree trace,  
Tell his dam won that sweepstakes—his  
sire gained that race.'"

BORDERER.

## Dianas of To-day.

### II.—WITH HOUNDS FROM BADMINTON AND BERKELEY.

A HUNT that is not provincial and yet is not Leicestershire, must necessarily hold a position peculiar to itself, and this is true of the Badminton, so long known by the name of the Dukes of Beaufort, and kept up in such princely fashion by them. One of the highest authorities on sport, as well as a most popular Master,

the name of the eighth Duke is inseparably connected with the Badminton Hunt, while that of his son, the present Marquis of Worcester, is known far and wide as that of the best gentleman huntsman of the day. For twenty years Lord Worcester has hunted his father's hounds, and since the Duke gave them up he has held

the position of Master, as well as carrying the horn himself two days of the week. As a whip, Lord Worcester is little inferior to his father, and in all things he upholds the traditions of the Somerset family, who men and women alike, have been for generations genuine lovers of sport and ardent followers of the chase.

To wear the blue habit and buff collar of the Badminton has always been one of the most highly prized honours of the hunting world, and many a young sportswoman who has made her first essays with these hounds, has owed much to the kindly interest shown in her performances by the Duke, who was ever ready to direct and encourage the ardent, if sometimes misplaced enthusiasm of youth. A well-known woman to hounds in Leicestershire and one of our finest horsewomen, now Mrs. Asquith, tells how on the day of her first run with hounds when on a visit to her elder sister, Mrs. Graham Smith, she ignominiously fell off at the first fence. And this not because she could not ride, for she could scramble up and down the hills of the country round her home with the best, but because she had never jumped, and was consequently taken by surprise. The Duke marked the accident and the crestfallen air of the young rider, and he noted too the resolute determination and the undaunted efforts to keep in touch with hounds, and a few encouraging words from him soothed the disgust of the beginner at her own want of skill. Not long afterwards the offer of the blue habit caused the young sportswoman's heart to swell with pride, and the day on which this honour was given her, Mrs. Asquith still reckons as one of the red letter days of her life.

Many are the hard-riding women

whose names have been associated with the history of the Blue and Buff, and truly a country of greater variety to ride over, it would be difficult to find. Within the hunt-borders there are stone walls and ditches, grass that would be no disgrace to the shires, and woods where the ground is deep and holding and needs a stout horse to cross it. Thus on each of the five hunting days of the week, you may have an entirely different country, and by the time you can take all in turn and find your pleasure in each, you may be pretty sure of holding your own in any hunt in the land. For to take the stone walls you must have pluck and daring; to jump the banks and ditches you need a quick eye and good hands, to cross the Sodbury Vale and hold your own in the deep rides of the Lower Woods, you should know how to save your horse, and when a gallop over grass is in question, if that rare accomplishment of knowing how to gallop is not yours, you need not hope to keep on terms with hounds.

To come now from the general to the particular, I would speak first, as is meet, of the wife of the Master, who is herself a keen sportswoman. The Marchioness of Worcester, née Harford, who was formerly the Baroness Carlo de Tuyll, was a constant rider to hounds in the country before she married Lord Worcester, in 1895. For ten years, indeed, she had hunted three or four days a week with this pack and the neighbouring Berkeley Hounds, and was also well known in Leicestershire with the Cottessmore, Mr. Fernie's, and the Quorn Hunts. Lady Worcester has a pretty seat, and shows to advantage in the saddle, she also goes well, and has always held her own in the widely different countries in



MARCHIONESS OF WORCESTER.



*Bullingham, photo.]*

MRS. ARTHUR HOARE.



which she has gained her experience.

Viscountess Raincliffe, who is doubly a niece of the Duke of Beaufort, may be said to have an hereditary right to wear the Blue and Buff, and is a sportswoman by birth as well as by predilection. She is a daughter of the late Earl of Westmorland, who was so well known in the racing world, and in her early years she learnt to hunt with the celebrated Fitzwilliam hounds. Later on, Lady Raincliffe had some seasons in Leicestershire, and then she and her husband became regular followers of the Badminton. Lady Raincliffe herself says that hunting is her favourite pastime, and as she has been brought up in an atmosphere of sport, it is scarcely necessary to add that she knows well how to ride to hounds. She, too, like Lady Worcester, has the gift of looking charming on horse-back.

As the name of Kingscote is one to conjure with in the West, the descendants of that old-time sportsman, Colonel Kingscote, have no small reputation to live up to if they would be counted worthy followers of their great forbear. The member of this family who is best known in the Badminton country is Mrs. A. M. Wilson, who has hunted with the hounds since she was a child, and inherits to the full the love of sport and knowledge of what hounds are doing which have always distinguished her race. When riding one of the Irish horses she likes best, Mrs. Wilson will be found hard to beat. In a quiet, determined manner, and with the confidence born of a happy mixture of knowledge and pluck, she goes straight and well, and is, moreover, always on good terms with her horse. That a well-bred Irish horse, used to the bank and ditch

and the soft-going of the Sister Isle, is peculiarly suited to this country, there is no doubt. For it is not to be denied that the ground in the neighbourhood of Chipping Sodbury is deep and holding, and as you ride over it, the squelch under your horse's feet tells of the difficulties under which he is carrying you. Mrs. Wilson is known in the countries of the V.W.H., and Lord Fitzhardinge, and her young sons already show that they have the keenness and love of hunting which it is their mother's great desire for them to possess.

Viscountess Trafalgar is a very quiet, keen rider, who makes her four or five days a week with the Badminton, Lord Bathurst's, and the V.W.H. (Cricklade) Hounds.

Until the last two seasons, Lady Eva Wellesley had the reputation of being the hardest lady rider in the hunt. Possessing excellent hands, she had a quite wonderful power of getting the utmost out of her horses, and in a very quiet, business-like way she would go well to the front, and show the way to many who were better mounted than herself, for Lady Eva proved her right to the name of horsewoman, by the way in which she sent along animals that were not always suitable to the country over which she rode. Since that time Lady Eva has been hunting near Melton, and over the grass she well upholds the honour of the Gloucestershire Hunt.

Of Lady Edward Somerset, who some few years back hunted regularly from Badminton with the Duke's Hounds, I will only say that she lived up to the traditions of the family into which she married. Her husband was a keen sportsman, and his early death was mourned by a large circle of friends. Miss Cust,

whose father was at one time joint Master of the Pytchley, is a hard rider, and one of those who "hunt to ride." From Bath, where she makes her home in the winter, she trains to the meets on that side of the Badminton country. Miss Cust is a good judge of a horse, and has owned some capital hunters. Among the best of these was the well-known Dorchester, which won the Isle of Wight Hunt Steeplechase in 1887, and was such a splendid fencer.

As closely connected with the family whose name it bears, and with the same wealth of historic associations behind it, is the other great Gloucestershire Hunt, known since the early years of the 17th century as the Berkeley. Since 1857 the Masters of this Hunt have been the Barons Fitzhardinge, with the exception only of the season '96-97, when the country was hunted by the committee to whom the second Baron left the hounds on his death. It was not long, however, before the present Lord Fitzhardinge took up the reins of office, to the delight of everyone in the country, accepting the offer of the trustees to make over the hounds to him. Now again is seen the old hunt-livery, and this season the hunt servants are wearing the yellow coats which have so long been associated with the history of the country.

A great number of women are members of the Hunt, and among them many who go well over a country which is to the full as varied as that hunted over by the Badminton Hounds. A distinctive feature of one side of the Hunt district is the "rheen," or drain, which divides the fields on the low-lying land by the banks of the Severn. Thus, when the meet is in that side of the country, you require a good water-

jumper, and indeed whether you start in the Vale, with the prospect of a run over its peerless grass, or in the neighbourhood of Berkeley, where the enclosures are small and the fences come thick and fast, you need a good all-round hunter, as you may be confronted by walls, timber and water in the course of a single run. The fences by Berkeley, too, are very blind till well on in the season, and many a good horsewoman has been turned by a sight of their terrifying depths; but for all this the country, while undeniably stiff, is not impossible, and with a good heart and a good horse to carry you, you may have your fill of pleasure with no more than the usual percentage of danger. In the same part of the country, a noticeable feature of hunting is that foxes are very often found in the trees, the oaks and pollards being those they most often choose as a place of refuge, and up them they sometimes go to a great height.

If we would see a party of hard-riding women who go out with these hounds, it is at one of the meets in the Vale that we shall find the most representative gathering. Let us jog off then, in imagination at least, and note a few of those who are best known in the field.

That slim, smart woman who greets her friends as she rides up on a very good-looking chestnut cob, is Mrs. C. Holmes à Court, who has out her favourite, Sunbeam, by Ascetic, and on which you will see she goes well. The little Irish horse is indeed a clever performer, and carries his mistress equally well over the fences of the Vale, the "rheens" of the marshland, or the stone walls which mark a run over the border into the Badminton. Mrs. à Court, who comes of a sport-loving





*Lambert and Lambert, Bath, photo.]*

HON. MRS. C. HOLMES À COURT.



*Lamb, Tetbury, photo.]*

MRS. ROLT.



MISS MATTHEWS.



family, is a most dashing rider, and presently, when she and the little chestnut have warmed to the work, she will follow her husband with pluck and determination, even though the run should be over a stiff line of country. Mrs. à Court, like so many of the other sportswomen of the district, holds the button both of the Badminton and the Berkeley Hunts, though of late years she has hunted chiefly with the latter. If you speak to her of the inmates of her stables, she will tell you of another favourite, known as Little Liverpool, a handsome black brown cob, which does not show quite so much quality, nor has he such a turn of speed as the gallant little Sunbeam, but which for all that is a clever all-round hunter. Both these horses are Irish, as Mrs. à Court shares the opinion of so many keen riders, that there are no hunters in the world to beat them.

Near Mrs. à Court is Miss C. Harford, a cousin of Lady Worcester, and herself devoted to the chase. Over the "rheens" of the Monday country Miss Harford often shows the way, for when she is riding a clever brown horse well-known in the country, she is hard indeed to beat.

The next lady is Mrs. Rolt, the eldest daughter of the late Sir Charles Cuyler, and the wife of one of the keenest supporters of the hunt. From the gathering round her, you will learn that Mrs. Rolt is very popular in the country, and when so many are anxious for a greeting you will not find it easy to get a few words before hounds throw off. You can see, however, that both horse and rider are very smart and business-like, and that the latter has a neat seat, and holds herself with the ease and confidence which show she is perfectly at

home in the saddle. Mrs. Rolt has indeed ridden with these hounds since she was quite a child, and has long been a member both of this and the Badminton Hunt. Before her marriage she was most often seen when hounds were in the neighbourhood of her father's place at Tockington, and she was then known as one of the best riders over the "rheens" on that side of the country.

Miss Matthews is as keen as the daughter of her father should be, and you may notice that she is riding a horse up to a great deal more than her weight, and that looks like going. This, as you will find, is not one of her own hunters, but one she has borrowed from the large stud owned by Mr. Matthews, and it is to the fact of her riding so many strange horses that Miss Matthews owes the ease and skill with which she manages animals that would prove beyond the powers of most women in the field. Of the country she knows every inch, for she has ridden with the hounds since she was a child, and is of course a member of the Hunt—as she is also of the Badminton, in which country she gets some days, generally towards the end of the season. Miss Matthews has also been out from time to time with the Devon and Somerset Staghounds. But now there is a movement, and as the Master rides up and for the moment claims the attention of his friends, you may, if you watch your time, get a word with Miss Matthews before the signal for departure comes. Of her favourite grey mare "Double Sixes," she will tell you that he is a splendid fencer, and is particularly good over timber, and that she has another good horse in Barrister, a dark brown, standing 15'3, also

a clever fencer, and one which has carried her several seasons with very few falls.

You will note that many of those present are speaking of Mrs. Arthur Hoare, who is equally well known in this and the neighbouring hunts, but who instead of riding in her accustomed place this season, is passing the winter months in India. Mrs. Arthur Hoare has ridden to hounds from the time she was nine years of age and has had most of her experience in the field in Gloucestershire. "Do you think she has been after the jack?" is a question one laughing friend asks another, as she discusses the news brought by the mails, and as you hear it your thoughts go back to the time when you too rode over the sandy plains in pursuit of the country substitute for fox, and on a stout country-bred, that took the place of your English hunter for the period.

But our time is now to be counted by seconds, for Lord Fitzhardinge's last words to Rawle are evidently coming to an end. I can therefore only mention Mrs. Altham Clarke, Mrs. Cartwright, Miss Darell, Miss "Dolly" King, whose knowledge of hounds is so unusual, that it is generally said in the hunt she would be quite in her element carrying the horn, Miss Clarke and Miss Bertha Clarke, always well mounted and who both go well, Mrs. Pollock, Mrs. T. G. Matthews, Mrs. George Matthews and Miss

Baker, whose performances merit more than this passing notice.

Both of the hunts of which I have written are noted for their hounds and their huntsmen. Of Lord Worcester I have already spoken, and of Will Dale, who now carries the horn when the Master is not hunting, any one who has been out in Lord Yarborough's country will know that he made a name when he was huntsman to the Brocklesby which marked him as one of the masters of the craft. Of the Badminton hounds so much has been said and written, that I need only refer to the fact that the celebrated strain of the late Lord Portsmouth's kennels is combined with the old blood of the Duke's pack, for in the sale of the Eggesford hounds, Lord Worcester and Sir Watkin Wynn bought the dog and bitch packs respectively.

The huntsman of the Fitzhardinge, though less widely known than Dale, holds a deservedly high reputation for the excellence of his kennel management. It is one of Rawle's sayings that during a frost the huntsman's work is harder than when the weather is open, for the hounds require so much work, and in these words lies the secret of his success. His hounds are brought out in the best of condition and in consequence they are so fast, that more than once during the present season, not one of the field has been able to live with them.

FRANCES E. SLAUGHTER.





*Painted by L. W. Smith.*

DEER-STALKING.

*[Engraved on wood by F. Ralbage.]*

# Animal Painters.\*

XLIX.—CHARLES HANCOCK.

BY SIR WALTER GILBEY, BART.

CHARLES HANCOCK was born about the year 1795; the exact date cannot now be ascertained, nor are there available any particulars concerning his antecedents, belongings and place of birth. As in the case of so many other British artists, Bryan's *Dictionary of Painters* and similar works are silent on the life and labours of the subject of this paper.

The acceptance of a picture for exhibition at the Royal Academy gives us our first clue, and shows that in 1819 Hancock, being then a young man of about 24 years, was residing at 55, St. James's Street. He won this first success with a portrait of *Mr. J. Hancock*, a near relation, no doubt, of his own. His name does not occur in the Royal Academy catalogue of the following year; but at the exhibition of 1821 we find him represented by *The Broken Teapot*, a title which suggests that his artistic tastes took first a direction domestic rather than sporting. At this time he was residing at Marlborough, in Wiltshire, and thenceforward until the year 1830 he would appear to have had no fixed abode: he dwelt sometimes at Marlborough, at Reading, and at High Wycombe, his London address being given as "Messrs. Tattersall's, Grosvenor Place," through which firm, by the way, his dwelling-place was always to be discovered.

Nine or ten years' residence in

country localities where sport, fox-hunting particularly, might be enjoyed, it was only in the natural order of things that Hancock should have contracted a taste for sport, and have left evidence of his proclivities in numerous pictures. Between the years 1819 and 1847 he exhibited at the Royal Academy the twenty-three works of which a list is appended; and though these no doubt include many of his best efforts, it is noteworthy that the portraits of race-horses which formed one of his specialities are not represented among them. He did not confine his exhibits to the Royal Academy; fifty-five paintings from his easel were shown at the British Institution, and forty-seven at the Suffolk Street exhibitions: he also contributed occasionally to other London galleries.

Though we find Hancock residing at Marlborough in 1821, it was not until 1825 that he turned his attention to animal subjects and sporting scenes. The first of such to call for notice was his portrait of the celebrated race-horse *Sir Hercules*, bred by, and the property of, Lord Longford. This horse, bred in Ireland in 1826, was sold in 1833 to go to America. The picture, which was painted for Lord Longford, was engraved in small size by Richard Parr. For Lord Berners, Hancock executed a portrait of his racehorse *Recovery*, foaled in 1827: this work was also engraved by Richard Parr. At one period of his career, indeed, it would seem that Charles Hancock was the

\* Under this heading will be continued monthly the series of brief articles connected with the lives of painters whose works appertain to animal life and sport and who lived between the years 1600 and 1860.

fashionable painter of winners; between the years 1835 and 1843 he painted portraits of the following:—

*Mundig*, winner of the Derby, 1835, for John Bowes, Esq. Scott is the jockey in the saddle. This portrait was engraved and published in a large size in colours by Rudolph Ackermann, of Regent Street, in September, 1835. Richard Parr also engraved a small plate from this portrait.

*Queen of Trumps*, winner of the Oaks and St. Leger, 1835, and one of the celebrated winning mares. This picture was engraved and published in colours by Rudolph Ackermann: the plate is of the same size as that from the portrait of *Mundig*.

*Glencoe*, bred by the Earl of Jersey in 1831: winner of the Royal Cup at Ascot in 1835. Painted in 1836, and engraved by E. Duncan; size of plate, 16½ inches by 12 inches: published in colours by Rudolph Ackermann in 1836.

*Bay Middleton*, winner of the Two Thousand and Derby, 1836. Engraved by E. Duncan; size of plate 16½ inches by 12 inches; published in colours by Rudolph Ackermann in 1836.

*Don John*, bred in 1835 by Lord Chesterfield; winner of the St. Leger, 1838. This portrait was engraved by E. Duncan; size of plate 16½ by 12 inches, and published in colours by Rudolph Ackermann in 1838.

*Coronation*, bred by Mr. Rawlinson; winner of the Derby, 1841. This picture was engraved in small size by E. Paterson.

*Satirist*, bred by Lord Westminster; winner of the St. Leger, 1841.

*Attila*, bred by Colonel Hancox; winner of the Derby, 1842.

*Our Nell*, bred by Mr. Dawson; winner of the Oaks, 1842.

*Blue Bonnet*, winner of the St. Leger, 1842.

*Cotherstone*, bred by John Bowes, Esq.; winner of the Two Thousand and Derby, 1843.

*Nutwith*, bred by Captain Wrather; winner of the St. Leger, 1843.

*Faugh-a-Ballagh*, bred in Ireland, and purchased in 1842 by E. J. Irwin, Esq.; winner of the St. Leger and Cesarewitch, 1844.

The portraits of *Satirist*, *Attila*, *Our Nell*, *Blue Bonnet*, *Cotherstone*, *Nutwith*, and *Faugh-a-Ballagh* were all engraved in small size by E. Hacker.

Hancock's abilities were recognised by the editor of the *New Sporting Magazine* before he painted any of the equine portraits mentioned above. The first plate from a picture by his brush appears in the volume for 1833, and among the more noteworthy paintings reproduced in the *Magazine* may be mentioned the following:—In Vol. 5 *The Fox*, painted in 1833 and engraved by Richard Parr. In Vol. 19 *Lion and Lioness*, engraved by H. Beckwith. In Vol. 20 *Marmion*, an Old English Bloodhound belonging to Lord William Beresford, the plate engraved by E. Paterson. In Vol. 22 *New Year's Moon*, gamekeepers of the olden time going out on their rounds; engraved by E. Paterson. In Vol. 29 *How Happy Could I be with Either*, a fox watching a couple of rabbits in the distance; engraved by J. R. Scott.

Examination of the *Sporting Magazine* of the time reveals many engravings from the artist's paintings. In Vol. 87 occurs *The War-rener's Enemy*, engraved by H. Beckwith. In Vol. 88 *Fox and Cubs*, also engraved by Beckwith. In Vol. 108 *The Compliments of the Season*, a brace of dead grouse, engraved by E. Hacker; and *I'm Looking at You*, a fox watching



partridges, engraved by J. Scott. In Vol. 109 *The Stalker's Home*, a cottage interior with dogs and a dead stag, engraved by E. Hacker. Hancock was evidently fond of painting foxes; a taste which need not surprise us in view of the possibilities afforded a clever artist by the beauty and character of the animal.

Chas. Hancock counted amongst his patrons the leading sportsmen of his day, and these were not only men known on the Turf. The following are a few of his numerous pictures which appeal to lovers of horse and hound and of the gun. Several of these were engraved:—

*Dos-a-Dos*: sleeping hounds huddled together; painted in 1833 and exhibited at the Gallery of the Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall. Also a *White Horse chased by Black Spaniels*. These pictures are described by a contemporary critic as "very clever."

*A Series of Heads of Sporting Dogs*, the joint work of A. Cooper, R.A., and Hancock, were engraved, bound, and published together in book form (royal folio) by Harding and King, London, in 1833. The engraving of a *Foxhound* and *Bloodhound* by Hancock were also engraved.

*The Widow* represents a young widow seated in her late husband's arm-chair with a large hound by her side. This picture was engraved, and was published by Harding and King in 1833.

In 1832 Charles Hancock exhibited two pictures at the British Institution: one, *The Keeper going his Rounds*, was described thus, "A very spirited and talented production; the eagerness of the terriers as they watch their master's movements is admirably depicted." Of the other, *A Fox on the Watch*, the critic says, "It has

been purchased by Sir M. W. Ridley, and an old master of hounds told us he thought it was the best likeness of a fox he had ever seen." Sir M. White Ridley was himself Master of the Morpeth Hounds at this time. The opinion of the old M. F. H. was therefore borne out in the most practical form possible by Sir M. W. Ridley's purchase of the picture.

In 1834 he painted *Lord Middleton, his Spaniels and Pony*. This portrait was engraved by W. Giller and "sold by C. Hancock at Messrs. Tattersall's, Grosvenor Place; Hodgson, Boys & Graves, Pall Mall; and Rudolph Ackermann, Regent Street." The *New Sporting Magazine* for June, 1835 (Vol. 9) contains the following remarks on this work, which was engraved for reproduction in the pages of that serial:

It is with feelings of regret that we prefix the word "late" to the name of the principal subject in this picture, who is admirably represented in the bloom of health, seated beneath an ancient tree in his park, surrounded by his beautiful red and white spaniels (allowed to be the finest breed in England) to the number of seven couple, with his gun, keeper, and shooting pony in the background. Lord Middleton, as our readers have been informed by the daily prints, expired at his seat, Wollaton House, Notts, on the 19th ult., in the 75th year of his age. He was one of the oldest, keenest, and best sportsman this country ever saw, following with unabated ardour to the last whatever sport the revolving year brought round. The painting from which this engraving is taken was done last year, and we spoke of it at the time we saw it in Mr. Hancock's studio in terms of high panegyric. The likeness of his lordship is admirable, and in looking upon it we cannot but regret that so many noble spirits depart from us without leaving any such memento. The picture is highly creditable to the talents of the very rising artist by whom it was painted; nor must we withhold our meed of praise from Mr. Giller for the able manner in which the plate is executed.

The expression "very rising artist" was never more happily

used, as that year saw the beginning of Hancock's vogue as a painter of the best racehorses of the time.

In 1835 the artist painted *Tally-ho!* the picture of a fox breaking covert. This was engraved by Beckwith and Duncan, and published by Rudolph Ackermann.

In 1836 he painted a portrait of *George Baker, Esq., on his Favourite old Mare*. This was engraved by W. Giller, size of plate 21 inches by 18½ inches. It was published by Ackermann. "Mr. Baker, of Elenore Hall, in the County of Durham"—*vide the New Sporting Magazine*—"has been a gentleman jockey, an owner of racehorses, a master of foxhounds, a member of Parliament, an amateur in the fine arts—in short, he is a thoroughbred British sportsman."

Hancock's services were also in request as an illustrator of books. *The Sportsman's Annual* (Royal Folio), published in 1836 by A. H. Bailey and Co., of Cornhill, and R. B. King, of Monument Yard, London, contains plates from pictures by Sir Edwin Landseer, Abraham Cooper, R.A., and Charles Hancock. If a man's work may be known, as we are told the man himself may be known "by the company he keeps," nothing is wanting to prove the merit of this artist, whose paintings we thus find with those of the first masters of the day. Hancock was represented in the book by engravings from his pictures of a *Foxhound* and a *Bloodhound*, drawn on stone and executed by Thomas Fairland.

*Sporting, Illustrative of British Field Sports*, edited by Nimrod, also a Royal Folio, and published by A. H. Baily and Co., contains plates from pictures by T. Gainsborough, R.A., Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., Abraham Cooper,

R.A., J. F. Lewis and William Barraud. Hancock's pictures are *The Warrener*, engraved by R. Parr; *The Gamekeeper*, engraved by W. A. Scott; *Rat Hunting*, engraved by T. S. Engleheart; *Thorngrove and Sir Hercules*, two racehorses, engraved by H. Beckwith; and *Deer-stalking*, engraved by W. Greatbach.

The literary contributors to this work speak highly of Hancock's skill in delineating animal life and of his ability in grouping his subject pictures.

In 1838 he painted *The Young Falconers*, an engraving from which picture, executed by H. Beckwith, was reproduced in Vol. 9 of *The Sportsman*.

The plate from *Deer-stalking* which accompanies the present brief account of the artist's work, shows Hancock's talent for judicious and artistic grouping. As a painter of animals he possessed rare abilities, the examples of his work to which reference has been made indicate the breadth of his scope, but his greatest successes were undoubtedly achieved in portraying animals which are connected with or provide sport.

No record exists to show the exact date of Charles Hancock's death. His active career as a painter can be traced from 1819 to 1847, the period during which he contributed to the Royal Academy, but there is reason to believe that he attained the age of sixty, in which case it would seem that his brush and palette lay idle in his later years.

List of 23 Pictures exhibited in the Royal Academy by Charles Hancock:—

- |       |   |
|-------|---|
| Year. |   |
| 1819  | <i>Portrait of Mr. J. Hancock.</i>  |
| 1821  | <i>The Broken Teapot.</i>   |
| 1825  | <i>Landscape and Cattle.</i>  |
| 1828  | (2) <i>Horse and Dogs</i> , the property of the Marquis of Aylesbury— <i>Horses</i> , the property of the Marquis of Aylesbury. |

- Year.  
 1830 *Horses in a Thunderstorm*, the property of D. Duncombe, Esq.  
 1832 *Scotch Terrier Chasing a Rabbit*.  
 1833 *Cashmere*, the property of P. Dauncey, Esq.  
 1834 (2) *A Fox's Head—Chloe*, the property of Miss Webster.  
 1835 *The Last Struggle*.  
 1836 *Portraits of two Gentlemen Deer-stalking in Falah Forest*.  
 1838 (2) *Jack Caton and Barra*, the property of the Earl of Hillsborough—*Blenheim Spaniels*, the property of Captain Watson.

- Year.  
 1840 *Robert Burns*.  
 "And stood with his hand on the plough  
 and his heart with the Muse."  
*Vide Allan Cunningham's "Life of Burns," vol. i., p. 19.*  
 1841 (3) *Portraits of a Setter and Spaniels*, the property of Captain Watson—*Portraits of three Horses*, the property of Viscount Castlereagh—*Equestrian Portraits of Miss Bevan and Richard Lee Bevan, Esq.*, by R. W. Buss and Charles Hancock.  
 1842 *The Hounds are Late this Morning*.  
 1843 *Animals*, the property of Thomas Hancock, Esq.  
 1846 (2) *The Grey Dam—Common and Sunday at their Every-day Work*.  
 1847 *Scene in the Forester's Home*.

## Some Old Irish Hunting Notes.

ONE cannot help lamenting that so comparatively little Irish hunting history has been given in print, for the eminently sport-loving inhabitants of the Green Isle must have a great history to tell. One can scarcely imagine them ever divorced from horse and hound, and in districts where money was not plentiful, many of the hunting establishments must have been carried on in a more primitive fashion even than obtained in England. To-day Ireland is a happy hunting ground. The land has not been so hard as on this side of St. George's Channel; there is "much grass in the place;" mange among foxes is all but unknown; foxes abound, and pretty well every man, woman and child is a fox-hunter at heart, while the excellence of the Irish hunter is in everybody's mouth, and what Horse Show can compare with that at Balls Bridge? We have some very good ones over here, but where do we find the same strength of hunter classes as at the Dublin Show?

We may be sure that hunting in

Ireland and Irish hunters did not spring into existence all at once, in fact, hunting in Ireland can be traced back quite as far as it can in England; while so far as can be ascertained the first point-to-point steeplechase, that is to say, the first steeplechase ever known was run in Ireland.

If that most readable author, Charles Lever, called the Galway Blazers "dogs," and if he made Charles O'Malley dig his spurs into "the Backer" with needless frequency, he has at any rate given us a vivid picture of the enthusiasm which held the followers of the Galway Hounds. The Galway Squire was of the oldest and most genuine stock; he was "a great sportsman, a negligent father, a most lawless farmer; he looked upon a fox as an infinitely more precious part of the creation than a French Governess, and thought that riding well with hounds was a far better gift than all the learning of a Porson." The description of the Galway Squire's daughters is in some respects complimentary, in others the reverse.

At any rate they were after the Squire's own heart—"the best tempered, least educated, most high spirited, gay, dashing, and ugly girls in the country—ready to ride over a four-foot paling without a saddle and to dance 'The Wind that Shakes the Barley' for four consecutive hours, against all the officers that their hard fate and the Horse Guards ever condemned to Galway."

That hard riding was not unknown prior to the publication of Charles O'Malley, in 1840, is clear from the description of the run in which the hero and Capt. Hammersley took part. They rode like fiends, and though in his attempts to oust the Captain, Charles O'Malley came to grief over the park wall, he had his revenge at the second fence "its breadth about twenty feet, and a wall of close brickwork formed its face." At this formidable obstacle, cleared by Charles O'Malley on a more than half-blown horse, down came the supercilious Captain and his English hunter had to be shot.

Charles Lever's spirited, if not invariably technically correct fiction, was but reflex of the sport enjoyed in Ireland during his time. In its best days which may have been in the late "twenties" and early "thirties," there flourished in County Clare upwards of twenty-one packs of hounds, including beagles, harriers, fox-hounds and buckhounds. In the year 1840 there were but two packs. Clare was long ago described as a very difficult country to hunt over, by reason of the formidable nature of its fences. Where they were not close together the fields ranged from seven to nine acres, and were divided one from another by drains varying from nine to nineteen feet in width, a district which would remind the English sportsman of

Holderness or the margin of the Severn. This portion of Clare has in that part situate about seven miles from Limerick, about five miles of low lying ground, running along the banks of the river Shannon, and which had been banked out from it. But it was all grass; not a sign of the plough was to be seen. Whether any fox-hounds hunted the district I cannot tell, but Mr. Studdert's "large beagles" hunted bucks over it with considerable success.

In many ways, worthy Mr. Studdert appears to have been an ideal master of hounds. He was a keen sportsman, but he had one fault—he was too lenient with his field, and did not keep the thrusters in order; at least, so it was said. "A young fool on a crack-brained horse"—what a combination—wrote a chronicler of the time, "rode over one of his favourite dogs and lamed him for life." What would Tom Duffield, once Master of the Old Berkshire have said? What would have been the utterances of Lord Giffard in similar circumstances? Mr. Studdert, however, apparently subscribing to the fullest extent to the doctrine that every master of hounds should be able to afford a hound a day, merely ejaculated that "boys will be boys," a meek way of putting things, surely. This amiable gentleman was said, as soon as his hounds were laid on, to have virtually handed them over to the tender mercies of his field and to have posed as a visitor rather than as master. Nevertheless, he was always at hand to see what went on, for he was a bold horseman, and possessed a remarkable bay horse, which he used to turn or lead over places which were too big to jump. On one occasion his hounds turned out of a road which was bounded by a wall five feet and a half high at least on the

taking off side and seven feet on the other, yet this was no stopper for Mr. Studdert, who just slipped off his horse, turned him over the obstacle and then scrambled over himself.

The foxhounds of the County were kept by Mr. MacMahon, of Fergrove, a gentleman who had been High Sheriff of the County, and who hunted as much of County Clare as horses could cross. These hounds appear to have been originally started as a subscription pack; Mr. MacMahon and a few sportsmen round about Thadaree being the chief supporters, for it was in that small portion of the County that sportsmen congregated. Possibly the little band were too keen, and spent more money than they should have done in the prosecution of their sport; at any rate funds diminished and the hounds were given up, and there was a short interval until Mr. MacMahon came forward by himself; obtained some hounds from the Quorn, then under Lord Suffield, and from Colonel Lowther and resuscitated the country. Mr. MacMahon who scaled about 15 stone, owned, like his buck-hunting contemporary, a somewhat notable horse, which stood barely more than fifteen hands, yet this *multum in parvo* carried his owner for ten years over a very big and difficult country without giving him a fall. After his hounds had run for about five miles without a check, Mr. MacMahon rode the gallant little horse at a park wall, taking off from a convenient mound and landing on some rough stones, yet the well practised hunter never put a foot wrong, so it appears as though Irish hunters always had a character for cleverness and a leg to spare.

In addition having a somewhat notable horse, Mr. MacMahon appears to have owned a somewhat

extraordinary hound, Forester by name, who had been with the pack for about a year. He is described as being well bred and good looking, but seems to have been utterly useless in the field. His favourite place was at the heels of the huntsman's horse, while hounds were drawing, and when they ran Forester did not care to pack with the others. In these circumstances the huntsman determined to do away with him, as he seemed to care nothing about foxes, but he one day retrieved his character in a rather remarkable manner. The pack were drawing a covert at Glanomera which was very thick, and like a good judge Forester preferred to wait upon the road instead of scratching himself to pieces with thick underwood. The fox in due course left the covert and crossed the road, *en route* for a plantation on the other side, but he came so close to Forester that the usually apathetic hound felt constrained to have a snap at him, and this awakened his dormant powers. He nipped over the wall after the fox, ran him into covert, hustled him up and down, and was presently joined by the pack, though not before he had forced the fox to break at the far end of the covert. This was quite a sudden conversion, for as the hounds hit off the line, the once despised Forester kept ahead of the other hounds and was the first to get hold of the fox at the end of a very fast sixteen minutes, and in consequence of this performance his death sentence was commuted.

Among other good men who rode to Mr. MacMahon's hounds was Mr. Burton-Bindon, proprietor of the famous Burr Oyster Banks. Not only was Mr. Bindon a bold horseman, but he was greatly given to hospitality, and on the owner of the hounds once meeting

at his house, Cleney, there were upwards of five-and-twenty men in pink, without counting blacks and mufti sitting around his dining room table. This hunt breakfast was given on the most liberal scale, for besides any amount of flesh and fowl "rale Burren's bivalves, much superior to your natives" were supplied in profusion, for Mr. Bindon was not ashamed of his shop. All kinds of wine stood upon the table, and there was "punch in milk-pails!" The guests were expected to drink this compound out of tumblers, for one of the guests left it on record that after a most substantial meal Mr. Bindon pressed him to take a "horse load of oysters and another tumbler of punch." The only other pack of hounds kept in County Clare at that time belonged to Mr. Hickman of Kilmore. They were a good pack and were well hunted, but as their country lay in a sparsely inhabited district very few save the natives saw much of the hounds.

So far as I can make out there was a kind of club established in connection with the Clare Hounds, and Mr. Crocker of Ballineguard, who presented his fine pack of hounds to the County, founded the County of Limerick Hunt Club, in honour of which some bard composed a song, the two following verses being a sample :—

An Irishman I am, so I'll sing of a *Club*  
Where the members are jolly without any  
    hubbub,  
And right joyfully ever agree  
To pass away time with a glass and a glee.  
Oh, there was eating, and drinking, and  
    joking,  
Laughing and clapping and smoking,  
And nothing at all, boys, provoking,  
The night I got into the Club.

The members that compose this jolly club,  
Like some fond manmas, take care of a  
    cub;  
Who, when he comes to a stronger estate,  
Cuts them round as a hoop, oh, what an  
    ingrate!

For he's off at the very first call, boys,  
While not caring a hang for a fall, boys,  
After him, then, one and all, boys,  
Go the lads that belong to our Club.

Worthy Mr. Croker not only gave the hounds, but a handsome subscription as well, while the Club opened the season at Rath Keale with a dinner; and, at one of these feasts, Mr. Croker, in putting forth the advantages of Limerick as a fox-hunting county, mentioned what was then a fact, viz., that the gentlemen of the county never met except on the Grand Jury at the time of the Assizes, when every man's knowledge of the roads was local only, and their acquaintance with each other was so slight, as a rule, that they were often the prey of the road jobbers from want of previous information on the subject. If, however, said Mr. Croker, the gentlemen of the county joined the club, a different state of things would prevail, as sportsmen possessing similar inclinations became quickly acquainted, and although he knew that he was surrounded by as hard riding a set of men as could be found in Ireland, he hoped that they would travel by the roads to fixtures in different parts of the county, so that they would have an opportunity of surveying them, and thus be enabled to check any attempt at extortion.

A good many different reasons have been given from time to time for the establishment of hounds and hunt clubs; but that urged by Mr. Croker is surely one of the most curious, though at the same time one of the most practical. The fact, however, of the country gentlemen never meeting save in the capacity of Grand Jurors throws a good deal of light upon the few facilities for travel early in the century, while it says something for the badness of the roads.

At any rate, the hunt and hunt

club were established from that hour. Mr. Croker lived to see it a flourishing institution before he "went to his last Covert." At the time of the dinner it will be remembered Mr. Croker had given up the hounds and presented them to the county, and the new "manager"—this title obtained in Ireland as well as in England—was Mr. Gerald Blennerhasset, of Riddlestown, an excellent sportsman, and like his countrymen in general much given to hospitality. Fox-hunting, with all the latest improvements, was not long in taking root, and as the taste for it spread residents on the eastern side of the country bought and planted coverts and joined the hunt, while as Mr. Blennerhasset's house was not sufficiently central for the united country, Croom, about nine miles from Limerick was decided to be the best place for the kennels, and on the change being made, Mr. Blennerhasset resigned to Mr. George Fosberry, of Curragh Bridge, a rich man who brought to bear upon his duties the experience of thirty years with that fine sportsman Sir John Power. The new kennels at Croom were due to the energy and liberality of Col. Vandeleur, who it was said, "built the kennel while half the club were deliberating." The new kennels were in every way a success, and in no Irish establishment was there less lameness.

Mr. George Gubbins, too, the treasurer of the Hunt, put his pack into the business, securing the Belvoir and Cottesmore drafts; but some of the home-bred hounds did not turn out well, as among the new arrivals was Freeman, own brother to Mr. Osbaldeston's noted Furrier. He was used as a stud dog; but was said to be a complete failure, as his get were inveterate hare-hunters and "no good for a second fox." An anti-

dote was at hand, however, in the shape of the Belvoir Hermit, and Cottesmore Awdrey blood, and by degrees the pack was built up until by the year 1840, the kennel contained thirty couples of shapely dark-tan hounds standing about 23 inches in height, and from all accounts redounding to the skill and attention of Mr. Fosberry.

Foxes appear to have been well preserved, as during the season 1838-1839, the hounds experienced one blank day only, and killed 24 brace of foxes, while 15 brace were brought to hand by January in the season following. Patrick Connell was huntsman at that time, and besides being a capital hand in the field, was said to bring out his hounds in "a good and cleanly manner."

Mr. Fosberry at the age of 62, was equal to any amount of fatigue and rode well to his hounds. Many years before he had kept a pack of buck-hounds at Castle Oliver, County Cork, and on his horse Capt. Wattle had won a good many races. Like Anthony Trollope, Mr. Fosberry was troubled with defective vision, and like the author of "Barchester Towers," jumped many places the size of which was unknown to him. He used to have a glass in his cap, and another on his hunting crop; but this twofold precaution did not suffice to keep him out of danger. "I hate your beautifully trained horses," was one of his favourite expressions, and he was as often as not seen on the back of some thoroughbred with an indifferent mouth; but he was invariably with the hounds whatever he might be riding. Among his stud, however, was at least one confidential mount, a fifteen-hand horse named Tom Tit, possessed of great pace and wonderful jumping powers. He appears to have been thoroughbred, by Trunnion out of Bess,

and many were the good offers made to his owner for him.

A fact just now mentioned was that Mr. Fosberry was a man of great endurance, and this was attributable to the care he took of himself, and to his temperate habits, and when he was well on towards his sixtieth year, he came to the conclusion that riding to hounds did not afford sufficient exercise to keep him in health, so after having been for about ten hours in the saddle he would exchange his hunting-boots for shoes and start forth on what he would designate "a little walk," while on non-hunting days he would mount one of his horses and hack over to Castle Oliver, something like twenty miles distant, and after looking over his farms would ride back in time for dinner.

This mode of life did not commend itself to the ideas of Mr. Fosberry's huntsman, who one day sought out one of his master's old friends, and asked him to use his influence with Mr. Fosberry not to go "hacking himself" about, riding the roads, looking at farms, indulging in "nonsense of that kind." He suggested instead that on "blank days" (*i.e.* non-hunting days) the master should sit snugly by the fire, read *Bell's Life* and the *Limerick Chronicle*, and in short devote himself to what some one called "literary pursuits." Good Mr. Fosberry, indeed, appears to have been the beau ideal of an Irish country gentleman—courteous, hospitable and an excellent sportsman. Even more than half a century ago he realised the fact that in the comparatively unfrequented district over which he hunted it was possible for hunting men to commit needless damage, against which he warmly protested; politics he excluded, and was for many reasons looked up to by all sorts and conditions of men.

Very valued assistance to the master was rendered by Mr. George Gubbins, of Milltown House, the secretary of the hunt, and Mr. Edward Green, of Green Mount, who was known as "The Collector," and both are honoured in the Limerick Hunt Song, to which reference has already been made, in these words:—

There's Ned Green and George Gubbins,  
who in street and in field,  
Attack you so stoutly that at once you must  
yield ;  
And while one swears we're run to the end  
of our sockets,  
The other takes a dash of two shills at our  
pockets ;  
So Good-morrow he cheerfully cries, boys,  
Two shillings I think the scent lies, boys,  
Many thanks and then away flies, boys,  
The turnpike lad of our club.

Mr. Gubbins appears all through to have doubled the parts of secretary and collector of hounds, for he made another journey to England, returning to Ireland with some recruits from the Belvoir and Badminton kennels. Mr. Green, who looked after the subscriptions, was one of the earliest and staunchest supporters of the Hunt, and when the banks refused to grant a further overdraft came to the fore with a lump sum down and relieved the Hunt from further anxiety. Both Mr. Croker and Mr. Green, however, found it difficult to obtain horses equal to carrying their seventeen stone or more as they deserved to be carried, so eventually they contented themselves with driving to the fixtures on their coach and four; both were excellent coachmen, and Mr. Croker's team of greys was much admired in the days of the B. D. C. in England.

Another prominent member of the Limerick Hunt Club was Mr. George Leake of Rath Keale Abbey. About the year 1838 a young man described as "a young scion of nobility" (but



whose identity is not revealed), was quartered in Newcastle (Co. Limerick), and gradually struck up a warm friendship with Mr. Leake, who often mounted him when his stud ran short. Hunting was not to be had every day, so by way of passing the time the young officer sought to amuse himself by buying sucking pigs. These he would fatten on cream and when they had reached the proper size they met their end, and their owner used to issue invitations for what he termed "pig parties." A friend of Mr. Leake's being about to ride a horse of his own at the Newcastle (Limerick) races, invited Mr. Leake to breakfast with him at his hotel, and he agreed to do so, but remarked that he was grieving very much over the fact that his dear friend, the young scion of nobility before referred to was ordered on service, and was to leave on the next day. On the breakfast appearing Mr. Leake (whose own cuisine was very good according to the standard of that time), took exception to the appearance of the chops which formed part of the meal, and volunteered to give the girl who brought up the dishes a lesson in the art of cooking a chop. He sent her down for one uncooked, and on taking it from her gravely explained that a chop should be in perpetual motion while cooking until it was placed upon the dish. While he was engaged in giving the girl an object lesson, the young officer entered the room to bid adieu to his oft-time host and to express his sorrow at having to go. Mr. Leake who was absorbed in his culinary operations made some curt remark, whereupon the soldier left at once. When the cooking of the chop was at last completed and it was smoking on the plate, Mr. Leake asked his

host who had come into the room. On being told that Lord B. had come to say good-bye, Mr. Leake remarked, "Well I am glad that he has left in that manner, I can't endure taking leave of anybody I like, and he was one of the best fellows I ever met." Then, laying his hand on his host's shoulder he said in a solemn tone, "I challenge the British Army to show me his equal; there is not one in the service, from the Duke of Wellington to the 'duck-legged drummer' either officer or private who could *fatten a pig with him!*"

In hunting, as in other matters, history repeats itself, for as long ago as the thirties we find the silent system referred to under that name. One of its most thorough exponents was Mr. Westropp, who hunted hares with a pack of dwarf fox-hounds in the county of Limerick, and a description of this gentleman's operations about seventy years ago is worth reproducing now.

"The moment the hounds come to a check, Mr. Westropp, who is always up, sits still upon his horse and makes no sign; gives no holloa . . . Instead of looking to the huntsman to cast for them, and waiting for him to recover the hare, each hound makes use of his natural instincts, and it is only when they have made all their own casts and failed, that Mr. Westropp ever interferes with them. The father of the silent system, however, appears to have been a Mr. Parsons, at whose feet sat Mr. Westropp aforesaid, and Mr. Kelly, of Ballynanty, who kept a good pack of fox-hounds, most of which he obtained from his father-in-law, Mr. Roche. The above-named gentlemen were all members of the Limerick Hunt Club, and so were Messrs. Shine and Massy, both of whom kept packs of beagles of the large

Kerry kind, and found sport for their friends and neighbours when the foxhounds were too far off, or on days on which they did not hunt. Mr. Shine used to make it a practice to turn out a buck once a month, and capital runs were enjoyed.

It seems that it was not until late in the "twenties" that the pack now known as the Meath received that designation. It was originally called the Clongilley Hunt, and the huntsman was the veteran John Grennan, who hunted the Kildare when kept by Sir Phenton Aylmer. I have found a note to the effect that the hunt changed names and masters very frequently, but eventually came under the rule of Mr. Waller, and then there came a lull in the many changes when Mr. James Hopkins, a fine sportsman, took the country. Under his judicious management they became a large pack, and are said to have quite complied with the modern demand for "bone, bone down to the feet." After Mr. Hopkins's retirement Sir C. Dillon, Mr. Thomson, and Mr. Waller, Junr., had respectively a turn at Mastership, and then they came into the hands of Mr. Pollock who was a great success.

Mention was made just now of the Kildare Hounds which always stood high in Ireland, and are a very ancient pack, having been founded about 1750; but who was then master I have not been able to ascertain; but subsequently they had for their masters Mr. Conolly, Mr. Ponsonby, Sir Phenton Aylmer aforesaid, and Sir John Kennedy. The last named hunted the country for nearly if not quite thirty years, giving up in 1838, and handing over to his successors, the Messrs. La Touche, a very level and excellent pack of hounds,

matching not only in size and colour, but also in pace, Sir John having by judicious heading and tailing brought them nearly to the same pace. There were, however, two or three exceptions to the usual tan, and they arose in the case of the blood of Syntax, and his lemon colour showed itself in his descendants. Sir John Kennedy, who rode saddle and all under twelve stone, was a very hard man over a country, and had a splendid voice and a good ear. He appears to have hunted the bounds himself, and he was well seconded by James Bryne his first whipper-in, but when the latter was promoted to the huntsman's post he turned out rather a failure, but he is not by any means the only man who as a huntsman failed to give the same satisfaction which he had done in the lower position. He, however, improved as time went on, and in the Messrs. La Touche had two excellent masters, who though new to the cares of office, knew all about hunting, for they had served a long apprenticeship under Sir John Kennedy. On one of the last days of Sir John's mastership, the 3rd April, 1858, the hounds found in Blackwater covert a fox which they pulled down in the middle of a green field of fifty Irish acres opposite the gate of Mr. Drake of Roriston, Co. Meath. There was not the semblance of a check all the way, and the fox made a good ten-mile point. The sun was bright and hot, the ground as dry as a bone and prior to a start being made people were predicting that hounds would not be able to run a yard. Sir John Kennedy smiled and replied, "I never yet saw the day too fine for foxhounds." That 3rd of April certainly was not.

W. C. A. B.

# Hunting Sonnets.

## I. CUB-HUNTING.

THE morning woods are still, the October haze  
 Mellows the glory of the red-gold trees,  
 Casting their wealth upon each autumn breeze,  
 Past the summer glory; gone the spring's amaze.  
 Where the green roadways widen to my feet  
 I stand and wait. When swift a fox and light  
 Crosses before me, with a new affright  
 In every limb so clean and lithe and fleet.  
 Hark! Hark! the joyous harmony of hounds  
 Rings thro' the wood; the echoes of the horn  
 Give back shrill answer; with heart-stirring sounds  
 And eager cries the silences are torn.  
 Look how the youngsters with their elders strive  
 Hover a moment, then chiming forward drive.

## II. THE OPENING DAY.

ALIVE the gorse with twinkling stems that flash  
 Like smiles of sunlight on a summer sea.  
 Hounds seek the haunts of outlaws brave and free,  
 See for his line how keen they drive; And dash  
 The dew-gemmed gossamer from every bush.  
 Now here and there a doubtful challenge rings,  
 Then grows the chorus, till mad music brings  
 A thrill to every heart. Now falls a hush.  
 Till from the further side a holloa shrill,  
 Sets the blood coursing through both man and steed.  
 Filled with one hope, moved by a single will  
 Forgot each care, and sordid earthy need.  
 Hounds fly together, forrard hoics away,  
 For Merrie England and our opening day.

## III. THE RUN.

AFAR the dark woods fringe the distant hill,  
 Ribbed pastures rolling wide and grey and green,  
 Great fences threat'ning frown and lie between  
 Us and the pack, now racing to a kill.  
 A small dark speck, with ever lessening pace  
 Labouring to reach the still far distant slope.  
 There lies the earth, where centres all his hope  
 To win his life, the prize of that grim race  
 Silent he strives, silent the hounds pursue  
 Swinging o'er fences with a sweeping stride  
 Silent we go, a chosen band and few  
 Reckless of danger in that glorious ride.  
 Where are the moments that can equal this?  
 Ambition's *tuum pds*, or the lover's kiss?

## IV. THE CHECK.

SEE the hounds falter, hover, and swing round  
 Returning on their footsteps to cast back.  
 Eager and full of hope; then slow and slack  
 Losing the scent where sheep have foiled the ground.  
 As when a man lost fortune to regain  
 Strives bravely, full of courage and resource;  
 Then with delay and checks he loses force,  
 Strives less and less as hope begins to wane.  
 So they. The huntsman in their direst need,  
 Comes to the rescue and to try fresh ground  
 With whistle soft he seeks the pack to lead  
 And with low voice he cheers each baffled hound  
 One fractious, lifts a doubtful voice and low,  
 Boldly they answer, forrard, on they go.

## V. THE DEATH.

DRAGGLED his brush and black his coat with mire,  
 His back is arched, his limbs are stiffening fast,  
 His tongue hangs out, each breath is like his last.  
 His pace grows slow, his keen eyes lose their fire,  
 O'er his doomed head chatters the coward pie  
 That taunts his woe. Swifter his foes than he.  
 At every stride they gain. His plight they see  
 Now every hackle's up, now shrill their cry!  
 The long sought refuge seeming gets so near,  
 A vision sweet before him now doth rise.  
 But soon his heart thrills with a deathly fear,  
 The home he longs for mocks his failing eyes  
 Turning his head to meet the unequal strife,  
 Springs on his foes and ends his gallant life.

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## Prince Blücher.

IT is with no small satisfaction that we present to our readers this month a portrait of a most keen and accomplished continental sportsman, namely, Prince Blücher. A short biographical account of the Prince may too at the present time be of special interest to English sportsmen, seeing that he has quite recently been paying a visit to this country, and that even more lately the accounts of his chamois hunting parties in Austria have aroused much interest. With Count Schaffgotche

—who is quite a modern Nimrod—and Sir Claude de Crespigny as his companions, the Prince last August enjoyed some really remarkable sport in his chamois hunting-ground in Salzburg. The party commenced their sporting expedition among the roebuck in the park and forest about Radun and the wild fowl of the river Oder. Later on they turned their attention to the more exciting and adventurous sport of chamois hunting to which the Austrian and German Emperors



PRINCE BLÜCHER.



and King Humbert have addressed themselves with such enthusiasm. The sport was somewhat marred by misty and otherwise unfavourable weather, and rendered very dangerous on one occasion by an avalanche which, had it not been engulfed before reaching them, might have immersed any one of the guns; nevertheless, the party in the course of five days managed to account for 46 head, out of which, by the way, 14 fell to the English gun, whose record thus surpasses the German Emperor's. Chamois hunting above the line of the eternal snow is indeed a sport for kings, having about it a glamour which perhaps attaches to few other hazardous pastimes with gun or rifle. Nor is it, as the game-keepers of the Austrian Emperor and of Prince Blücher—whose preserves are nearly contiguous—could tell, one which can be pursued without risk to the lives and limbs of others besides the sportsmen themselves. The Prince's keepers have of recent years been more than once engaged in affrays with chamois poachers, in which desperate blows have been struck on both sides. Short shrift is the order of the day in these encounters among pursuers as well as pursued. The snow-white chamois mountains cover tales at least as tragic as those of the Matterhorn and Mont Blanc.

Gebhard Lebrecht, Prince Blücher von Wahlstatt, was born on March 18th, 1836, at the castle of Radun in Austrian Silesia. Nineteen years later he entered the First Regiment of Dragoons of the Guard after passing his examinations in Prussia and qualifying for the German universities. A few months afterwards he was promoted an officer, and in the spring of 1857 we find him military attaché to the Prussian

Legation in Vienna. He joined his regiment again for the mobilization in 1859, quitted the service in the same year, and travelled through several countries in the East and South of Europe. In 1860 he married his first wife, the Princess Ferdinand Lobkowitz, and settled down to live at the castle of Stauding, one of his family estates in Austrian Silesia. In 1860, however, he joined the Prussian Army voluntarily, and was appointed first lieutenant in the Regiment of the Cuirassiers of the Guard by special order of His Majesty King William I. The Prince joined his regiment at Brieg in Austria, which was at the time engaged on active service at Staletz and Jaromirsch. He rejoined the army of the Crown Prince at Königinhof, and fought with his regiment in the battle of Königgratz, for which he received a special decoration. In 1866 he left the service, and spent the next few years between his castle of Stauding and Berlin. The Prince lost his first wife, who died of consumption, in 1870. He devoted himself for some time to the education of the three sons and two daughters she had borne him. His father—the only male descendant of the celebrated Prussian Field Marshal Prince Blücher von Wahlstatt, hereditary member of the House of Lords in Prussia—dying about this time, he succeeded to the entailed estates of Krieblowitz and Wahlstatt in Prussia.

Both Prince and Princess Blücher are well known to many English people, as they have paid more than one visit to this country. The Prince, it may be remembered, opened the German Exhibition at Earl's Court some years ago, and was its first Honorary President. The Princess, his

third wife, whom he married in May, 1895, is the second daughter of Prince William Radziwill.

Radun is perhaps the favourite residence of the Prince. It contains some valuable pictures, and several priceless Napoleonic relics. Prince Blücher is known as a fine swimmer, and a dead shot; a hundred chamois have fallen to his rifle. Many are the tales his friends have to tell of his prowess with gun and rifle. For instance, for a small bet when shooting in Northern Prussia, he once killed 13 head of game without a miss, handicapped though he was by being equipped in the cuirass of a brother-officer in the Cuirassiers of the Guard, who was a much bigger man than himself, and whose armour was consequently a great impediment. He takes an interest in pisciculture, and in the acclimatisation of foreign animals on his estates. The ponds near Radun and Stauding are full of fish of various kinds, among others being some fine char; whilst on the island of Herm, which was purchased from the British Government, the kangaroo has been successfully reared. On the Prince's various estates, several of which came to him through his mother, who was born the Countess Larisch-Moenich, a regular feudal system

practically still obtains, and there is very little of that freedom to which we have long been accustomed here. And yet, however repugnant the ideas and principles of feudalism may seem to the average nineteenth century Englishman, there can be little doubt that the system, even as practised here in the Middle Ages, was not without its good side. Indeed, there are historians who even to-day dare to assert that it is debatable whether the field and farm labourer of the nineteenth is on the whole better off in all respects than his remote ancestors of, say, the twelfth century. However this may be, it is certain that the good peasants on Radun and the other family estates find a good lord in Prince Blücher. Many of his present retainers' ancestors have served under his own ancestors for quite two hundred years—a record of which both sides may well be proud.

Shooting is decidedly the favourite sport of Prince Blücher, but he is now by no means a believer in the big wholesale *battue* as the one form of sport worth following. He reserves his place in Kriebowitz for show game, such as hares, partridges, and water-fowl, while Ferleiten is set apart for the chamois.

## The Emperor of Elba.

Most people know something of Napoleon's great campaigns, of his vast administrative genius, which not only completely reorganised France in laws, manufactures and public works after she had been shattered by the convulsion of the Revolution, but placed the greater part of civilised Europe under one system of gov-

ernment, supplying revenues and armies to the conquering nation. The story of the long martyrdom at St. Helena, where the life of the caged lion ebbed away in misery and insult, has often been told and has excited pity and possibly some shame, but there are few records of the ten months during which Napoleon was Emperor of the



little isle of Elba after the abdication of Fontainebleau. The records of many matters have lately appeared, however, regarding that period which, if they do not show the great adventurer himself in a very different light from that in which we have been accustomed to regard him, certainly tell a tale of savage malignancy, of meanness and want of good faith little creditable to the powers whose diplomatic representatives were assembled at the Congress of Vienna.

At the conclusion of the famous campaign of 1814 in France, the most magnificent effort of military genius that the world has ever seen, Napoleon's fortunes were crushed for the time and the sceptre fell from his grasp; but, worse than defeat, worse than the loss of empire, the wounds that rankled most sorely in his mind were caused by the defection, ingratitude and baseness of the men whom he had made, whom he had loaded with benefits and whom he had counted upon as friends. As he said "It is not the loss of a throne that makes existence insupportable. My military career furnishes sufficient glory for one man. Do you know what is more difficult to support than the reverses of fortune? Do you know what really weighs down the heart? It is the baseness, the horrible ingratitude of men. In the presence of so much meanness, of such shameless egotism, I have turned away my head with disgust and look upon life with horror. What I have suffered for the last twenty days cannot be conceived."

In such a frame of mind, he signed his abdication and accepted the fate that was allotted to him, the sovereignty of Elba, a few thousand acres of neglected land, lying in the Mediterranean between Corsica and the Italian coast.

During his journey to the port of embarkation, escorted by the commissioners of the great powers, he was exposed to insult and indeed to the gravest personal danger from the ignorant mob excited by persons wishing to show their new-found loyalty to the restored Bourbons. At St. Canuat so threatening was the crowd that surged on the road, that, at the prayer of his attendants, he disguised himself as a postillion and rode in front of the carriages, which the feeble escort could not protect. Unthinking men have stigmatised him as a coward for having condescended to deceive a maddened populace. What utter absurdity! The man whose life had been war, who, as a monarch, had passed precisely as much time in the field and, as it were, under the enemy's fire as he had spent in the imperial palaces, who had commanded in six hundred combats and eighty-five ranged battles, cannot be accused of any want of personal courage. That he should have been obliged to resort to any undignified means in order to save his life was as disgraceful to the allied powers, who should have guaranteed his safety, as it was to the miserable ruffians that found a pleasure in maltreating a fallen ruler, who whatever his faults, had at least raised France to a previously unheard of pinnacle of greatness.

Elba had, during the Empire, formed part of the French dominions and was occupied by a French garrison. When the news came to the little island that the Bourbons had returned, the inhabitants were anxious to place themselves under the rule of England and the British flag was hoisted, but when they learned that the great Emperor was himself to be their sovereign, there was universal joy. The islanders flocked to greet him on his disembarkation

and they decorated their streets and houses in the simple manner of a primitive people. They at any rate were still loyal to him and, as having been born in the neighbouring Corsica, they recognised him in some sort for a fellow countryman.

Napoleon was at this time only forty-five though his comparatively short life had been so full of stirring incident, of physical trials and the most wearing mental anxiety and toil that he looked older. But his limbs were powerful and, though he was inclined to corpulence, he was vigorous, active and capable of great exertion. He was in the prime of life and showed no traces of the illness that had prostrated him after the battle of Dresden and at other times, the illness that was doubtless the premonitory symptom of the disease from which he died. He had recovered from the fatigues and mortifications of his last campaign and from the shock caused by the desertion of his marshals and confidential ministers. His mind had regained its buoyancy and he seemed really to have resolved philosophically to accept his changed fortune and to find contentment in promoting the welfare of the little realm in which his lot was now cast.

To Drouot, one of the faithful retainers who had followed him to Elba, he said "See that you marry here, for, as I hope to keep you always with me, I look to your contracting such ties as will bind you constantly to the Isle of Elba"; and nothing in the many confidential conversations that he had with men of all classes and nationalities or in the voluminous private correspondence that has been preserved shows the slightest thought of anything but how best to administer his island in all its small details of finance, roads,

buildings and defences. Within three days of his arrival, Napoleon had ridden over every part of Elba, had visited its mines and salt-works, inspected its fortifications, thoroughly informed himself on every part of its constitution, and had appeared to find the same exercise for his faculties in doing a work, which in the days of his power he would have given to a *sous préfet*, as he had formerly in swaying a mighty empire.

The Treaty of Fontainebleau had provided that a detachment of his Old Guard was to be permitted to follow his fortunes, and, to their honour be it told, all of that world-famous legion that remained under arms, volunteered to leave France with their old leader. Four hundred only were selected and they formed the nucleus of the little army that was to defend the island. And let it not be supposed that an army of some sort was not necessary. Napoleon was well aware that he had many active enemies in Europe, who would respect no arrangements made by the powers and were quite likely to make attempts to seize his person. Spain, which still bore him bitter enmity, had not joined in the Treaty of Fontainebleau, and the unprotected towns and villages on the Mediterranean coasts were ever exposed to sudden attacks by the Corsairs of Algiers. A reliable armed force was therefore essentially necessary and one of the first tasks of organisation was to provide such a force in as high a degree of efficiency as possible. The four hundred men of the Old Guard and a squadron of Polish Lancers, dismissed from the service of France, formed a battalion six hundred strong called the "*Bataillon Napoléon*." A battalion four hundred strong was formed by volunteers from the old French

garrison and called the "*Bataillon Corsé*," and another of equal force, called the "*Bataillon de l'Île*" was furnished from the local militia. A few of the old mamelukes and *Chasseurs à Cheval*, some artillery, marines and *gens d'armes* completed a little army. The soldiers wore the French uniform with the Elban cockade, red and white embroidered with golden bees, "bees that might sting some day," as an old Grenadier remarked. There was a tiny naval force also. The brig "*L'Inconstant*" of sixteen guns, the speronare "*La Caroline*" armed with a long brass gun, two or three small craft and a ship's launch, manned by one hundred and twenty-nine seamen under a lieutenant, were the flotilla in the harbour. With all, soldiers and sailors, the Emperor ever showed himself, as in past days, anxious to ingratiate himself. He spent many hours in their barracks, examining their equipment and accommodation, tasting their soup, wine and bread, and chatting familiarly with them. He could pardon any liberty in an old soldier. Having bought a vineyard in the island, he said to Peyrusse, his secretary, "My old grumblers will gather grapes from these vines before I do." As he expected, as soon as the vineyard was known to belong to the Emperor, the soldiers looked upon it as their property and plundered it without scruple. One day Napoleon met five or six Grenadiers, returning to barracks laden with grapes. "Where have you men come from?" he said with a stern voice. "Sire, we have come from Saint Cloud." The jest ran through the garrison and ever after the little vineyard of San-Martino was known among the soldiers as Saint Cloud.

Not alone, however, did the Emperor interest himself in his

soldiers and sailors. Every department of government felt the influence of his almost feverish activity. His genius urged him to leave his mark wherever he set his foot and he wished to transform Elba into a model state. He reformed the custom house and the taxes, reduced the duty on corn and assisted the saltworks and tunny fisheries. He enlarged the hospital, built a theatre, added to the fortifications, repaired the barracks, planted vines, busied himself in the acclimatisation of silkworms, encouraged the cultivation of waste lands and drained and beautified the town which he caused to be paved and provided with a good water supply.

He had said when he came to Elba "This will be an isle of rest," but, far from being so, he made it a place of constant work. Every day he took long rides, visited his dominions in a boat, or on foot, mounted the hills in the interior. Sir Neil Campbell, who was the English Commissioner, wrote "One might almost say that Napoleon wishes to realise perpetual motion. He takes delight in fatiguing all those who accompany him on his excursions. I don't believe that it would be possible for him to sit down as long as his strength permits bodily exercise. Only yesterday after a walk under a broiling sun, that lasted from five in the morning till three in the afternoon, and after having visited the frigates and transports, he rode for three hours more to *rest himself*, as he said." When he left Fontainebleau, he had said to his old Guard that he would spend his time in writing the history of "the great things which they had done together." But that work was left for the captive of St. Helena. The Sovereign of Elba was still too much of a man of action to write anything but orders. In

incessant labour, even though it was devoted to trifles, he strove to find forgetfulness and to make himself believe that he was still the ruler, still the lawgiver, whose dictates had thrilled through the world.

Nor were the entertainments and hospitality of a court forgotten. We have seen that a theatre was built. A professional company was, of course, impossible, but there was a regular succession of pieces played by amateurs, officers of the army and Elban ladies or lady visitors. The orchestra was furnished by the Band of the Grenadiers. Then there were occasional receptions, at which anybody of respectability might attend, and a very mixed society presented itself. Sir Neil Campbell was much startled to meet, among the fifty or sixty ladies, the dressmaker of Porto-Ferrajo who had mended his uniforms. In January and February there were six State Balls, of which three were masked, and the Emperor himself arranged these entertainments down to the minutest details, number of persons to be invited, refreshments, supper and expense. In this, as in everything else, the great man seems to have striven to adapt himself to circumstances and to have made an honest attempt to carry out his part of the programme, dictated by his conquerors in the fair capital of his lost dominions.

It may be asked, did not any of the Emperor's family, those brothers and sisters whom he had transformed into Kings and Queens, Princes and Princesses, rally to his side, to comfort and sympathise, to help and support? Of all his relations only two had sufficient gratitude and affection to join him in his exile. One, as might have been expected, was his mother, "Madame Mère,"

who, though she had always held aloof from her son in the days of his greatness, now came to him in his adversity to soothe him with such love as no other could give. The other was his sister Pauline, Princess Borghèse, the most beautiful and one of the most erratic women of her day. Since 1810 she had been banished from her brother's court on account of some impertinence to the Empress, but her kindly nature bore no malice and she arrived to be a companion when one was most sorely wanted. These two Princesses with the grand Marshal Bertrand and his wife, Drouot, Cambronne, Colonel Mallet, one or two other officials and Sir Neil Campbell formed the Emperor's usual society. But, besides them, there were numerous visitors to the island, who came to gratify their curiosity, to show sympathy with fallen greatness or to try to advance their own selfish ends; English noblemen, travellers from various countries, adventurers, conspirators, inventors, spies ready to serve the best paymaster and political intriguers. All were received with civility, for the money that they spent benefited the island, and for their better accommodation a good hotel was established. Numerous and diverse as his guests were, however, Napoleon certainly entered into no compromising communication with any of them as long as there was any reasonable hope that he was to be left at peace in his island, provided for and regarded as the guest of Europe according to the stipulations to which so many great men had set their hands.

There was one person who might have been expected to be the first to seek a place at his side, his wife, the Empress Marie Louise, and it is with regard to her that the first dastardly piece of

bad faith and injury was perpetrated in the name of diplomacy. During the negotiations at Fontainebleau no hint had ever been given that the Emperor's abdication could, under any pretext, deprive him of his rights as a husband and a father. He himself had counted upon the companionship of his Empress and his son, and she on her part was most honestly anxious to be with her husband. But the Emperor of Austria, or rather his minister, the wily and unscrupulous Metternich, with the other European diplomatists had mentally arranged the future of father, wife and son far otherwise. Napoleon was still so popular in France that it was thought necessary to suppress his dynasty. At Elba, the son of Marie Louise would be the Prince Imperial, the titular King of Rome. At Vienna, he would, if he lived, only be an Austrian Archduke. Vienna was therefore to be the destiny of mother and child and Elba was to be prohibited. Count Schouvaloff, the Russian delegate, was at once sent to Blois, ostensibly to protect the person of the Empress who, in 1814, was there as Regent, but really to secure that she did not withdraw herself and her boy from the influence of the Allied Powers and return to her crushed and despairing husband. She was persuaded to go to Vienna and there she became virtually a prisoner. Whenever she expressed a wish to leave Schönbrunn, she was thwarted by her father, the Emperor of Austria on some plausible pretext, but so manifest was the restraint under which she was placed that her Grandmother, Caroline, the Queen of the two Sicilies, exclaimed indignantly "When one is married it is for life, and if I were in the place of Marie Louise, I would tie the sheets of my bed to the

window and make my escape." Alas! the young Empress had not sufficient force of character and courage to make any such effort.

If Metternich had contented himself with keeping Napoleon and Marie Louise apart until European affairs were settled, the deed, even if expedient, would have been cruelly unjustifiable, but he determined that they should never again come together, and to accomplish this, he devised a scheme almost devilish in its malignancy. He arranged that Count Neipperg, a distinguished soldier of fascinating manners, should be placed in attendance on Marie Louise as chamberlain, with instructions to gain her affections if possible. The Empress was a woman of no moral fibre. Neipperg was too successful — Napoleon's wife ceased to think of her husband and, in after years, married Neipperg, to finish her life neglected and despised by the Royal house to which she by birth belonged.

For months, Napoleon hoped against hope that his family would be restored to him, but the quickly increasing coolness in the tone of his wife's letters undeceived him, and the bitterness of his thoughts was increased by the remembrance that he had thrown from him the devotion of Josephine, who, with all her many shortcomings, had always given him the loyalty of an affectionate heart. To these troubles was added deep anxiety of another kind. By the Treaty of Fontainebleau it had been provided that two million francs yearly (£80,000) should be paid by France to the Monarch of Elba to enable him to maintain a fitting establishment and to meet those expenses which could not be paid from the revenues of the island. Now the cabinet of the Tuileries seemed in

no way disposed to hold to the engagement. No money was forthcoming and, when Count Koller, the Austrian Commissioner, visited Napoleon at Elba, he told him frankly that he did not believe that any would be paid. The Emperor was always a prudent man in money matters and, during his reign in France, he had practised the bourgeois virtue of thrift in his personal expenses. He had ever economised on his civil list and had accumulated a large treasure in the vaults of the Tuileries. Of this he had spent the greater part, about seven-eighths, with a lavish hand in meeting the expenses of his last campaign, but some still remained and with other monies formed a total of nearly four millions of francs which was brought to Elba. Even with all care and with the increased island revenues, the result of good management, this sum was not inexhaustible and the time was fast approaching when ruler and little state would be bankrupt. It is believed that Louis XVIII. thought that Napoleon would be removed from his place in Europe by assassination or otherwise before long, and, if so, the wish was probably father to the thought, a wish little creditable to the descendant of the Royal line of France. But, if he did not think so, the omission to pay the stipulated annual sum was not only a breach of faith, it was a political fault. It could not be expected that Napoleon would remain in his island, when he had no money on which to live, and if circumstances forced him to return to the continent, his reappearance might well be dreaded as the signal for a national outbreak.

We have spoken only of troubles which affect the mind, of heartless stabs at family affection, of the withdrawal of the means necessary

to free existence; but, besides these, Napoleon had to suffer from constant apprehension that he would be deprived by his persecutors of his liberty and even of life itself. Metternich and Lord Castlereagh both were apprehensive for the peace of Europe, so long as he remained a free agent within a short distance of the shores of France. Whether their apprehensions were well or ill founded it matters not. While he still had many resources untouched, while the Allied Powers were by no means a united body and were served in their main army by generals of only moderate capacity, while they had many conflicting interests dividing their strength, he had, on certain definite conditions, ceased from war and had resigned the rule of France. He gave up much and the stipulations made on his abdication ought to have been respected, if there was any honour among crowned heads, any good faith in European diplomacy. Honour and good faith were sadly lacking and the project was now certainly openly discussed of deporting Napoleon to some distant ocean islet where he would be completely cut adrift from the world and its interests. St. Helena was mentioned even then; St. Lucia, the Azores, the Canary islands and Botany Bay were suggested as suitable prisons. The European Press wrote about the matter with a cynical brutality that too clearly reflected the diplomatic impulse. Not only should the deportation be made, however contrary to justice, but it was recommended that Napoleon should be transferred to some unhealthy spot, where he could not long survive the effects of the climate, St. Lucia in preference "whose climate would soon purge the world of our friend Buona-

parte." The only person who was inclined to act generously was the Czar Alexander, but he would be unable to stand against the wishes of Austria, England and France. Even if no active measures were taken, the powers had only to remain quiescent and to allow Spain to send a fleet to Elba to seize the Emperor, or the Dey of Algiers was quite ready to undertake the kidnapping, for he had written to the English Government to say that he had given orders to his cruisers to seize any ships flying the Elban flag and to carry off the ruler of the island, if an opportunity presented itself.

Worse, however, remains to be told. More than one person among the Bourbon party in France and elsewhere thought that "it was a great mistake to have allowed Buonaparte to remain alive and that no one could be at rest as long as that man had not six feet of earth over his head." There is no doubt that Talleyrand had permitted Maubreuil, a hired assassin, to make the attempt to murder the Emperor, but the plot miscarried. At Rome, a band of fanatical monks held themselves ready to poignard the man who had crushed the strength of the priesthood. A certain colonel wrote to the Comte d'Artois, proposing to suborn the Elban *gens d'armes* and induce them to commit the murder, and there is every reason to believe that Mariotte, the French agent at Leghorn, and Bruslart, who had been appointed governor of Corsica, were both engaged in plots with the same intention.

Napoleon was perfectly aware of all the diplomatic proposals for his deportation and the undercurrent of conspiracy for his assassination. Little wonder that his mind became anxious and that

he felt the bitterest forebodings. While he was walking one day with Bertrand, Drouot and Sir Neil Campbell, he suddenly stopped and cried out, as if speaking to himself, "I am a soldier. Let them murder me if they will. I will open my breast to the blow, but I will not be carried off to a prison." Anxious and desolate as he was, his wife and child taken from him, his stipulated income unpaid and an unseen death always hovering near, every inducement existed to make him on his side think of breaking his agreement and again making a bid for real empire. When he first came to Elba he had not ceased to reiterate "I wish to live henceforth as a *juge de paix* . . . the emperor is dead and I no longer count for anything. . . . I think of nothing outside my little island. I exist no longer for the world. Nothing now interests me but my family, my cottage, my cows and my mules." It is hardly to be supposed that however sincerely and philosophically resigned he may for a little time have felt, a Napoleon, only forty-five years old, in the full vigour of mind and body, could have really settled down in a small spot like Elba for the remainder of his life, and, under any circumstances, it is more than probable that, sooner or later, he would have reappeared in European history. But, scurvily and falsely treated as he had been, menaced with imprisonment and death by those with whom he had made solemn stipulations, and seeing the melancholy condition of France after the restoration of the old dynasty, he had every incitement to yield to the dictates of his ardent spirit and colossal genius in attempting the magnificent but fatal adventure that led to Waterloo.

C. STEIN.

## Empty Thrones.

"*Le roi est mort ! Vive le roi !*"

Such was the old French maxim when monarchy existed in France and the throne became suddenly vacant. This has been and is very much our practice in England, as evidenced by the pretty and truthful story of two great Ministers of State—the Premier, and Archbishop of Canterbury—making a very early call at Kensington Palace at 5 o'clock a.m. in 1837, and on being refused admittance—"as the attendants dared not wake the Princess Victoria," replied, "tell Her Majesty" that the Archbishop and Lord Melbourne are here and *must* see her instantly. No fairy story, "Cinderella" included, can beat the facts of that tale. When great men in public life disappear through age or death, we say "there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it"; and if the "tenant for life" who has passed away held a lucrative appointment, everyone asks "Who will have it?" We all view these events in different ways, speculating on the near future. "When Captain 'Arris (*subaudi* the prefix of H.) dies, sir,"—observed a little bandy-legged tailor to me, on board a Margate steamer—"no man will ever bring a boat alongside the pier as he does, *heasy*, without any bumping! I 'ad the honour of a pinch of snuff out of the box which was presented to Captain 'Arris by the ladies of Margate." The tailor, you will observe, believed in the perfection of men of his day. My memory tells me that Captain 'Arris did "bump" the steamer on *that* occasion, and that most captains ever since have done the same.

Mimic thrones are different from Royal thrones. At any rate—for

a long period—one is vacant now at the Adelphi Theatre. We all know how it happened, and it is useless for us to talk or write a lot of "sensational common-place" about a great loss for which every one with a heart to feel entertains a deep sorrow, for a man in the prime of life, who had attained the highest position in his peculiar line on the stage, being suddenly cut off; but also because it must take many years to find a substitute who has the confidence of the whole of the public. A critique appeared in one of the papers, on one of the late William Terriss's parts, that "Mr. Terriss was delivering long moral tirades in his usual conventional manner," or words to that effect. "The man who lays his hand upon a woman, &c., &c., &c.," and such-like moral sentiments are written for the gallery. There must be a lot of padding to keep the sympathies of the audience together—but in a nautical piece, when it came to action, and the real business of the piece commenced, then came out the brilliant talent of the actor—though it is hardly fair to say "the actor," for, following the golden rule of *ars est celare artem*, Terriss stood before the audience as the British sailor in real life, for he had served two years as an officer on board a merchant vessel, and his performances were not acting: they were real.

I shall take the liberty of calling all actors or actresses whom I mention by their stage names, without any prefix, whether they are alive or dead.

I witnessed most of the triumphs of T. P. Cooke, "Tippy Cooke" as he was called, and used to meet him sometimes in private life. He was a lieutenant in the



Navy formerly, and had a medal for Copenhagen (I think), and always returned thanks for the Navy at the Dramatic Dinner. He came back for one night only in the early sixties, and played William in "Black-eyed Susan," Douglas Jerrold's play, which was produced on the author's death at the Haymarket, in aid of funds for his family's benefit. "Tippy Cooke" had retired for some years, and his reception was never to be forgotten. He was 74 years old, but looked as bright and active as ever, though on being encored in the double shuffle horn-pipe, he was evidently blown, and appealed to the audience, "Old 74 laid up in ordinary, ladies and gentlemen, unseaworthy now." I thought that three man-of-war's men who were my neighbours in the pit would have gone mad; and in the execution scene an old farmer, a broad Yorkshireman, who had brought his two daughters up to the Cattle Show, had a face like a wet warming pan, and neither concealed his tears nor kept down his sobs, and exclaimed to his daughters, "Girls, I'm dommed if I don't believe they will let him off now." I really believe that Terriss was Tippy Cooke's equal. It was a fair handicap, both men bred and born gentlemen and well educated, and both served on board sea-going vessels.

Now let us look at empty thrones at the Adelphi in particular—I had as a boy at Winchester from 1835 onwards, the luck to have been entered early to London theatres. My home in Kent was thirty-six miles from London, and Winchester was sixty-four miles westwards, and unless one travelled by night coach the journey involved a night in London. So for six years on my way to and from Winchester,

I slept for one and sometimes two nights in London; so the old governor, whom we boys profanely called "the relieving officer," took me to the play every night. Of course in the winter the pantomimes at old Drury and Covent Garden were the centres of attraction to a boy, but occasionally on bye nights the old governor would give me a surprise visit to the Adelphi, which was handy, and less formal than a "dress box affair" at the big theatres, and seemed more like going to tea with a friend; just dropping in at half price. My first recollection was seeing Rice, the American, sing and dance "Jim Crow." I thought it very stupid, and was surprised when all England, especially street boys, were chanting "Turn about and wheel about and do just so," and with a saltatory accompaniment, &c., &c., just as you see little gutter girls in back streets now, to the music of a barrel organ do the barn dance, and kicking up their heels as high as their heads in imitation of some music-hall coryphæes of to-day. How I can score now over many readers. I saw "Nicholas Nickleby," I didn't care about it much, but I was puzzled about Smike. "Smike is not a boy, surely?" I asked. "No," says the old governor, "it is a celebrated actress." So you see I saw the now living and happy Queen Dowager of the stage, Mrs. Keeley, as Smike at the Adelphi, and later on as Jack Sheppard. I can see the opening scene now, and Jack Sheppard standing on a bench cutting his name on the beam of the carpenter's shop, and singing:

Full twenty highway men blithe and bold  
Rattled their chains in that dungeon old;  
And of all their number there 'scaped but  
one  
Who carved his name on the dungeon stone  
With his chisel so fine—Tra-la!

It was a wonderful piece of acting *quà* Jack Sheppard himself, and the theatrical throne is still vacant, and I do not think as regards that play it is much loss. I fancy that the Lord Chamberlain tabooed it. I am not fond of the criminal hero worship school, but I believe of the two schools the break-neck performances of sensational leaps, trapeze, &c., are far more demoralizing than Old Bailey dramas and are absolutely brutal and cowardly, unless protected from danger. Jack Sheppard was immortalised by one of the best old "brandy and water songs" (as Thackeray calls them), "Jolly Nose," sung by Paul Bedford—Paul was no common man. His autobiography, published in 1864, is one of the most amusing opuscula, and in fact is like listening to Paul through a telephone. He first filled some small parts with Edmund Kean in "Richard III." in the country, and was his intimate friend until the latter's death. He accompanied Malabran in her touring concerts, and in later years played old Lablache's parts in many of the best operas which were produced in English by Allan Tilton, a French Manageress at the Princess's Theatre; and old Lablache went to see Paul and was delighted with him. I saw him at the Roman Catholic Chapel in Warwick Street, side by side with Paddy Green, Chairman of Evans' Supper Room (who was a Roman Catholic) rolling out the "Gloria in Excelsis" in magnificent style. Paul was one of the kindest hearted men that ever lived and one of the most jovial, and a great practical joker. The joke he prided himself on most was undertaking to make several of the *habitues* of the Bedford Head (which was a kind of theatrical club-room) put their hands in their

waistcoat pockets. He said it was done thus—"On entering the room I informed my friends that I had picked up the title-deeds of a 'ticker,' printed on a small card which I had in my hands, hoping that it belonged to none of my friends; in fact, it was a duplicate supplied by 'our common uncle' at the Three Balls. Many of the company put their hands in their waistcoat pockets and joyfully announced the safety of their 'tickers,' so I felt that our profession was healthy—all our friends had their watches in their pockets."

I was often at the Adelphi in the days of Yates, and later on during the Webster management, and I will restrict myself to mentioning the grand old days of the Adelphi. The name of Paul Bedford brings back many ghosts of the past: Wright, O. Smith, Oxberry, Madame Celeste, Miss Woolgar, Toole, Mrs. Yates, and Mrs. Fitz-William, who died early and was succeeded by Miss Woolgar. The only pieces I will preach on shall be the "Green Bushes," the "Willow Copse," "Norma Travestie," and the "Pas de Déesses"—just as specimens. Please don't say that I have left out A, or B, or C. I am not cataloguing the players, but simply bringing out some old puppets as they come to mind. The Adelphi was a kind of Chapel of Ease to the big theatres. My memory runs from about 1837 for about twenty years onwards, after which I had little time for theatres. "Norma Travestie," is No. 1 in order. It was the most impudent outrageous farce burlesque occupying twenty-five minutes only. It was written by Oxberry, and produced in 1841, when Adelaide Kemble, afterwards Mrs. Sartoris, sister of Fanny Kemble, and daughter of Charles Kemble, was astonishing the London world by her brilliant render-

ing of "Norma" in English, at Covent Garden, she being Norma, and Miss Rainforth, a very popular singer, taking the rôle of Adalgisa. The old critics declared that Adelaide Kemble was equal to Grisi, and doubtless she was very good, and I fancy that if Grisi had been ill Adelaide Kemble could have filled her part most creditably. At the Adelphi, the music in "Norma Travestie" was as carefully played as for the real opera, which made the outrageous burlesque more ridiculous. The burlesque was credited with driving the real Norma off the stage for a long while. In the grand duet when the children—two little Drury Lane brats—came in and knelt to Norma, she immediately used their pinafores as pocket handkerchiefs on their noses, and also on her own, and when, in the "Casta Diva," Paul, looking like a robust Smithfield butcher in female costume, with a fillet round his forehead, at the end of his song, so to say, applauded himself or herself with the right hand well on the seat of his trousers, or rather on the skirt of *her* dress, winked at the moon, who or which, winked practically in return. This was one of those short Adelphi ephemerals which filled the house.

In order, I think, the "Green Bushes" comes second. I saw it first in the days of the Yates management, when Mrs. Yates played Gerandine, and Mrs. Fitz-William played the part of Nelly O'Neil, which afterwards descended to Miss Woolgar, whose name will live as long as the name of a theatre exists. She was the daughter of Mr. Woolgar, who was brought up as a tailor, and was born not far from Hambleton, in Hants, and whose grandfather and father were members of the old Hambleton Club. Mr.

Woolgar was an ardent cricketer himself, and used to play on his travelling circuit after he drifted into the theatrical profession, and for many years, commencing with Edmund Kean and continuing well into the days of Macready and Phelps, he was a valuable adjunct to a Shakespearian company. I knew him well for the last few years of his life, as he sent a message to myself through a friend, that he wanted much to talk to me about the cricket of the past. He found a willing audience in myself, and "his audience" passed several evenings with him. His daughter was a very beautiful girl, and I believe that Paul Bedford and Wright had the affection of parents towards her, and that a stronger company never existed than that of the Adelphi when Madame Celeste, a finished actress of the French school, Miss Woolgar, Wright, Paul Bedford, O. Smith—a priceless villain, and a well-known antiquarian in private life—played together, and no two plays ever brought out all the best of their wit than the "Green Bushes" and the "Willow Cope." Madame Celeste did not play in the last-named piece, but Benjamin Webster—a master of his art—played Luke Fielding in the "Willow Cope" most admirably. Miss Woolgar succeeded Mrs. Fitz William, who created the character of Nelly O'Neil, the Irish girl, in the "Green Bushes," and Wright succeeded Toole in the "Willow Cope" as Augustus de Rosheville, otherwise John Twill, a runaway drunken shop-boy, afterwards the tool of the villains of the play; Miss Woolgar created the character of Meg, a rough farm-servant in that play. Her throne is vacant now, for as Mrs. Alfred Mellon, she has laid herself on

the shelf for very many years. Her Meg in the "Willow Copse" was, I really believe, inimitable, and most touching.

I have no interest in the sale of plays, but I consider that any reader of this paper who takes my hint and gets a copy of the "Green Bushes" and the "Willow Copse" is under a personal obligation to myself for giving him or her a hearty laugh, as well as "a choke or two in the throat." And if they want a "screaming farce," let them buy "Norma Travestie," and get someone to play the music of "Norma" as they follow it in the libretto of the extravaganza. There was a deal of pretty music and a song or two in the "Green Bushes" which made the melodrama run well. I remember the old house before the modern theatre was built. There were no stalls, and the prices were low, boxes 4s., pit 2s., and gallery 1s., and half-price to the two former, commencing at nine o'clock and lasting till twelve, the *finale* being always a "screaming farce."

I remember the founder of the Gatti family, who now own the Adelphi and its prosperity, when he sold penny ices and Italian pancakes in Old Hungerford Market. He must have been a wonderfully clever man to have risen to the head of so many establishments, including the old Adelphi Theatre. He must have been a thoroughbred one.

All the world really is "a stage now," as few can count the theatres, music-halls, &c., all over London. I have no doubt that there is as good theatrical talent now as formerly, but as one gets older it is best to dream of the past. I have only once seen the "Green Bushes" since the old Adelphi days; I rather think that the gentleman who played Jack Gong said, "I believe you, my

boy," five times to every once as played by Paul Bedford. I was disappointed. I only once saw "The Merry Wives of Windsor" since the days of Madame Vestris and Mrs. Nisbett (Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford), Charles Matthews (Master Slender), Bartley (Falstaff), Phelps (Master Ford), and Miss Rainsforth (Anne Page), and all went very fairly until it came to the fairies' revel round the fat old Satyr at Herne's Oak, when I was puzzled at seeing a band of young girls in ballet costume drilled into two rows all bound forward—what did it mean? On looking at the bill, I observed that in the Fairy Revel the pupils of Madame—I forget her name, would perform a ballet interlude! Good-night! where's my hat? Vincent Crummies and his infant phenomenon in real life! by Jove!

I used as a youngster to sit in the pit and listen to the old fogies who remembered Edmund Kean and "the Siddons," and Miss O'Neil, "the O'Neill" (as they called them), and I believe them when they say that no one ever surpassed Edmund Kean as Shylock; but in my poor judgment I would back Ellen Terry as Portia against the field. When my old fogey friends told me that "the Siddons" took exactly eleven steps before she halted and read Macbeth's letter announcing that he was Thane of Cawdor, I believed them; but *me judice* irrespective of the whole acting of the part, Sir Henry Irving's rendering by placing Lady Macbeth seated, toward the middle of the stage, reading the letter by fire-light and starting in her seat, and so to say keeping the surprise to herself by a kind of thinking aloud, more natural, and what Shakespeare meant. Well, well, it is time for "curtain." Let us all be thankful to those ladies and

gentlemen who have given and do now give the world so much pleasure in life. We may be sure of one thing, which is that a quarter of a century hence, when the middle-aged men of to-day will be the fogies and old buffers of the next century, if some great nautical rôle is filled by one of the then present actors, those of the then old school, who are middle-aged now, will say, "Ah, my boy, you ought to have seen William Terriss in the 'Harbour Lights,'" and they will say so truly.

I must tell you what the "Pas de Déeses" was. Somewhere about the middle of the forties, Cerito, the *premiere danseuse* at the Italian Opera, Carlotta Grisi, an

old favourite, and Lucille Grähn, a beautiful dancer, invented and performed a grand and most graceful "Pas de trois," and, if you will believe me, Paul Bedford as Cerito, Wright, a tall, bony figure, as Lucille Grähn, and Oxberry, a most humorous comedian, as Carlotta Grisi, in full female ballet costume, accurately burlesquing the poses of the famed trio at the Italian Opera, went through the dance. The audience, or rather spectators, literally rolled in their seats with laughter. Everything was melodrama or farce at the Adelphi, and people came there to be amused.

F. G.

## My Grandfather's Journals.\*

1795-1820.

[Being episodes in the military career of Colonel Theophilus St. Clair, K.H., formerly of the 145th Foot, and some time Assistant in the department of the Quarter-Master-General.]

EXTRACTED BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

### VII.—A PRISONER OF WAR. (*Continued.*)

GENERAL DE GOURGEON claimed me on arrival, and I was allowed to accept his hospitality. As yet I was the only English officer in Madrid, and no difficulty was made about giving me my parole. The feeling towards me was very friendly; my conduct in the affray with the guerillas was known and appreciated. Later, when hostilities had re-opened, and the news of Soult's discomfiture in North Portugal had reached us, my popularity waned, and it was nearly ruined when Sir Arthur Wellesley won the battle of

Talavera, and Madrid was filled with the defeated troops.

For some time, however, my life was pleasant enough. But for the knowledge that I was missing much active service I should have been content to linger on in Madrid. The De Gourgeons treated me as a son. The Countess had met me with tears of gratitude, kissing my hand and declaring that she owed her husband's life to me. Cecile smiled and said little, but her eyes told me what I wanted to know.

And yet I soon had reason to hate the place. Cecile had many admirers among the French offi-

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cers, one especially, a certain Colonel Isidore Pigache, who singled her out and was most assiduous in his attentions. He was one of the new men, a soldier of the *Grande Armée*, who had carried a musket at Valmy and won his epaulet at Arcole, a big blustering lout, of peasant birth and camp education, brave as a lion, I was told, but also rough as a bear, and full of swagger and pretension. His idea of courtship was to come rigged out in his best uniform, all gold lace and jingling spurs, with his cross on his breast, and make sheep's eyes at Cecile, while he tugged at his long moustaches and spoke never a word.

I was jealous of him at first, for I thought she favoured him. It was all a mistake, however. She only laughed at him till he grew too pressing, when she fled from him in disgust, and took shelter under my wing. It is needless to say how or when I won her, but my sweet Cecile shyly admitted that it was at our very first meeting, and after that I resolved to ask formally for her hand. I wrote the Count a letter of proposal, saying I could wait, but that I entreated him to consent to our engagement.

He met me very frankly and with extraordinary kindness.

"I guessed how it was between you, and I have wished it should be so. You are a gentleman of good descent, you wear a sword, I ask no better for my daughter. Of course there can be no marriage at present," he went on. "Enemies, although we are such only in name, cannot mate together. But if you will wait, so shall Cecile. I am glad that she should be pledged to you, in preference to—— well, my brethren in arms are gallant men, but I could not give her to Pigache."

My rival soon realised that I had carried off the prize, and his rage was great. Had he dared he would have picked a quarrel with me, insulted me openly and fought. But the orders in the garrison were strict against duelling, and there was, besides much good feeling, a sense of chivalry among the French officers that was strongly opposed to any conflict with a prisoner of war. Pigache was forced, therefore, to use weapons more to his taste, I believe. As commandant of *gendarmérie* he controlled the secret police of Madrid, and he was cunning and unscrupulous. He soon had his opportunity.

The house occupied by the De Gourgeons was the ancient family mansion of the Azucareños, dukes and grandees of Spain. They were not "Josefinos" of the party of Joseph the intrusive king, and at that time all who were not with the French were against them. They lived under their own roof, but almost as prisoners, and surrounded by spies, yielding up the best part of their house to their French lodgers whom they long kept studiously at a distance. Only after a time they made friendly overtures to me, an English officer, and through me became acquainted with the De Gourgeons. The old people, the Duke and Duchess of Azucareño, found points in common with the De Gourgeons, who were also of the old *noblesse*; the three dark-eyed daughters of the house were quickly won into a sweet girl-friendship with Cecile, which was soon extended to me as her "novio" or sweetheart.

This intimacy was misinterpreted and magnified to our undoing. Madrid was full of spies and secret agents; even the servants of the Azucareño household were suborned, and Pigache had

close relations with them all. He twisted their lying reports as he pleased with spiteful, mischievous meaning, and when the mine was laid he sprung it suddenly at our very feet.

It was our custom to ride out daily beyond the Manzanares, but within the French outposts. The General, Cecile and myself (she always rode Hatim Tai, my chestnut arab) were leaving one fine morning by the gate of Alcalá, when we were halted by a couple of *gens d'armes*. One of them saluted the General respectfully, but after scanning me closely, asked who I was. They were told.

"Then the gentleman cannot pass. He is a prisoner of war, yet not in uniform. He should wear it always. *C'est la consigne, les ordres of M. le Commandant.*"

Colonel Pigache knew well that my baggage still tarried between Corunna and Valladolid, that my one suit of uniform had been ruined in the fight on the Guadarama. I had been obliged to depend for clothing upon the best the tailors of Madrid could provide.

His spite was not limited to stopping my ride abroad. Later in the day I was officially cited to appear before the General in chief command and charged with breaking the laws of parole. I explained my situation, the license hitherto allowed me, but all to no purpose. I referred to my friend, General de Gourgeon, but was sharply interrupted.

"M. de Comte de Gourgeon will do well to look to himself. In any case, you have broken the *règlement* for prisoners of war. He cannot protect you from that."

"I was wrong, no doubt, M. le General, but till now I have been made to feel so little like a prisoner—"

"And presumed upon it. Good nature has its limits, Monsieur, and I have now to inform you that you have forfeited your parole."

"Impossible! What! For not wearing uniform which I do not possess. Surely—"

"I am not called upon to explain or justify my action. But I may tell you that it is inspired by His Majesty himself, and that the King is resolved to break up the nest of traitors and conspirators that harbour in the Azucareño Palace. That much you may know, at once."

It was in vain I assured him that such charges were quite without foundation that someone—I guessed who—had wickedly made mischief. The General listened for a time, but impatiently and with manifest disbelief, and then ended the interview.

"It is the King's pleasure, which cannot be disputed, that you shall take up your quarters in the Retiro, and remain there till the next convoy starts for France. You cannot be permitted to remain in this country. Your destination will be Verdun."

So I was separated from my good friends, from the one I had come to love more dearly than my own life. I was not even allowed to see Cecile again. The General visited me in my prison house the same day, with the sad news that he was to be removed from Madrid at once; he was in disgrace, but had been appointed to the command of Cuenca, a city in La Mancha, a wild district to the south, and he came up to say farewell.

"Cecile sends you this," and he handed me a small cross set in diamonds. "It has been in our family for a century or more. But you are one of us now. You

will wear it and treasure it I know. Here is a letter too from her, you shall hear from her again, and from all of us whenever it is possible to send you news, and I know you will communicate with us. God bless you, my boy, and keep you safely until better days come."

I had no trinkets of my own, nothing that I could send Cecile in exchange for her precious gift. But I had already bought her a pretty ring in Madrid, and now I made over Hatim Tai, my Arab chestnut, to her, knowing that she would love and cherish it for my sake and his own. There was no knowing what might be before me, how I should be treated, how travel the long eight hundred miles from Madrid to the far frontier of France to Verdun, which was to be the final resting-place.

I was detained in Madrid till after the battle of Talavera, which brought a great influx of wounded comrades who were lodged with me in the Retiro, and enduring much discomfort, I was suddenly warned to proceed to France with a convoy.

Now followed the darkest period I have ever known. I would not wish my worst enemy to endure the same misery. It was acute, constant, and seemed unending, for I saw no hope, not in the most distant horizon. I might never meet with dear Cecile again; the chances were all against it, the moving accidents of flood and field, and I should be separated from her by countless leagues; she still in this cruel country and I in France, closely held in some dreary fortress town, cut off from everything, dragging on a barren, colourless existence. A soldier only in name, denied all opportunity, while other comrades, more happily placed, rose

to the highest doings of my profession. I might be a prisoner to the very end of the war. The Emperor would not allow exchanges; it was his reprisal for the alleged cruelties inflicted upon the French in English prisons. He declared he would subject the English prisoners in his hands to the same, or worse, hardships.

My ill-treatment began the morning I left Madrid, when I was summoned before Colonel Pigache in person, and called upon to give my parole. I refused, formally declaring that it had been most unjustly withdrawn, and that I would not renew it.

"*Soit*," said Pigache, with a gleam of triumph in his eye, "you count, of course, upon escaping by the way. *C'est bien*. We are justified, then, in taking every precaution. You must be closely guarded. The officer in charge of the convoy shall be held responsible for your safe custody."

So I was marched off very much like a malefactor. I rode my own horse, a strong, big-boned, black Andaluz of great endurance, but with a queer temper, which I had bought on purpose for the journey from a gipsy dealer in Madrid. By day I was placed in the midst of a squad of *gens d'armes*, a light steel chain from my horse's headstall being attached to the saddle of the man on each side of me. By night, if there was a prison at our halting place, I was cast into the common gaol, some foul, dark, overcrowded dungeon, where I had no better bed than a truss of filthy straw, no food but the coarse bean stew, the *olla* or *pucherd* of the people, with a hunch of black bread. If there was no prison, I was locked up in the first room that could be found, one *gendarme* with me, another on sentry at my door.



At Burgos, the first French garrison of importance, I insisted upon being taken before the Commandant, General Thiebault, to whom I made indignant complaint. He was an officer, still quite young, of gentlemanly presence, dignified without pretension, and after the first few queries, which I answered readily and to his satisfaction, became quite civil and courteous.

"I regret this, M. le Capitaine; regret it deeply. But look, I beg of you, at the *feuille de route*, and its endorsement."

The document gave a minute description of my person, and across it was written:—

"Very dangerous and ill-disposed. Calls himself an English officer. Believed to have no right to the uniform, and strongly suspected to be a traitor and spy. All authorities are warned to watch him and hold him secure."

This was another instance of the far-reaching spite of Pigache. So I told the General everything, even to my friendship with the De Gourgons and Cecile's preference.

"I cannot defend Colonel Pigache; his conduct is unworthy of a French officer, and in the name of my comrades I apologise without reserve. But I understand what fly has stung him. No doubt he thinks all fair in love and war. I do not, and I will erase this libellous endorsement, provided you will give me your parole."

I agreed, for I saw the force of the condition, and after thanking General Thiebault warmly, I traveled on from henceforth in comparative comfort. Once across the Pyrenees, the convoy was safe, and I was left to find my own way to Verdun, with no other condition than that I should take the most direct route and accept the companionship of a single *gendarme*. He was called a guide,

but his business was of course that of escort, and I had to pay for his services at the rate of four francs a day.

We made daily about five-and-twenty miles, taking the line of Perigueux, Limoges, Bourges, Auxerre Troyes, Bar le Duc, and many smaller places, halting at night wherever the accommodation looked promising. I had no fault to find now with anything but the length of the road and the constant change of escort. There was a post of *gendarmerie* at every halting place, and half way on to the next a house of *correspondence*, as it was called, where I bade farewell to the *gendarme* of the town I left, and was met by a *gendarme* of that to which I was proceeding. This very complete system of police prevailed at that time throughout France, and was used for the forwarding of all prisoners, whether of war, or criminal, or merely conscripts, who were often no better than prisoners. My chief annoyance now was the difference of character in the men who escorted me, and that by the constant changing I never knew any one of them well. Some seemed quiet, peaceable, well-disposed men, *bons diables* who respected my rank; others were rough, overbearing old soldiers, true *groggnards*, drunkards and gamblers, who thirstily imbibed all I would stand them. One nearly got me into serious trouble, for after our mid-day halt he was too far gone to take the road, and I went on alone. When he caught me up that night, he carried me before the Commandant and charged me with desertion and escape. But my explanation recoiled on his own head.

I had been fifty-three days on the road, when I finally arrived at Verdun, a finely situated, well-built city on the Meuse, lying em-

bosomed in foliage and surrounded by vine-clad hills. Delighted to be at the end of my wearisome journey, I alighted at the "Aigle D'or," a decent looking hostelry, secured a room, improved my dress, and sallied forth to report myself to the Commandant. Now, an obliging gentleman I met in the doorway asked if he could be of service to me, and when he heard my intention said that General Courcelles, the newly appointed Commandant, was not for the moment in Verdun.

"That will keep, Monsieur—meanwhile, would Monsieur like a little distraction? The Café Thierry is open, we can wager a franc or a napoleon upon the colour, or any number he fancies; or would he like a turn upon La Digue? All the beauty and fashion—there is much of both, believe me, in Verdun—will be found upon the promenade."

I now learnt, much to my surprise, from my guide, whom I took as a superior *valet de place*, that Verdun was filled with my countrymen, all prisoners of war; only one or two were of my own cloth, many were naval officers and merchant captains, but the great bulk were private persons, residents and visitors found in Paris at the outbreak of war, and "detained" by Napoleon. These made up a large society who sought to kill the time that hung heavy on their hands in dissipation and excess. They drank deep and gambled high, wasting their substance in all kinds of debauchery.

"Life is very tolerable here," went on my companion, "for those who have funds; Monsieur is no doubt well provided? He rides a fine horse. He may, if he chooses, live beyond the limits of the fortress. There are pleasant country houses, and it will spare

him the trouble of the appel—of answering to the daily roll call. It will cost a trifle, yes; but money goes far here and will do much. This is the Casino. It is free to the English. Monsieur will find the best of his compatriots within." And he led me into a long low room, profusely decorated in green and gold, with *Roulette and Rouge et Noir* tables set out and all crowded with eager players.

"Look, Monsieur!" he said, "yonder is Milord T. and next him Sir Johnstone. That lady in the crimson velvet amazone is the Baronne St. Amour; over there is Madame de Croquemut; next, La Belle Charcutière and her sister Liane de la Glu. Will not Monsieur risk a few napoleons? The Chevalier Smithson won thirty thousand francs last night, and Monsieur le General Cox a week ago broke the bank. Monsieur does not play! *Eh bien*. There are other *délassements*. Mayhap he would wish to be presented to one of these ladies? They are not *bé-gueules* and would accept an invitation to dine at the 'Aigle D'or.'"

I declined all the fellow's suggestions a little abruptly, perhaps, for he seemed annoyed and soon left me, much to my satisfaction. I walked on, but not long alone, for immediately he had left me I was accosted in a bluff, hearty way, by a countryman, evidently a naval officer.

"Pardon—you are a new comer I see, for I do not know your jib. Take my advice, give that son of a gun a wide berth. He is a spy of Courcelles, the new Commandant, a bigger thief than that old Wirion whom we have sent adrift at last. Stay, you don't know me; my name is Hoskins, Lieutenant Royal Navy, late commanding H.M.S. *Hebe*, gun brig 6, wrecked off Ushant."

I gave him my name and rank in return, and we soon became fast friends.

"This place is just a hell upon earth, messmate; steeped in iniquity; vice rampant, everything bought and sold. Literally, you cannot breathe without paying for it, or wear clothes. If you resist Courcelles' scandalous impositions he locks you up under hatches and skins you alive. He started the gaming tables, and brought the ladies here, and supplies the wines. He gets his dues out of all. He'll sell you a passport, or liberty to go out of the gates; if you try to escape and are caught you must pay him the expenses of re-capture; he makes twenty or thirty per cent. on English drafts if you want money from home; he taxes your servant, your horses, detains the poor pittance allowed the prisoners."

"Why don't you send in a petition to the War Minister in Paris?"

"We have done it, but obtained no redress. It was no doubt stopped on the way. We have every reason to believe that all our letters inward and outwards are opened and read. Nothing passes of which Courcelles disapproves. He is a low, tyrannical scoundrel, his only idea to squeeze money out of us prisoners. Those who pay toll can live as they please, those who won't or can't he shuts up in the Tower of Angoulême on bread and water, and sometimes, in 'irons.'"

I little guessed how soon this would be my fate, or the trap that had been laid for my unwary feet. But the blow fell directly we got back to the "Aigle D'or," where I had invited my new friend Hoskins to accompany me and dine. I was now met by a brigadier of *gendarmerie* who was the bearer of a brief message from the authorities.

"M. le lieutenant Massin sous chef, demands your presence. Come. It is urgent. *Plus vite que ça.*"

"Go with him," said Hoskins. "It is only to take your parole. I will stay here till your return."

But when I had climbed to the citadel and stood before Massin, a coarse, stout man, as dark almost as a mulatto, with crisp, curly hair, thick lips, and surly, guttural speech, my reception augured ill for my comfort at Verdun.

"Why did you not report yourself?" I was asked, abruptly.

"I was told the Commandant was absent."

"He is never absent. Some one is always in charge. At this moment it is I, and I require explanation. You cannot be at large until you are paroled. Yet you have been wandering about, in the gaming rooms, on the Digue, with another rascally pauper like yourself. You do not deserve parole."

"I have already given it at Burgos, and again at Bordeaux."

"I do not believe it. If so, produce your papers. It will be endorsed on your passport.—How!" he cried, directly he had looked at my name and description. "It is you, then! The *nommé* St. Clair—aha! oho! We have heard of you. We have been waiting for you. *Saperlotte*, you have been recommended to us from Madrid, by M. le Colonel Pigache. There is no parole for such as you. Take him to the Tower."

I protested, raging, but without avail. I was seized by half-a-dozen *gens d'armes*, who dragged me across the central yard to the foot of a winding staircase, and half lifting half pushing me up it, they stopped at a closed door. Some one unlocked it, and I was thrown in.

It was a small vaulted chamber, that had already three occupants. Two were midshipmen, the third a doctor who had run over to Paris on a short holiday just after the peace of Amiens, and had been caught at the outbreak of war.

They looked at me askance, I thought, as though my companionship was not to their liking, and this at first I believed was because the space was all too small even for three people. But after much whispering among themselves the doctor cautiously sounded me, and I soon guessed there was something behind. It was a question of my good faith. Was I really what I appeared, or a spy sent to watch and perchance betray them insidiously? But the fact that I had only just arrived at Verdun, my uniform, my name, and above all, as they told me by-and-by, my bearing, convinced them that I might be trusted.

For they had a great secret of their own. They were on the eve of an attempt to escape. All the preparations were made for that very night, and my unexpected appearance, instead of proving a bar, was really a stroke of luck for them. They were very short of cash, and I, fortunately, was fairly in funds, for I had negotiated a bill for £100 at Bordeaux, and had still some sixty napoleons in gold in my possession.

A bargain was soon struck between us. It was agreed that for thirty napoleons, ten to each of them, I should share in their advantages, and be permitted to try my fortune with them.

Their plan, I found, was to pass out through the door of our prison chamber. Gimlet holes had been bored all around a lower panel, except at one point which still held it in its place; the holes were concealed with bread made into paste and darkened. Ropes had

been twisted out of coarse linen, purchased on the excuse of making small clothes. Each prisoner was to carry some forty feet of this rope wound around his waist. The whole was to be joined into one on reaching the rampart of the citadel, and knotted at intervals so as to form a ladder by which to descend into the ditch. From the ditch, which was dry, it would be easy to gain first the glacis and then the shelter of a wood on the outskirts of the town, where friends had placed weapons and supplies to help us on our road.

About an hour before midnight the panel was removed, and we crept through the aperture, the doctor last, and with difficulty. He was a big fat man, and our united strength could hardly drag him out. At the foot of the stairway was a door which led into the chapel of the citadel. The gimlet which had served so well above was now produced, and holes quickly bored in the same way round the panel. Each of us took the work in turn, so as to expedite it, our great fear being that the tower might be visited by the rounds before we had won out. The panel fell through at last, but with some noise, and we could hear the sentries, startled into extra alertness, pass on the challenge, "*Qui vive*"; then, happily, while we waited breathless, all again became quiet.

The chapel had been long disused, and was now a storehouse piled up with *débris*: planks, old iron, empty chests and broken furniture. But we stole cautiously along, and by the light of a lantern searched for some way of exit. I was lucky enough to find an open window unbarred not six feet from the ground, and through this, by raising a rough stage, we all climbed easily, dropping again just as easily on to a grass plot

beyond. This was the burying-ground, and lying outside between the chapel and the northern rampart, it was unguarded. There was no one to interfere with our knotting the linen ropes together into one length, a job quickly completed. In another five minutes one end was made fast to a stone, and all was ready for the descent.

Now we cast lots for the order of our going down, and I drew last place. It was the worst, for the rope would certainly grow slippery and difficult to grip, or it might break before my turn came, especially as the doctor, with his heavy weight, had the precedence of me. It had stretched dangerously, indeed, when I committed myself to it, and was so slimy that I could not check or steady myself as I went down, and the rope swaying to and fro or chafing against the escarped wall was so greasy that it snapped while I was still some distance—perhaps twenty or thirty feet—from the ground.

I fell heavily, and with one short instant spasm of most acute pain, which I seemed to forget in complete unconsciousness. When I came to, my companions were bathing my forehead with brandy and the doctor was handling one of my legs tenderly, but giving me fresh and nearly intolerable pain.

"Compound fracture! Bad

job," he said, doubtfully, looking at the two midshipmen. "What are we to do? We ought not to leave you."

"Go on, of course," I broke in hastily. "You're not bound to me in the very least."

"But we've got your money—" protested one of the midshipmen.

"It's yours, keep it, and good luck go with it. I must wait for another chance. It will come, never fear."

"At least I'll set the fracture, as well as I can," said the doctor; and he did it deftly, settling me then into the easiest possible position, where I might await the dawn or earlier recapture. They had lost thus half an hour by my mishap, but it was as yet no more than one in the morning, and there was still time to reach the wood and be a long way towards freedom before the escape was discovered.

As for me, I lay in semi-stupor, hardly hearing the *diane*, the blare of trumpets saluting the daybreak; nor yet the thunder of the guns fired above my head to warn the neighbourhood to be on the lookout for fugitives on the road. By-and-by, whether soon or late I cannot tell, for I took no count of the time, they came upon me where I lay. I was presently lifted on to a rude litter and conveyed to the nearest hospital somewhere in the town.

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## Keepers and Fox Preserving.

THOUGH the most extreme pessimists are unable to deny that fox-hunting still maintains its popularity, yet there can be little doubt but that the changes which have taken place of late years in

the *modus vivendi* amongst country gentlemen have not been beneficial to the sport. "'Tis true, 'tis pity, 'tis pity 'tis 'tis true;" but we fox-hunters cannot shut our eyes to the fact that the feud,

which has always existed in a small degree between hunting men and shooting men, has this season assumed grave proportions. I have been told that it is a question whether shooting should be arbitrarily sacrificed to another sport, in spite of the fact that many of the best estates for game in England are those where foxes are well preserved, and where shooting and hunting are never allowed to interfere with one another. This fact is due to the joint exertions of the landowner and the keeper. Two instances occur to me.

The first is the case of Brailsford, who lived first with the Duke of Westminster, and afterwards with the late Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale, Master of the Shropshire. In both services he reared the best head of game in the country, besides having the best setters and pointers. Not only did he always have a plentiful show of foxes, but he rode regularly to hounds, and was often of the greatest assistance to the huntsman.

The second case is that of the keepers on Lord Fitzhardinge's estates, on which there is always as much game as the land can carry. It would seem in this instance that the office of keeper is hereditary, for there have been families of keepers on the Fitzhardinge property extending for several generations. The plentitude of foxes may be judged from the fact that within the last few years thirteen foxes were afoot, in a small covert of little more than thirteen acres. I may quote as a third example, the immense woodlands of Lord Bathurst at Cirencester, which are said to serve as a nursery for foxes for four different packs and always yield a big head of game. Landowners such as these would laugh

at the idea that hunting and shooting were necessarily antagonistic, as also would their keepers; but shooting tenants, and syndicates of shooting tenants, take care to maintain the feud, and are willingly seconded by their keepers. The Blankney and North Warwickshire countries afford ample evidence of this, while in Suffolk matters are still worse; and yet, forsooth, there is hardly a shooting tenant—at least, I have never met one, or heard of one—who would dare to call himself a declared enemy to fox-hunting.

The old order changeth, and we must recognise the impossibility of reverting to the times when a landowner would have been angry at the suggestion even that he should let his shooting. Now he is only too glad to find tenants, who in nine cases out of ten do not reside in the country, and in spite of their professions do not care a single iota about the local fox-hunting. Consequently, the keeper knows that his place depends upon the head of game which he can supply. Now, under the most favourable circumstances, when he knows that his master's eye is upon him, "velveteens" is apt to regard the fox as his natural enemy, which he is justified in destroying by any means. Under modern unfavourable circumstances, his ambition is to exterminate the whole breed of foxes. His policy is a short-sighted one, for with the extermination of foxes his excuse will vanish, for the disproportion between pheasants reared and pheasants shot, an excuse, which, as all practical men know, can only be founded on the assumption that the fox is so far educated as to be able to sell the game which he kills. This may seem fox-hunting prejudice, but

circumstances like the following are strong evidence against keepers.

An Earl, celebrated for his game preserves, was called to the deathbed of one of his keepers, who asked him to act as his executor. Astonished at the request, his lordship said, "How much money have you got?"

"A bit over eight hundred pounds," was the reply.

"Eight hundred pounds, and I only gave you a sovereign a week and a cottage! How did you get it?"

"Well, my Lord, there are the tips."

Yes, and the pheasants, too. Whether his Lordship acted as executor I do not know, but he departed a sadder and wiser man. Now if these things take place beneath the eye of a resident master, what is likely to take place in the case of non-resident tenants? Personally, beyond a general preference for honesty to dishonesty, I do not care if the keeper sells every pheasant on the estate, but I do object to his laying the blame upon the foxes, which he has wantonly destroyed. Vulpicide is still considered a crime in most hunting countries, and the man who shoots a fox, whether he be master or keeper, has to suffer the pains of social ostracism, which pains can be enforced in the village ale-house as well as in the country-house smoking-room. Besides, it is not an easy matter to shoot a fox. He is seldom abroad in the daytime, at all times he has a rooted antipathy, exceeded only by that of the otter, to being seen, and his natural cunning, as a rule, enables him to elude his human enemies. Again, should a keeper succeed in shooting a fox, the odds are strongly in favour of the fact becoming public property,

and reaching the ears of his master, who, though he may secretly approve of his conduct, feels bound to reprimand him. Keepers, who do preserve foxes and receive a honorarium from the Hunt, when their coverts hold a fox, shun him, and hunting dependents, such as earth-stoppers *et hoc genus omne*, openly abuse him in terms which cause the village inn-keeper to request him not to come to his house, and make the village policeman suspicious of his dealings in the poultry market. He is, what schoolboys call "sent to Coventry," with the further knowledge that the time must be short before he is expelled from the county.

Thus, shooting the fox is not only unpopular in itself, but is apt to bring financial distress upon the keeper who resorts to it. So in the alternative he bethought him of the use of traps which would do their work silently and with the same ulterior effect, for it is not in his nature to regard the torture of the fox till such time as the traps are visited. But unfortunately for "velveteens" two parties objected to the trap, namely, the earth-stopper and the fox, while on more than one occasion the keeper's dog has fallen a victim to the snare laid for Reynard. With the introduction of non-resident shooting tenants, the objection of the earth-stopper was soon made fruitless, for the keeper would tell his employer that he would stop the earths himself, before hounds visited the coverts, as the earth-stopper to the Hunt only disturbed the coverts. So the old earth-stopper is fast becoming a man of the past. The more is the pity: for apart from his utility, and his inability to see that biggest fox "wot ever was," which I have heard of for twenty-seven years, but never yet saw, he

was generally a cheery child of nature, a sportsman by birth and education, and an honest fellow, who knew all the litters in the country, and was on visiting terms with all the vixens—vulpine, I mean, of course—and on the most tempestuous nights would cover distances which appear almost incredible. But he was a thorn in the side of the modern keeper, so the non-resident tenant ordered him not to come into his coverts. "Velveteens" had now a free hand; was monarch of all he surveyed, and subject to no interference. He had already discovered that traps were practically useless, for foxes refused to pass over them; but, though "genius is peculiar to no skies," the genius for vulpicide is the peculiarity of the modern keeper, and he was not long before he discovered a more deadly and a more cruel form of destruction, by "stopping-in" the earths during the daytime in such a manner that the strongest dog-fox could not possibly dig himself out, and so *ex necessitate rei* must rot to death with all the horrors of slow starvation.

Comment upon such inhumanity is unnecessary, for I do not believe that any non-resident shooting tenant would sanction the practice of "stopping-in." But unfortunately non-resident tenants are ignorant of the doings of their keepers. This is the *crux* of the feud between shooting men and fox hunters, a feud which in these days of anti-sporting faddists ought never to have arisen, since sportsmen have quite enough to do in defending the orthodoxy of sport, without quarrelling amongst themselves. There is an old proverb which says that a reformed poacher makes the best keeper, but a notorious poacher in Staffordshire once told me that keepers were the best poachers. Per-

sonally I wish that all landowners could afford to follow the example set by the Duke of Beaufort and Lord Strafford. On the Badminton and Rotham Park estates, the tenants are allowed to shoot the game, and artificial preservation with its accompaniment of slaughtering *battues* is unknown, for the simple reason that it is considered to be unsportsmanlike. Lord Strafford holds such strong convictions on this subject, that he refuses to prosecute a poacher, even when caught *in flagrante delicto*, and if a poacher be prosecuted at Quarter Sessions, he will retire from the Bench. Yet the estates of both these landowners carry a good head of game. But the majority of landowners regard their shooting merely as a means of increasing their banking accounts, and ignore the fact that

"One fox on foot more diversion will bring  
Than twice twenty thousand cock pheasants on wing."

Or else they postpone all considerations of sport for the sake of a big *battue* at which Royalty has promised to be present, and at which Royalty would be absent if it knew that such considerations had been postponed.

But it is of little use to dip one's pen in bitter ink, unless one can suggest a remedy for the evil which we abuse. The *obiter dicta* of many sporting (?) writers always remind me of a certain line of Juvenal,

"Aut obiter leget, aut scribet, ve dormiet  
intus."

The remedy in the case of modern vulpicide is difficult to find, since the most efficient remedy, namely, agricultural prosperity, which would prevent landowners letting their shooting, appears to lie, like eternity, in the far distance. Now, in order to stop this most horrible practice of stopping-in foxes, I suggest that all landowners who



let their shooting should insert a clause in the lease, under which the tenant should be liable to a fine whenever his coverts failed to hold a fox. As I have pointed out, the keeper is now dependent for his place upon the head of game which he provides; but, if landlords acted upon my suggestion, he would also be dependent upon the show of foxes. I discussed this subject with Mr. George Lowe, who immediately retorted, "Excellent suggestion; but what tenant would agree to the clause?" The objection, so far as I can see, can only be met by a combination of landowners, a combination which could easily be effected at Quarter Sessions. This at first sight may appear to savour of trade unionism; but it must be remembered that landowners now have not only to deal with individual tenants, but with syndicates of tenants, whom they must fight with their own weapons when it comes to the question of the preservation of foxes.

In many countries, fox-hunting is unnecessarily interfered with by the arbitrary conditions imposed by the shooting tenant and his keepers; therefore, it is only right that conditions should be imposed by the landowner, such as the clause to which I have alluded. Might not further conditions be imposed? As shooting tenancies are constituted now, the landlord has no control over his tenant's keeper, and *à fortiori* has no authority to stop vulpicide. I am no advocate for a *fortiter in re* policy, so long as there exists a chance of disagreements being settled by a *suaviter in modo* policy, which rightly interpreted means the courtesy which one gentleman uses towards another. In the majority of cases, the question of the engagement or dismissal of a

keeper could be settled as between landlord and tenant over the mahogany, and it is only when the landlord has to deal with syndicates that a prohibitive clause in the lease giving the landlord partial authority over the keeper is necessary. Syndicates, like companies, have no personality, so that all transactions connected with them have to be kept within legal limits. Another stipulation which I would suggest is that the earth-stopper to the Hunt should be allowed to stop-out the earths without any intervention on the part of the keeper. Divided responsibility always affords an excuse for one or both delinquents; but if one man is responsible, he will see that no earths are stopped-in.

Apart from the issue of cruelty, it is doubtful whether stopping-in prevents pheasants being destroyed by foxes, for the fox is a roving animal, and seldom seeks for his food near home. *A fox seldom destroys game in the same covert in which he is earthed.* Some game preservers even say that the best way to prevent vulpine depredations is to have a litter of foxes, as a fox will not commit murder in his own neighbourhood, nor will he allow another fox to poach upon his preserves. For the latter fact I can vouch, as it was once my fortune to witness a fight between two dog-foxes, in which the home fox beat the stranger for invading his covert, which was always well stocked with game. But I do not think that any further arguments are necessary in order to prove the evils of "stopping-in," and I only hope, as I am sure all readers of BAILY'S hope, that what is called the shooting hostility to fox-hunting will cease with the end of the season.

G. F. U.

## The Sportsman's Library.

Mr. Sydney Pardon is to be congratulated upon the alacrity with which he has produced the thirty-fifth edition of "Wisden."\* It was in our hands before Christmas Day, and considering its varied and voluminous contents this reflects the greatest credit upon the editor and publishers. Each year we seem to get more for our money, and 428 pages of good reading, supplemented by a frontispiece which gives portraits of five of the leading young cricketers of the year, is certainly good value for one shilling. Quite one half of the volume is devoted to a comprehensive and detailed summary of the doings of the leading counties in what has come to be known as The County Championship, and here they are neatly arranged in the order in which they finished up last September; from Lancashire at the head with sixteen victories out of their twenty-six engagements, down to Derbyshire at the tail, with never a solitary winning bracket out of their sixteen matches.

The matches played at Lords' during the season are duly chronicled under the heading of "M.C.C. and Ground in 1897," and the trial matches played at Oxford and Cambridge are fully reported. A gratifying feature of the publication is the increasing amount of space allotted to the scores of the Public School matches, and in this edition we find full scores of no less than forty-five inter-school contests, in

addition to the three played at Lords' and reported under the heading of M.C.C. and Ground. In our fageyish opinion, one of these school matches speaks more eloquently for cricket and the good of cricket than a round dozen of Championship matches; moreover, from the point of view of selfish old age, an additional interest is lent as time goes on to these records, for "the child is father of the man," and one of these days when Crocketts, major, or Barter, junior, has developed into one of the great cricketers of the day it will be a pleasure to look back to the days of early promise and the triumphs of youth. That fame may be in store for the school team whose doings are chronicled upon page 344 we sincerely hope, but the bald score as it stands does not flatter the young gentlemen who in their first innings scored no run at all, and were beaten by an innings and sixteen runs by their opponents, who totalled but twenty-five runs. This may certainly be regarded as a cricket curiosity, and in the two innings the highest score was two runs, whilst no less than eight out of the eleven candidates secured the dreaded "pair of spectacles."

The Propagation of the Gospel of Cricket in foreign parts was carried on vigorously last year, and full space is given to the doings of Lord Hawke's and Mr. Priestley's teams in the West Indies, whilst Mr. P. F. Warner writes of the doings of the team of Amateurs that went under his command to the United States.

The earlier portion of the book is composed of several interesting articles, chief amongst them being one by Mr. W. J. Ford on Public

\* "John Wisden's Cricketer's Almanack for 1898." Full scores and bowling analyses of all important matches played in 1897. Special photographs of Five Cricketers of the Year—J. R. Mason, N. F. Druce, G. L. Jessop, W. R. Cuttall and F. G. Bull. Edited by Sydney H. Pardon. London: John Wisden & Co., 27, Cranbourn Street, W.C.

School Cricket, and the editor celebrates the career of the oldest living cricketer, Mr. Herbert Jenner-Fust, who played his first match at Lords' for Eton and Harrow in 1822.

Messrs. Webster & Co. are to be congratulated upon "The Badminton Diary,"\* which, edited by Captain Fitzalan Manners, again makes its welcome appearance. The vast amount of information contained in it does not make the book too bulky for the breast-pocket, and no sportman who has a shilling to spare should be without it.

Always to the front in enterprise connected with the literature of Sport, the publishers of the Encyclopædia of Sport have undertaken "The Angler's Library," the first volume of which deals with "Coarse Fish."

This is a subject upon which Mr. C. H. Wheeley, the author, is qualified to speak with authority, and the work\* will doubtless win a welcome from that large regiment of the army of anglers who love to watch the float, and bait the swim, and spin the trace.

A chapter is devoted to each variety of coarse fish in alphabetical order, but as the volume is not a very bulky one, there is obviously not sufficient space at the command of the author to do justice to all. And so we learn with pleasure that a later volume of "The Angler's Library" is to deal exclusively with the two kings of coarse fish, the Pike and the Perch. We must confess to a feeling of surprise when we found in this work a chapter devoted to Thames trout, one could not help thinking *que diable allait il faire dans*

*cette galère*, but the author sets our mind at ease in the opening words of the chapter, "I do not for one moment consider a Thames trout to be a coarse fish. My reason for including a chapter on Thames trout in this volume is that the only methods we can employ with any reasonable chance of success, are those resorted to for coarse fish; spinning and live-baiting are the chief, while legering and pater-nostering are occasionally, but very rarely practised. The fly also, so seldom kills large Thames trout, that I must reluctantly confess that it is almost waste of time to use it, that is, the fly proper."

Mr. Wheeley is encouraging when he says, "The angler need not travel to New Zealand to get a huge trout, for if he will only persevere, he will sooner or later get one from the Thames; it is only a question of time, knowledge, and patience."

This book is full of good tips and valuable hints to anglers, and here is one for the pike-fisher, which we hope we may be pardoned for reproducing: "In live-baiting for pike, I advise adjusting the depth with a small piece of porcupine quill tied cross-wise on the line above the float and not by jamming a peg in the float itself. Let the line run freely through the float; when the pike runs with the bait the float is pulled under as usual, but in striking you do not lift your heavy float from or against the water; the line slips through it, and almost the full force of the stroke is on the hooks." This is a tip well worth remembering.

Another suggestion which bears the stamp of soundness is this, "As an aid and a comfort in angling, I most strongly advise winding the winch with the left hand, we nearly all use the right hand in preference to the left, and

\* "The Badminton Diary for 1898." A. Webster & Co, 60, Piccadilly, W.

† "The Angler's Library." Edited by Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., and F. G. Aflalo. Coarse Fish, by C. H. Wheeley. London: Lawrence & Bullen, Ltd., 16, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

that hand (the right) generally does all the throwing or casting, thus instinctively knowing the weight of the rod, and appreciating what strain is being exerted on the tackle and fish. Why, then, when playing a fish from salmon to roach is the rod so frequently shifted to the left hand?" Mr. Wheeley enlarges upon this topic, and would seem to make out a complete case in favour of winding the winch with the left hand, so far as we can see, custom immemorial is the only influence against it.

The notes at the end of the book are full of interest, and the case against swans as destroyers of fish spawn is stated with great force, and supported by some extracts from the minutes of The Thames Angling Preservation Society's Register, which should entirely dispel any doubts, should any exist, that swans do harm to spawn.

We wish that space permitted us to dwell at greater length upon this excellent little volume, fortunately its moderate price places its possession within reach of each lover of the gentle art.

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## "Our Van."

**Racing in Comfort.** — During the close season of flat racing the racing man would do well to devote a certain portion of that interregnum to serious contemplation. There are plenty of matters connected with the conduct of the Turf that are well worthy of his consideration, and none more so than this particular one of racing in comfort. I was much impressed by a remark made the other day to me by a veteran of the Turf, very well known in the past to readers of BAILY, who after a busy connection of thirty-five years with the sport exclaimed, "you know, I must say that we have never raced in comfort." Because he had never before complained in so direct a fashion, this long enduring sufferer, like thousands of others, had no doubt been regarded as perfectly satisfied with his lot as a race-goer and had nothing to complain of. It is a characteristic of the Briton that he "writes to *The Times*" on trivial matters, especially if foreign ones and so out of the reach of influence of the

English press, but suffers without public protest in far more important affairs at home; and the way in which he has hitherto consented to go. Racing is a case in point. No institution existing for the purpose of providing public entertainment can approach the Turf in the direction of costliness to all concerned; and yet the anomaly exists that the pursuit of racing is attended with an extraordinary amount of discomfort the maximum of which falls upon the outside public who, when accounts come to be balanced, will be found to be the body who pays the bill. Some phases of theatre-going are far from suggestive of a period of sybaritic ease; but the crowds that are satisfied to half suffocate one another in the shilling gallery are not placed in such violent contrast with their home life as is the case of thousands who go racing, and who, in return for their gold find the accommodation of the dog kennel, except that many kennels are relatively very much superior when it is considered that the

kennel is for the lower animals and the race-course stand for the human being.

There is absolutely no phase of our race-going that is not far away below the standard it should reach, this being said with full cognisance of the futility of attempting to come within even measureable distance of perfection. Sloan, the intelligent American jockey, whose intelligence is evidently not confined to his riding, in the course of some letters to an American newspaper on English racing remarked pointedly upon our inferior methods of reaching our race-courses, and the only attempt to refute Sloan, that I saw, was unfortunately worded. "Sloan has evidently never travelled to Sandown or Kempton in about twenty minutes, or to Manchester in three hours and a-half," was the reply, to which Sloan's obvious retort would be "No, nor anyone else." There is no gainsaying the excellence of the long distance service of race trains provided by the three great lines going north; but, though one is disinclined to appear to be ungenerous one cannot avoid pointing out what an excellent thing it is for the public to have three such lines in direct competition, to say nothing of a fourth, the Great Western, equally powerful, now entering the lists splendidly accoutred and full of determination. Any one desirous of seeing how keen is the competition for a race traffic between these four lines should watch the movements of their representatives in gold lace caps at the chief north-country and Midland meetings.

But I do not understand any sporting journalist, who may be assumed to have had actual experience of that concerning which he writes, going out of his way to extol the London and South-

Western Railway. In Sandown Park, Hurst Park, and Kempton Park this line has three race-course stations lying between 14½ to 16 miles from London, and the average duration of the run is from thirty to thirty-five minutes. With this people seem satisfied; yet, if the trains to Gatwick (26 miles) and Lingfield (28 miles) are more than fifty minutes on the road, people groan aloud and write in the papers about the tedious journey. Then the L. & S.W., instead of following the established commercial rule of making a reduction on taking a quantity, which it is very glad to do in connection with everything else but racing, be it noted, charges four shillings first-class return to Esher, Hampton Court, and Kempton by the special trains, the ordinary return fares being Esher three shillings, Hampton Court two and ninepence, and Sunbury, which is farther than Kempton, three shillings. The first-class return railway fares for Lingfield and Gatwick, with the option of making Brighton or London the terminus thrown in, is five shillings, by special train, the ordinary return fares being seven shillings and eightpence to Lingfield and Horley, the last-named place being a mile short of Gatwick. (Why the Lingfield executive ever lumped the charge for admission to the course on to the railway ticket we never could comprehend, but this has nothing to do with the present question.) Compared with what the L. & S.W. do during the Epsom meetings the charges above complained of sink into insignificance. Epsom is 14 miles from Waterloo, and the ordinary first-class return fare is three shillings; but at race times the charge is raised to seven shillings and sixpence, insult being added to injury by the legend on

the ticket, "no class guaranteed." It is only fair to state that the London, Brighton & South Coast on this occasion outdo their solitary rival by charging eight shillings. They certainly have four miles farther to go round and land one nearer the course, which is convenient for the foot people; but cab fares from the Downs station are as high as from the town. The Downs route makes it impossible for us to enjoy those delicious hot pies, without eating which many people would not consider that they had been to Epsom; though there is the counter-balancing compensation in not having to witness the many cases of horse torture on the hill which keep the police and officers of the S.P.C.A. so busy.

Thus certain of the railways, at the very outset, impose a grossly extortionate tax upon us wherever and whenever they feel they have us by the hip, in other words, where they possess a monopoly of the traffic. And all monopolies are bad. Now, apart from the extra expense imposed upon the regular race-goer, which is by no means the unimportant consideration it might appear to be, did we judge by the absence of agitation, the moral of this is radically bad, because it suggests that in going racing we are doing something so much out of the ordinary that we cannot object to be taxed for it. It is impossible to get rid of the impression that in all cases of exaction in connection with racing we have something that is reminiscent of the extortions of the prize-ring the gambling hell and the bag-nio; and it is here deliberately affirmed that there is nothing but the difference of degree between the practice of the scum of the old-time prize-ring in barring the progress of the better class of

spectators wherever opportunity presented itself for the purpose of exacting toll, and the gross extortion of railways such as is practised in connection with Epsom, to mention the most glaring of existing instances. It is a disagreeable remnant of an old, evil time. Racing people should resent more strongly than they do the impositions which are put upon them. As it is they seem content to be classed as a spendthrift body that is only happy when throwing its money in the gutter with both hands, and never condescending to drink anything cheaper than champagne.

The card-selling nuisance, which usually comes antecedent to the railway extortion where practised, and besets anyone carrying a race-glass or presuming to ride in a hansom cab within half-a-mile of the station, is one which can easily be stopped; but, this would entail a radical change, against which the English stomach revolts, and, what is more awful, the following the lead of other nations where consideration is actually given to the comfort of race-course frequenters.

Where else but in England is the race-goer pestered by an always howling and very often offensively dirty mob of rapscale lions, male and female, thrusting cards into one's face as though the purchase of a race-card were the sole aim and object of existence? It is convenient to mention that this disreputable state of things reaches its apogee at Liverpool, primarily because it is true, and secondly because, at the neighbouring and rival town, Manchester, the radical reform that is here advocated was tried with the most complete success. At Manchester cards are now sold only inside the gates of the race-course, and, in consequence, one reaches

the scene in comparative peace. Even in race-card selling there are vested interests, and no one suggests any interference with the well-known individuals of both sexes who are identified with the trade all over the kingdom. These people are never importunate, know their customers, and are the right persons to be entrusted with the sale of the cards, but inside the enclosures. We decline to believe that the casual *sans culotte* army that enters into the trade on a few days each year is affected to any appreciable extent by the selling of a few dozen cards. If anyone were to suggest that no proper justification exists for the making of any charge for cards at all, he would probably share the fate of many others who were ahead of their times. In the printing and selling wholesale of race-cards there is, no doubt, much profit, and vested interests in this trade could not be justifiably interfered with; but one may yet sigh for the more attractive custom as it prevails in France, for instance, where, on paying one's napoleon, one is handed a card of the day's proceedings, free, gratis and for nothing. In England, where one pays twenty, and sometimes thirty, shillings for the right of entry into the "reserved enclosure," at least much might be done, and some day, perhaps, an extra enterprising management of one of the Parks will do it. The printing of race-cards leaves much to be desired, taken all round. The modern card in book-form convenient for the pocket is almost universal with the Parks, but few designers of cards seem to realise that space for the insertion of jockeys' names is required. Newmarket, whence one would expect all improvements to emanate, is particularly behind the times; and after regarding the

Manchester card, 8½ inches deep, as the most cumbersome thing of the kind, it was exasperating to be handed one at the Newmarket steeplechases 9½ inches deep. The race-card supplied at Newmarket during the Jockey Club meetings might easily be improved without adding to the expense; and the price of sixpence must leave a large margin for profit.

Whilst referring to Newmarket, one may point out how little incentive is given by the authorities there to the making of improvements in the lot of the race-going public. One would naturally expect the leading body of racing to take the lead, but in this particular respect it is the Parks that show the way; not that Newmarket follows. It is a reasonable contention that, racing being a national pastime, a man should be able to take his wife and daughters in peace and comfort. Racing is either a good thing or a bad thing. If it be a bad thing, suppress it; if it be a good thing, let it be conducted as such. Any one desirous of showing his wife really good racing would not un-naturally be disposed to take her to Newmarket, but arrived there, where would he take her to see the racing where she would meet with the most ordinary of creature comforts? The answer is that there is simply no place for ladies in the stands at Newmarket for anyone unprepared to pay a high price for one of a limited number of boxes. The only seat which the Jockey Club proffers our supposititious lady visitor in the stand is the bare, rough and dirty surface of the baulks of wood of which the stand is composed. Judging it from the quality of the accommodation it provides for the general public, what the Jockey Club says is, "We do not want the ordinary

citizen here. In the Jockey Club stand we desire the presence of our particular friends, and in the other rings the presence of those only who wish to bet." That is the only common-sense inference to be drawn from the attitude of the Jockey Club. Compare this treatment with that accorded to the casual visitor in France. And by its attitude towards the outsider as distinguished from a member of the club a race-course must be judged. In the members' stands, we know matters are always comfortable enough, but this puts the shabby treatment of the outsider that is so much the rule in the greater contrast. By degrees improvement is setting in; but until the improvement is general race-going can never become really popular as a spectacle apart from the betting. It will of course be pleaded that ladies have never gone to the public rings, which is scarcely surprising, looking at the nature of them in the past. Ten years or less ago ladies did not ride bicycles.

A hallucination under which many race-course caterers seem to labour is that race-goers confine their drink solely to champagne and spirits. They never by any chance want a cup of tea. As a matter of fact race-goers, though not precisely abstemious, are an extremely sober body, and none better appreciates a cup of tea at the proper season. In the club enclosures tea is always to be had, but the outcast lot who pay a sovereign to go into the reserved enclosure, what do they want with tea? If anyone disbelieves in the predilection of the race-goer for this soothing beverage, he can obtain a useful object-lesson at Manchester, where, in the principal ring, a large alcohol bar is faced by one for tea, and it is

not always possible to say at which bar is the larger crowd. Why should Manchester stand practically alone? Is there, then, no profit on tea?

The supervision of carriage enclosures is another matter to which more attention should be given. The time-honoured custom has been to charge a lumping sum for the admission of a vehicle, and then to hand its occupants over to the mercy of a set of specious mendicants, who add to the annoyance of their begging—for it is nothing else—the further irritation of the practice of whatever calling they pretend to follow, as a plea for the extortion of backsheesh. At Epsom and similar places seclusion is of course out of the question, and the "fun of the fair" is part of the programme, but at the Parks there is no excuse whatever for allowing occupants of carriages to be pestered to death. An excellent example has been set, and there are signs that it is being followed, this being the provision of a carriage enclosure into which itinerant nuisances are not admitted. This is, of course, a very easy matter at the enclosed meetings, but it should not be altogether impossible at Ascot. What is wanted is the will to have things as they should be; the way will easily be found.

**Racing under National Hunt Rules.**—If a ukase were issued to the effect that there should be no more racing in January, how many people would really be sorry? No sport is benefited by being pursued under difficulties, and this is generally the case with racing in January. Even when the winter is open, there is little in the sport that is provided to interest one, and dreary indeed has it been of late. The discouragement that racing in the first month in the year has encountered in recent



times, has led to very few meetings being held during its course, and it is a pity that the slate is not wiped quite clean. When the season for racing under the National Hunt rules opened the prospects were of the gloomiest, and prospects have been fulfilled. Most of the racing has been of the leather and prunella order, for the great majority of the competing horses have been of the sorriest description. The only fields that attain to any dimensions are those for selling hurdle races, and it is quite an event to see the winner of one of these fetch more than 100 guineas under the hammer. Horses with the least capacity for winning races have met over and over again, and must know one another thoroughly well by this time, especially when the frequent change of stable which some of them experience is borne in mind. Winter racing has its trials, but sport under National Hunt rules is not unpopular with the public, though weather conditions will always tell their tale. The sport seems to languish for want of enthusiasm on the part of owners, and there is no royal road that I know of by which matters can be improved. Some may be of opinion that the road might be indicated if "royal" were spelt with a big "R." Many reasons can be found for the absence of influential owners who race under Jockey Club rules from sport "over the sticks," but it would not be profitable to pursue the subject. Still, it may be as well to remember that there is such a thing as satiety, and that this state of feeling may easily be arrived at by participation in an engrossing sport like racing for a continuous period of eight months. And even given the will to race all the year round, it is not every man who has the capacity for get-

ting together a stable of chasers. Owners of flat racers we have in great variety, and an intimate knowledge of horseflesh is by no means the distinguishing feature of all, but the man of steeplechasers to succeed must be to the manner born, and he must be imbued with that absolute love of the horse which is born in one apparently, and rarely, if ever, acquired. If there were no such thing as hunting, it is quite possible that the number of people racing regularly under National Hunt rules would be greater than it is; but things will have come to a terrible pass indeed when that splendid array of horseflesh that is to be seen each winter in the Midland counties has no other field for display than the made up country of the steeplechase course. In the meantime it is impossible not to recognise that racing under National Hunt rules is not improving in tone. The bookmaker and backer's commissioner are excellent persons in their respective spheres of operation, but it is scarcely possible that they can be imbued with the proper afflatus for appreciating the true inwardness of steeplechasing. This is not the element that will elevate the sport, and there seems to be but small chance of the element that is desirable coming in in anything like force. Were it not for the industry of the Irish brigade, matters would be in worse case than they are, for it is Ireland that infuses into the sport what little life it has, and to Ireland it is evident one must look for the immediate future at least. In England the most original move that can be devised appears to be the putting over hurdles of a few horses that have been failures on the flat. It seems to occur to no one to breed the steeplechaser as one breeds the thoroughbred for the flat.

**Melton Gossip.**—There has been some great sport here, but lest we should be too much envied, there is something very like an outbreak of influenza in the neighbourhood. Sir Samuel Scott is receiving every one's good wishes. Beside his constituents he will represent Racing, Yachting, Hunting and Polo in the House, and with his connections political, social and financial, should have a career before him. We have missed Captain Fitzgerald from the Cottesmore and Mr. Fernie's fixtures this year. Now it appears that he and Mr. Cookson of 1st D. G., are acting as gallopers to Sir Bindon Blood on the Frontier. Both are well known in hunting and polo circles. Another leading polo man, Major Rimington, who used to go well across Leicestershire when staying at Burton Overy last season, is now seen to the front with the Meath, so they say, and we can well believe it, as Major Rimington is one of the rare men who can make any horse go over a country. Lord William Bentinck, of the 10th Hussars Polo team has been down, and Lord and Lady Henry Bentinck have come on a visit (after finishing their great shoot at Underley, the estate which Lady Henry inherited from her father, Lord Bective), and were out with the Belvoir. A young sportsman new to the shires was Lord Malden, whose father rents Gaddesby Hall. Mrs. Park Yates has come to the Lodge. Mr. Foxhall Keene has exchanged hunting for golf.

**The late Lord Wilton.**—It is rather perhaps as the son of his father, that finest of horsemen, as well as one of the most polished gentlemen of his day, that the late lord will be remembered at Melton. Yet he was brought up there at Egerton Lodge, and as Mr. "Sun" Egerton is remem-

bered for his skill as a violinist, and his fine taste as a musician. His sister-in-law, Elizabeth Lady Wilton, is still the leading hostess of the neighbourhood her husband and father-in-law liked so well. The late lord lived latterly chiefly in Bavaria. Two other sportsmen have passed away since I last wrote. Mr. Rice Meredith, a fine horseman, who has made as many steeplechasers and hunters as any man of his time in Ireland, and Mr. Farnell Watson who delighted riding men in Surrey and Sussex with his pack of stag-hounds, which are now known as the Warnham staghounds.

**Stag-hunting.**—There was a stag which used to show great sport before Lord Rothschild's hounds which had been originally captured by Mr. Basset, of Watermouth Castle, then Master of the Devon and Somerset, after running twenty miles in an hour and three-quarters before those hounds. This great run was rivalled by one which the Devon and Somerset had on Monday, January 3rd. Higher Lodge was the meeting place. Tufters roused an old hind and a male yearling. By the way hounds ran it was evidently a good scenting morning. Half an hour after tufters had been stopped the pack were laid on. With a good scent and the deer so close in front the pace was fast. At Hind's Pool there was a short check where the deer had beat up stream, but Anthony divined the manœuvre, got hold of hounds and cast well forward, and soon the echoing music in Bradley Wood showed where the quarry had gone. One of the field got a view, and the great doghounds tore over the heather, the pace trying the best of the horses. A farmer on a one-eyed cart mare had the best of it most of the way—the mare must have some rare

good blood in her. Unluckily, at Nethercott, where the two deer divided, hounds took the line of the young deer, which was devoured by the pack in the Exe where he had soiled. The deer are certainly increasing, as Mr. Bathurst's hounds disturbed several in the Eggesford country. Yet the stag-hounds are out four days a week.

**The Carted Deer.**—From the Vale of Aylesbury we hear that scent has not been remarkable, and with neither foxhounds nor staghounds has anything notable in the way of a run reached me. A good hunt from Eythorpe with "The Baron" is the best that I have heard of. This is the side of the country best known to the V. D. "With a twisting stag such as we had on this occasion, it takes some craft to cover the vale well, since by Shipcot the place with hounds depends a good deal on getting in good time to the gaps and narrow bridleways. The run, however, showed how difficult a task a stag can set a pack of hounds, and how well these particular hounds held to the line. It took them an hour and a half to run up to their stag near Whitchurch, where it was safely taken.

**The Quorn.**—These hounds had the run of the season on New Year's Eve from Ellar's Gorse. The meet was at Hoby (the first held there for nineteen years). As to the run itself, the man who was there shall speak. "Shoby Scholes was blank. A halloa from Lord Aylesford's Gorse led to nothing, the fox of the day being found at Ellar's Gorse. At the start two deep ploughed fields and then the best of grass till we were nearly at Willoughby. Short of this the hounds swung to the right in which direction they kept turning till Six Hills seemed the point. Through Mundy's Gorse, past

Walton Thorns, then straight through Wymeswold to Hoton New Covert where we killed. Time about one hour, very fast all the way, and the run of the season up to now." . . . Later on the same day Firr had a bad accident, he jumped into a pond and in the scramble out his horse trod on him; he has been laid up ever since.

**The Belvoir.**—There was a great crowd here in spite of very bad weather, when the meet was at Waltham. A great number of men came from the Quorn. The honours of the day, however, belonged to Rev. J. P. Seabrooke and the Messrs. Gale, who led the field when hounds ran fastest. Again I quote from a letter:—"Long trot to Burbage's. We found at once, and hounds driving hard on the scent, hunted the fox across the river towards Stapleford. This was not the fox's line, for directly he had got clear of hounds he swung round sharply and crossed the water again to Freeley. Thus a number of the field were thrown out, including myself. However, I am told that hounds ran well past Thorpe to Brentingby, where was the first check. Onto a holloa over the Waltham and Melton Road. The fox now began to tire, and pointed for Croxton Park, but below Waltham swung left-handed over the railway and into Goadby Gorse where we lost. A capital run, and from Thorpe to the check very fast."

**Mr. Fernie's.**—Since the diminution of wire in this country, and the vein of sport which these hounds have struck, large fields have become the order of the day on Thursdays, when, as all the world knows, Mr. Fernie hunts over the very cream of his country. On Thursday, January 6th, a fox from Glenn Gorse seemed determined to show the visitors

who had come by special train from Melton the very best of High Leicestershire grass. The meet was in the well-known enclosure at the back of Little Stretton, and Charles Isaac trotted off for Glenn Gorse with fair punctuality. Luckily the fox went out at the Stackley side and past Captain Maudslay's house with Burton Overly on his right; he went nearly by way of the place of meeting, along the valley and up the hill to Norton-by-Gaulby, a direct line of good grass and some stiff fences. At Galby there are some places into which a fox can scratch himself quickly enough. But either this one had not time or some one was there before him, for he came right back at an acute angle with his former course to Carlton Curliou; here he turned again and went as if for Burton, but came back with Carlton Curliou on his left and went on to Sheephorns, and past that covert and so on to Tur-Langton. I should think, though I do not know, that a fresh fox took hounds back to Stanton Wood, so many foxes have I seen lost near the Langtons. Moreover, I doubt any fox, even in January, living before these hounds for an hour and a half over the grass.

**The Craven.**—We are tempted to place a run with this pack immediately after that with Mr. Fernie's, as illustrating an equally good chase in an entirely different class of country. In the Craven there is much plough, some flints, not much grass, a good deal of wood, and few fences, an exact contrast to the countries of which I have been writing. But there is plenty of good sport in the Craven, and several most enjoyable days has the Van Driver had when Mr. E. S. Portal was Master. This run was after a bob-tailed fox, and covered twenty miles of

ground at least. Hounds ran fast at times, at others hunted well and closely, and a great part of the run was a fine exhibition of patience on the part of the huntsman, Wilson, and steadiness on that of the hounds. Twice the pack divided, and twice the leading hounds refused to leave the line of their hunted fox. The notable point in this run was the fact that hounds undoubtedly killed the fox they started with. The curious tail—the most orthodox could not call it a brush—showed that. The Craven pack is an exceptionally good one, the last three Masters having all been keen houndmen. Major Ricardo bred Vagabond and Valesman, the former almost the ideal foxhound in shape and make. In Mr. Portal's time these won at Peterborough, and now, under Mr. Dunn's Mastership, Vagabond's descendants are still as good to look at and as dangerous to foxes as ever. While this run was after a bob-tailed fox the Pytchley recently had a gallop after one with a twisted tail. Why are animals with deformed tails good goers? How many great runs have been after bob or rat-tailed foxes? And one of the best horses I ever saw had a tail like a worn-out toothbrush. And then there was Artaxerxes!

**O. B. H. (West).**—Following the Hunt Ball of Friday the 14th, which, by the way, was a brilliant success, the Master had fixed a handy Meet for Saturday at Littleworth Common. A fine day favoured us, a big crowd turned up, and the Master had no easy task to keep the Field in order. At first there appeared to be only a poor scent, and little could be done with the first fox, from Burnham Beeches, but as the day wore on, so scent improved, and a capital spin of thirty-five

minutes was the next order, finishing up with a kill, which the hounds well deserved. Another nice gallop from Mill Wood late in the day was very enjoyable, when hounds again raced their fox down, and had more blood. It is gratifying, from a foxhunter's point of view, to notice that shooting men, and especially the Londoner, who hires coverts in a hunting country, are more considerate in this district than they used to be, and the writer only hopes they will remember that,

"One fox on foot more pleasure will bring,

Than twice twenty thousand cock pheasants on wing."

### **The Puckeridge Hounds.**—

From a correspondent: "During the past month sport has much improved with us. Scent has been decidedly better, and since the rains came foxes have not been lying out much in the open. The three best days were Saturday, January 1st, when the Meet was at Red Lion Reed, on Wednesday, January 5th, from Elsenham, and on Friday, January 14th, from Widford, when on all occasions real good gallops were enjoyed, hounds being twice rewarded with blood. At an informal meeting of the Earth Stopping Committee held in the middle of the month, the question of barbed wire was seriously discussed, and it was considered advisable to at once approach the large landlords and their agents, with a view to urging them, if possible, to arrange, when letting farms, that no barbed wire should be put up in the winter months. The Puckeridge Country has very little at present, but it is likely to grow unless active measures are at once taken."

**The Fife Hounds.**—On Saturday, the 15th ult., the Fife met at Birkhill, the residence of Mr. Wedderburn. Among those out

were Mr. H. Gilmore, Mr. G. Middleton, Miss Currie, Mr. Richmond, Mr. James Carnegie, Mrs. Carnegie, Mr. G. A. Gilroy, Mr. H. Wedderburn, Mr. A. Gillespie, Mr. and Mrs. Ogilvy, Miss White, Mrs. Marshall, &c. A fine dog fox was found at Coultrie and gave a very fair half hour's gallop, there being nothing worthy of the name of a check from start to finish, but the field was much interfered with by a good deal of barbed wire. At Kilmenny another fox was found, but unfortunately he soon got to ground."

### **The North Cotswold Hounds.**

—Lord Lifford presided the other day over the annual meeting of the North Cotswold, which was held at the Lygon Arms Hotel, Broadway, near Evesham. It happened that the subscriptions amounted to just over £800, of which £600 were paid to the Master, Captain Stacey, who had offered to hunt the country again on the same terms as before, only he asked that after all expenses had been paid he should receive the rest of the money subscribed. The offer was accepted, but Mr. Algernon Rushout, a former Master of the pack, suggested that the present Master should engage a professional huntsman, a proposition which met with no support, for the general feeling of the meeting was that Captain Stacey had shown very good sport, and was becoming quite a competent huntsman.

**The Grafton.**—The run of the month was undoubtedly that of the Grafton on Monday, January 3rd. Indeed, if I am not mistaken, from all that I can learn this run will take its place among historic chases, side by side with Waterloo or Great Wood. The meet in the morning was shrouded in dense fog. Then came a light breeze, the mists rolled away and

hounds were taken to Everdon Stubbs. For three-quarters-of-an-hour hounds ran well and hard, making a good five-mile point to Thrupp's Spinney in the Pytchley country. The fox was well beaten, but unluckily the hounds got away with a fresh one and the hunt, on wearied horses, with no second horsemen in view, had to toil on as best they could. This fox steadily refused all the coverts in his way as his predecessor had done; it is likely that hounds had hit on two travellers, and both were strangers, curious as the coincidence was. Just as hounds were about to kill short of Crick, some ten miles from the start, another fresh fox got up and hounds settling on him, ran hard back to Kilsby; there were still ten men going well and several others struggling along by road-way or gap just managing to keep touch with hounds. Gradually one tired man dropped away beaten, horses had done all and more than all in their power, and more than one good hunter has since succumbed to the severe gallop. In the shades of evening and four hours and a half from the start, Bishopp, who had stuck to his hounds in spite of at least one heavy fall, blew the pack out of Badby Wood. At the close were the Master and Mrs. Pennant, who had picked up their second horses, three good farmers, and perhaps one or two more. It was a great test of the condition of hounds, for they were running hard the greater part of the time and must have covered thirty miles.

**South and West Wilts.**—The dispute which has arisen between Mr. Harris and Mr. Laverton about the Vaggs Hill Coverts, has been referred to the arbitration of The Right Hon. Walter Long, and thus a satisfactory settlement

may be expected. Mr. Long's sister, Mrs. Jack Martin, is the wife of one of the keenest and best Masters of Hounds South and West Wilts have had. He had a good deal of trouble with the owners and occupiers of shootings.

**Ireland.**—The continued rain has made going very heavy in the Meath country, but the wet has been favourable to hounds though heavy ground tells terribly on weak studs. The V. D. had a run over to Ireland the other day, and the horses there certainly look rather light, but their condition is splendid. In Ireland large studs are the exception and hard work the rule. On the whole I believe their policy is that you see more sport and have fewer casualties with a small hard-worked stud than a large under-worked one. Sport has been very good with the Meath. On three consecutive hunting days these hounds had one and sometimes two good runs a day. On Thursday, the 3rd inst., after a great run from Bengerstown, Captain T. Hone lost a good horse. Another very fine gallop was on Friday 7th, when the hounds from Moyglare ran right up to the wall of Carton Demesne in an hour and twenty minutes, but there were probably two foxes in the run. Many readers of BAILY will have seen accounts of the remarkable run which two or three members of the Ward, two couple of Meath hounds, and a Ward outlier had the other day. Somebody wrote that this incident was unique. A stag and a fox both jumped up together before hounds and ran for some distance side by side. I saw the same thing once for a short distance with the Queen's. A fox jumping up and running with the deer for a mile or more. With the Meath when the stag

and fox parted, the pack divided, two couple only succumbing to the temptation of the scent of the deer. Another curious thing was that Mr. Maynard, the Field Master of the Wards, was out on wheels, and was up to see the deer taken. But to take a deer with two couple of hounds that had defied the Wards, is a remarkable occurrence.

**The Tipperary.**—There has been something of a disturbance in this Hunt. Apparently a recrudescence of the old Nationalist's dislike to hunting. But the Irish are not a stupid people. Even now the days when hunting was boycotted are remembered as times of poverty and dulness. No sooner did the intention to boycott Mr. Burkes' hounds become known, than the local clergy (the parish priest in Ireland always desires the welfare of the people) called a meeting. This gathering was never held, for so ready was the response to the summons that the few enemies of the hunt gave in and "the incident was closed." Indeed, we have only referred to Tipperary as an object-lesson for people in England who, if they do not desire to stop hunting, act as if they did. After all, the Irish have keener sense of their own interest than a good many people in England, who would perhaps consider themselves models of shrewdness.

**Hunt Balls.**—These functions are in full swing just now, and one of the best and most successful was that of the Warwickshire, which took place on Twelfth Night at the County Hall, Warwick. Unluckily, the Master of the Warwickshire Hounds, Lord Willoughby de Broke, and the members of his family were absent, as also was the Earl of Warwick, who was confined to his room with a bad cold; but the

company numbered about 300, and they danced merrily to the strains of the Royal Artillery Band from Woolwich, one of the best of bands. Among the guests were Lord and Lady Hertford, the Dowager Countess of Aylesford, Lady Clonmell, Lord Aylesford, Lord Yarmouth, Lord Algernon Percy, one of the Masters of the North Warwickshire, Sir Savile Crossley, Baron Monk-Bretton, the Hon. Mr. Brand, Lords Ernest, Henry and Edward Seymour, Mr. Brooke Robinson, M.P., the Mayor and Mayoress of Leamington, and many others. The Sedbury Hunt Ball, too, which took place at the Feathers Hotel, Sedbury, passed off with great success. The rooms were tastefully decorated, and there was a goodly company, while at the Music Room, Shrewsbury, the Shropshire Hunt Ball attracted all the best known people about the place.

**Riding to Hounds.**—Mr. C. R. Godman, Master of the Crawley and Horsham Hounds, who has ever shown himself anxious to protect the interests of the farmers over whose land the hounds hunt, has just issued an address—not the first one—to his followers. He reminds all who hunt with his hounds that the wetter the ground the more careful they should be to avoid injury by careless riding over seeds, wheat, and roots. "The timely shutting of a gate," he says, "may save a farmer much inconvenience by preventing the straying of horses or cattle." This is sound advice, but of still more importance is what follows. "I wish especially to request people," writes Mr. Godman, "in going to or returning from hunting, to abstain from making short cuts across fields." This hunting men are very prone to do; but no greater mistake can

be made. Not only farmers but many large landowners who have not the slightest objection to hounds running over their land, very much dislike to see men making their passage over their fields as if they were a right of way. To cross private grounds when going to or returning from hunting is a liberty which should on no account be taken in the interests of hunting generally.

**Hunting Accidents.**—Among the latest victims is M. Fouret, a well-known follower of the Belvoir, who has been living at Pointon House, near Billingborough. While the hounds were running near Humby M. Fouret's horse fell, rolling over its rider, who was picked up in an unconscious state. On medical assistance being summoned, he was found to be suffering from concussion of the brain, a damaged arm, and shock to the system. Mrs. Arthur Murland, of Badby House, sustained a bad fall while hunting with the Grafton, by her horse putting its foot in a rabbit hole. This is one of the worst kinds of falls that can happen. In Yorkshire, Lord George Dundas, the youngest son of the Marquis of Zetland, came down; Lord Crewe broke his collar bone in Cheshire; and Mr. Tomkinson, while out with the North pack near Clotton Hoofield, fell and broke his horse's back, somewhat injuring the rider; Harry Perry, the Huntsman to the Iping Harriers, has also broken his collar-bone, while the whip to Lord Rothschild's staghounds has also come to grief. Last month was certainly prolific in accidents.

**Testimonials.**—In the Quorn country the name of Cradock is honoured, for more than one member of the family has rendered valuable service to the hunt, and I believe that two testimonials

have been presented to members of the Cradock family whose connection with the Quorn dates back a long time. Mr. T. J. Cradock has been secretary to the Quorn for twelve years, and now it is proposed that a testimonial shall be presented to him in thankful recognition of his services. Lord Lonsdale, the Master of the Quorn; Lord Belper, Sir Archdale Palmer, the Hon. Sec. in the movement; Messrs. B. W. Lubbock, S. Ashton, Hussey Peeke, W. B. Paget, E. H. Warner, and Alfred Brocklehurst have appended their names to a circular in support of the proposition. During the dozen years or so that Mr. Cradock has held the post of secretary to the Quorn, he has devoted any amount of time and trouble to the interests of the Hunt, and no testimonial could be better deserved, and no doubt those who have erstwhile hunted with the pack will loyally support the movement. Robert Allen, who has for some years been huntsman to the New Forest deer hounds, has been presented with a testimonial in recognition of his services. Allen, it may be remembered, was formerly with the Puckeridge, first as whipper-in and then as huntsman.

**Vacant Countries.**—It is said that, at the close of the present season, Mr. A. B. Wrangham will give up the Croome country, and that the Bedale country will pass from Major Dent to the Duke of Leeds.

**"At Dargai."**—We have to acknowledge a photogravure of Mr. Stanley Berkeley's picture illustrating the charge of the Gordon Highlanders at Dargai, and though we have not seen the original work, we consider the reproduction possesses great merit as exhibiting much life, dash and detail. The publishers



("Hobbies," Limited), have made it all the more interesting by quoting the order of Colonel Mathias to his men before the charge.

**Sport at the Universities.**—1898 is likely to mark an epoch in Oxford and Cambridge sport. Above and beyond the usual big sequence of Inter-'Varsity contests, international fray will probably be resumed on the grand scale. Yale and Pennsylvania Universities (U.S.A.) are both on the war-path, the former intent upon avenging their 1894 Oxonian defeat, and the latter keen upon meeting the winners of the next Queen's Club athletic contest. An Australian contingent of amateurs also mean throwing down the gauntlet to Oxford on river and path, so the prospect is very lively. Now that the Augean stable has been cleansed in America, and the amateur status of the Cornstalks asserted beyond all cavil, we have authority for saying that hostilities are more than likely to be renewed. Lent Term is with us again, and practice and preparation for the many stirring events therein is already rife. The Vacation Tour or the Rugby Football teams gave further evidence that the Dark Blues were unco' lucky in winning the 1897 tussle so easily. Cambridge won two out of three of their Scottish engagements, whereas Oxford were thrice defeated pointlessly by Devonport, Albion, Newport, and Cardiff! Considerable exception has again been taken to the expediency of these tours, and from every point of view, we agree that they are very unprofitable. Ere these remarks see light, both teams will have commenced the second portion of their season, with return fixtures against the principal clubs in the kingdom—of which anon. It is noteworthy

that no fewer than five Cantabs (Past and Present) have been selected for England *v.* Ireland at Richmond on the 5th inst.! The Association teams have returned like giants refreshed with wine from their brief vacation, and are now busily putting on final "polish" for their great meeting at Queen's Club on February 19th. It is difficult, very so, to predict the issue of any Inter-'Varsity contest on respective form, as bitter experience teaches. Oftener than not combination goes by the board, and rough and tumble tactics prevail in its stead. This time, however, we anticipate both a very stubborn match and some really "class" football. Both elevens are clever forward, somewhat weak at half, and in the latter direction Oxford holds the whip hand. They also excel at back, for the Cantab defence is not equal to their attack this year, always excepting Campbell in goal, who is superb. On all-round form Oxford should win, but we repeat that this is a very slender plank to rest upon, at the best.

The Boat Race, fitly named the "Water Derby of the year," is provisionally fixed for April 2nd. Saturday is always an off day with Londoners, hence another enormous attendance will be assured. President Dudley-Ward, assisted by Mr. W. A. L. Fletcher, the ever-famous Oxonian "Blue," have got together a fine lot of men at work thus early. It is hoped that W. J. Fernie, stroke in 1896-7, will again occupy that thwart, but, failing him, either Goldie, Steele, or Davidson will be called upon, we understand. The survival of the fittest will hardly be attained for some little time yet, so we refrain from anything approaching critical comment until next month. Owing

to the exigencies of Term, which falls later at Oxford than at Cambridge, the Dark Blues were hardly in harness so promptly as their rivals. President Philips is now hard at work anent final selection, however, and we confidently predict another crew of exceptional merit. Having overcome his little difficulty with the examiners, H. G. Gold will once again act as stroke, to universal satisfaction. Other "Old Blues" will also assist, but exactly how many depends upon circumstances; anyway, from recent observation, we are convinced the Oxonians will give another exposition worthy the best traditions of the O.U.B.C. Cam and Isis are now fairly alive with crews in hard work for the Lent and Torpid Races shortly to be decided. On the whole, they are a fairly promising lot on either river, and it is evident that class oarsmanship is being carefully nursed at both Universities.

It would be mere affectation to pretend criticism *seriatim* at this stage, some of the crews have only just taken to their racing craft, albeit we can safely anticipate some keen tussles all down the line. Quite as much of a national function as the Boat Race or Derby is the athletic meeting at Queen's Club, provisionally fixed for April 1st. Presidents Fremantle and Carter have recommenced operations betimes, preparatory to a full programme of college and inter-collegiate events, meetings with the London Athletic Club, &c., and the big tussle, as above. Oxford has an advantage in the matter of "Old Blues," and they are confidently expected to repeat their 1897 victory fairly easily. We are not so sure of that, however, as current form points to a very stubborn tussle in most every event—any

idea to the contrary being right out of court. Amicable negotiations are still pending anent the Hammer or Weight elimination question, which promise to equal in duration those of the famous Jarndice *v.* Jarndice case. Another strong protest has been sent by the O.U.A.C. to the C.U.A.C. as regards the employment of professional trainers by the latter body. This is a different and very serious matter, and the Dark Blues are amply justified in objecting to such an anomaly, as against all precedents and traditions of Inter-'Varsity fray. Professional co-operation in any shape or form is contrary to the very spirit of gentleman-amateurism, which up to now has prevailed at either University! As this month's notes are in the main prospective, from obvious reasons few and short must be our remaining remarks. Other representative contests down for decision this Term are those at hockey, golf, boxing and fencing, chess, billiards, &c. Both hockey teams went on tour during the Vacation with fluctuating success. As the result of antagonising most of the leading Metropolitan clubs, Oxford showed up slightly the better, but there is very little superiority either way, so far. Only after another month's work will any real criterion of respective merit be obtainable. At golf and billiards the prospects of the Dark Blues are certainly the rosier, whereas at racquets, chess, boxing, &c., the Cantabs appear the brighter—we shall see in due course. Sailing, cycling, polo and tennis devotees appear more numerous than ever, and extended operations may be confidently looked for in these directions. Cricket prospects are altogether cheery, and under the *régime* of F. H. E. Cunliffe (Oxford) and

C. E. M. Wilson (Cambridge) another grand season is assured. Once again it is our pleasing duty to heartily congratulate the large number of prominent 'Varsity athletes who have also excelled in the "Schools" recently. Year after year, and Term after Term, the same spectacle is afforded, and yet some folk would have us believe that sport is being overdone at our Universities. *Credat Judæus!*

**Cricket in Australia.**—The second test match between Mr. Stoddart's team and the representatives of Australia, which took place at Melbourne in the first week of the New Year, resulted in a terrible defeat for the visitors. Winning the toss upon what has been described as a perfect wicket, the home team laid themselves out to keep possession of it as long as they possibly could, and so at the end of the first day's play there were but three wickets down, whilst the score stood at 283. Charles McLeod, who has now quite played himself into the representative Australian eleven, and upon this occasion going in first, he stayed at the wicket over four hours for his score of 112 runs. The essential motive of Australian batting nowadays would appear to be this "playing for keeps," or keeping in as long as possible by never taking a risk and gradually wearing everything out, including the bowling, the patience of the spectators, and worst of all, the pitch itself.

So in this match the history of the game would appear to be this, that the Australians winning the toss occupied the wicket for two days, whilst they leisurely compiled a total of 520 runs, and then, with the wicket gradually wearing out and becoming difficult, they had their opponents at their mercy when at length their

time arrived to bat. It is not uninteresting to note how the invalids distinguished themselves in the match. There had been rumours that Gregory and Iredale were suffering to such an extent from the extreme heat that they might be unable to take part in the game, and it was stated that Iredale remained in bed on the first day of the match and occupied a lower place than usual in the batting list in order that he might have a longer opportunity of recovering. Gregory was responsible for an innings of 71, whilst his fellow invalid made 89. Moreover, the top scorer on the English side was Ranjitsinhji with 71, although there were most unsatisfactory reports as to his health.

The figures of the English bowlers in this long innings do not come out well. Tom Richardson, who is generally regarded as the best bowler on all wickets in this country, only dismissed one batsman, whilst over a hundred runs were hit off him, whilst Hearne was only able to take the two last wickets, and when it is seen that Briggs, with three for 96 runs has the best analysis, it is evident that the attack could not have been very formidable.

The Englishmen, after their two days in the field, never looked like making a very good fight of it, although Ranjitsinhji and Storer made a good stand in the middle of the innings, and later on Druce and Briggs added a good few for the ninth wicket. The first innings of 315 left the visitors in a minority of 205, and following their innings, they were all dismissed for the very moderate total of 150, which left Australia victorious by an innings and 55 runs. Trumble came out with the good record of four

wickets for 53, whilst Noble did a great performance in securing six for 49 runs. It is probable that at the end the wicket afforded great assistance to both bowlers, and we have often seen in England how admirably Hugh Trumble is able to avail himself of any advantage offered him by the ground.

With one game credited to either side the third test match caused any amount of interest to centre upon the doings of the rival teams at Adelaide. In the opinion of many cosmopolitan cricketers, the wicket at Adelaide ranks as absolutely the best in the world, and it was somewhat discouraging for Mr. Stoddart to again lose the toss and turn out into the field; the state of affairs at the end of the first day's play was, however, considerably more discouraging, for Darling and Clement Hill, supported by McLeod and Gregory, started the entertainment in such a business-like fashion that 310 stood on the board for the loss of but two wickets of which the two left-handers had subscribed 259. It was quite fitting that they should have distinguished themselves in this match, seeing that they are both South Australians, and "upon their native heath," if one may use the expression without slighting the Adelaide ground.

The second day opened more auspiciously for the visitors, as a catch at the wicket in the first over, put an end to Darling's long innings before he had made any addition to his score of 178. After this, however, the game went wearily along according to the *fin de siècle* method of Australian cricket, and the close of the second day found the home team still engaged upon their first innings with nine wickets down and 552 runs scored as the result of two

days' batting. Gregory with 52, Iredale 94 and Noble and Trumble with 39 and not out, 37 respectively, were the chief scorers for the day, but considering that only 242 runs were made in the whole day upon a most perfect batsman's wicket the entertainment must have been a very dismal one for the spectators. There is an end to most things, however, in this life, even to an Australian innings, and after a good part of three days had been consumed in amassing 573 runs, the time at length arrived for the Englishmen to bat. The English bowling had looked harmless enough, for Richardson, who was the least unsuccessful, had no fewer than 164 runs hit off him for the four wickets he secured, whilst Briggs was punished to the tune of 128 runs, and took no wicket after he had bowled McLeod, but when the Australians took the field batting did not appear such an absurdly easy matter, and ere nightfall, six wickets had fallen for an aggregate of but 197 runs, and meagre indeed would have been the score, but for a good stand by Hayward and Hirst. The next day saw the total raised to 278 mainly by a spirited innings of 86 hit up by Hirst, who was the last man out.

The two new bowlers, that is to say, new in the sense that we have not yet seen them on this side of the world, Howell and Noble, were most effective, the former taking four wickets at a cost of 70 runs, and thereby vindicating the judgment of the selectors of the team who picked him in preference to McKibbin. The Follow On was opened in melancholy fashion by the fall of Mason's wicket with the score standing at 10, of which the unfortunate Kent captain had secured not one; this early reverse was followed by a

gallant stand between Maclaren and Ranjitsinhji, who are probably at present the two finest batsmen in the team, and the second wicket did not fall until the score had reached 152, of which the retiring batsman Ranjitsinhji, had made 77. Further disasters followed owing to the effective bowling of McLeod who took three wickets in a short time at a moderate cost, and the end of the fourth day found Mr. Stoddart's team in a hopeless plight, having but six wickets to fall and wanting 134 runs to save the innings defeat. Except that Mr. Maclaren increased his score to 124, there was nothing good to be said of the visitors' play on the last day of the match, and a victory for Australia by an innings and 15 runs, was the result of the Third Test Match.

It is worthy of note that up to the present the winner of the toss has in each of these three matches succeeded in easily winning the game, and it appears to be not unlikely that such will be the case in the remaining two games of the rubber. Upon the magnificent pitches provided at Melbourne, Sydney and Adelaide, in a match which may be protracted and prolonged if necessary for a fortnight, a team gaining first innings and concentrating their energy, or it would be more fitting to say their lack of energy, upon the occupation of the wicket for so long a time as possible without regard to run-getting, are likely to gain a terrible advantage over the men who after fielding for two days or more, do not get their first use of the wicket until their own bowlers have been pounding away on it for many a long hour. Perhaps one of these days for the so-called Test Matches in the Colonies, there will be provided a separate wicket for each side, so that whichever side bats last, will have so far as

possible as good a chance in the matter of the wicket as their fortunate opponents; there are of course many objections which can be urged against such an innovation, but the present condition of affairs is so unsatisfactory, that there is a great temptation to seek for a remedy.

**"Old Memories."**—We have received a letter from Mr. Edward Costall, referring to an article "Old Memories," in the December number of BAILY, in which the fight between Cribb and Molyneux is recorded. Mr. Costall writes:—

"It may interest you to know that the village of Stretton is within one and a half miles of the field where the fight between Cribb and Molyneux was fought, and that my grandfather was surgeon to Cribb, and my father was surgeon to Molyneux. Molyneux was a good bit injured; had his jaw broken, and I fancy also one arm, but of that I am not sure: but I know that my father attended him for five or six weeks at an inn on the Great North Road, *near* the village of Stretton—although *really* in the *parish* of Greatham, and known to this day as the Ram Jam Inn, although I believe, correctly speaking, it is the Winchelsea Arms."

**Football.**—Immense interest continues to be taken in the Football League contests in the North and Midlands.

The Corinthians had a very successful Christmas tour, and have every reason to feel satisfied with their efforts.

Matters continue to be very unsettled in the Rugby Union world, and a further "split" may take place at any moment. In the North there is a strong feeling that a general amnesty should be granted to the Northern Union

clubs and players that are willing to rejoin the Rugby Union. The Rugby Union Committee have refused to accede to the wish of the Yorkshire party, and great dissatisfaction exists in consequence. There is also trouble in the Northern Union itself, where the adoption of professionalism is mooted. As professionalism has been rampant in the new Union for some time, no one will object to see this step taken.

The North v. South match at Carlisle furnished a very interesting contest, the South proving successful by the narrow margin of three tries (9 points) to a dropped goal and a try (7 points).

**Golf.**—There is little to record this month. At this season of the year, though the game may be played as much as at any other, there are few prize competitions or matches that call for special notice. Perhaps the most notable performances were those of Lieut. Outhwaite and A. H. Scott, the Elie professional in foursome play. They challenged to a home and home match any two members of the Leven Thistle Club, one of the strongest clubs in the country, and at present the holder of the *Evening Times* and other trophies. The challenge was taken up by Mr. James Wilkie and Mr. David Kinnell, the former one of the two players who won the *Evening Times* trophy for the Club at Bridge of Weir, last September, and the latter, a young brother of James Kinnell, professional to the Prestwick St. Nicholas Club. At Leven, where the first half of the match was played, the Elie couple obtained a lead of four holes on the two rounds and at Elie they concluded the match 9 up and 8 to play. The winners played at Alexandra Park, Glasgow, a short match against Mr. G. McFarlane and Mr. D. Adams which they won by three holes, but when

they went to North Berwick and tried conclusions with Mr. Josiah Livingston, a young Edinburgh player, and Willie Park, junr., they were beaten by two holes in two rounds. This record of play shows them to be a very strong couple. It will be remembered that last autumn Scott made a splendid match with Andrew Kirkcaldy at Elie and St. Andrews, and the name of Lieutenant Outhwaite appears in the records of the Amateur Championship. In the course of the month the medal of the London Scottish Club, at Wimbledon, was won by Mr. D. S. Froy with the remarkably good scratch score of 77. In spite of wet and fog Wimbledon keeps in very good order.

Golfers who have been in the habit of going to Luffness will be pleased to learn that the club there has overcome the difficulties which beset it. A new course has been secured on the property of the Earl of Wemyss, close to the village of Abetlady, and under the supervision of Mr. A. M. Ross and Ben Sayers it is being laid out. When the new railway being made by the North British Company is opened, it will be comparatively easy of access.

Great things are being done in the north of England in the way of golf extension. The Lytham and St. Anne's Club has built a club-house at a cost of £10,000, which is probably the most magnificent thing of the kind in the country, while on the other side of the Mersey, the Royal Liverpool Club is rearranging the Hoylake course and making it still more difficult. At Manchester a company has been formed to acquire for golfing purposes about 100 acres of Trafford Park as well as the use of a portion of Trafford Hall. The Manchester Golf Club is at the back of the Company.

## Correspondence.

### THE ARMY MEDICAL STAFF.

To the Editor of "BAILY'S MAGAZINE."

IN the December number of your magazine appears an article on the Army Medical Staff, in which the organisation, status, and grievances of that Department are dealt with.

It cannot be denied that Army Medical Officers are, generally speaking, discontented with the present state of affairs. There is a difficulty in obtaining a sufficiency of candidates to fill vacancies, and the ordinary routine work at many stations—including Aldershot—is partially carried on by civilian practitioners, probably owing to the demands made by the operations on the Indian frontier now in progress.

The grievances, supposed and real, of the Army Medical Officer have been prominently brought before the public in the press, both civil and military. The chief of these is the burning question of rank, because on that nearly everything else hinges. It is stated that at present "Medical officers have no defined or comprehensible army rank," that in consequence they are unable to properly carry out their duties, and further, that owing to the want of this rank, they are subjected to social discomforts and slights, both from soldiers and civilians. It has mostly been taken for granted that the above statement is correct, that the army doctor is a distinctly ill-treated individual, that the authorities deny him common justice, and that officers of combatant branches regard him with dislike, and look down on him, simply because he is a doctor. I propose to combat these views. I am

ready to admit that the Army Medical Staff have some real grievances. I hope to be able to show, however, that the question of rank is not really one of them, and that the agitation at present on foot for *purely combatant titles* is, considering the nature of their duties and the *métier* of their profession, absurd and out of place. The comparison of the Army Medical Staff to the Royal Engineers or Army Service Corps does not hold good. The officers of both these corps have to pass exactly the same examinations for promotion to each step of rank as an officer of cavalry, infantry, or artillery. The R.E. officers are those highest on the list passing out of Woolwich, whilst those of the A.S.C. are carefully selected from various regiments after a very stiff probationary period of one year. In addition to the examination above alluded to they have also to pass a stiff test in the subjects peculiar to their own corps.

There is not the slightest doubt that this agitation for military rank was not *originally* put forward by the best men in the Department. It was the outcome of the gradual leavening by a lower class of medical student (chiefly recruited from Ireland) which gradually permeated the Army Medical Staff, and which has been going on for some years. These persons were not gentlemen, and had no pretensions to be thought such. Finding themselves somewhat snubbed when they rudely pushed themselves forward, as was their wont, and being under the impression that because they were

now (medical) officers, therefore, as a matter of course, they were also gentlemen, they could not or would not understand, that officers of other corps did not view them in the same light, and avoided them, not because they were *doctors*, but because of their want of ordinary social qualifications, tact, and good breeding. Suddenly the cause was discovered! Medical officers, doctors, were disliked, but captains and colonels would be hailed with acclamation!

From that day forward, rank, *pur et simple*, was to be the panacea for all ills. The noisy minority pushed their remedy by every means in their power and at every opportunity. They gradually converted a large number of their brother officers—the waverers had no rest—and at last, for the sake of peace and quiet, threw in their lot with the would-be combatants. Various specious reasons have been given, too well-known to need repetition. The result was the present compound titles, surgeon-lieutenant, surgeon-captain, surgeon-major, surgeon-lieut.-colonel, brigade-surgeon-lieut.-colonel, surgeon-colonel, surgeon-major-general. These—if we except the brigade-surgeon-lieut.-colonel, which is not necessary and might have been dispensed with—were not in my opinion cumbrous, and clearly defined the relative rank of each officer. Surgeon-major was a very old title. Everybody supposed these new designations were only intended for official use, or in correspondence, and that in private life and social intercourse the medical officer would still remain “doctor.” But we were soon disillusioned. To our surprise we found cards left at our messes. *Captain* Snooks, *Major* Patrick O’Sullivan, *Army Medical Staff*, and “colonel,” “major,” &c., simply rammed down our

throats. Could anything be more incongruous than on visiting a hospital to see a sick soldier to be told “the Colonel is going round the wards, sir,” or “the Major says he’ll be discharged in a day or two, sir.” Was it any wonder that the army was disgusted, and that the great majority viewed these newly-blossomed warriors with aversion and contempt?

Such is briefly the history of the “rank” agitation up to the present time. But it is not this alone which has alienated from army medical officers the sympathies of the service. There is a strong feeling abroad, that the majority of them, in peace time at any rate, are above their work. That they prefer the parade ground to the hospital, battalion drill to feeling pulses. Many of them appear to be “in sublime ignorance of the healing art,” take little or no interest in their cases, and scarcely behave with ordinary courtesy if called in. Is it any wonder then that “to those who have winced under their callousness, or have mourned the loss of dear ones, victims of incompetence and ignorance the desire for additional military titles, savours of cruel farce and questionable taste”? Of course there are many good fellows, good medical officers, and good doctors in the Department, but as always happens in this wicked world, the innocent suffer with the guilty, and doubtless the tendency at the present time of a large majority of the army is to give the medicos wide berth, and to tar them all with the same brush. It is unfortunate that it should be so, but any impartial observer who has followed the conduct of the Department during the last ten years, must admit it has only itself to blame.

No, there is not the slightest doubt that medical officers have



rank quite sufficient for all purposes. They have the command of their own men, and they have no right to expect or ask for more. Their titles are perfectly clear and distinct, and the various reasons advanced for purely combatant nomenclature are generally considered by the rest of the army as an attempt to draw a red herring across the path. Nobody who is acquainted with the inner life of the army will believe for a moment that Surgeon-Major Smith, *Army Medical Staff*, is barely tolerated, but that on his becoming Major Smith, *Medical Staff Corps*, he will be received with open arms, no matter what his lack of social qualifications. There is no profession where a man sooner finds his level than in the service, and where he is more quickly weighed in the balance, and appreciated for what he is worth. A gentleman and a good fellow will be taken as such, no matter to what branch of the service he may belong. The converse equally holds good.

Would that army medical officers realised this. They would probably then cease this ridiculous agitation, and instead of causing the hospitals to "boycott" the Army Medical Staff, they would exert all their influence to try and induce the best men to join. The Indian Medical Staff has exactly the same rank and titles as the Army Medical Staff, yet the "boycott" does not extend to it. The demand to be formed into a *Royal Corps* savours, in my opinion, of impertinence and of dictation to Her Majesty. There are many distinguished Royal regiments, but I have never heard that the demand for this distinction emanated from them in the first instance. Rather was it bestowed as a mark of approval for meritorious service of a special nature.

Without denying that the Army Medical Staff may be deserving of this honour, it would, I think, be more becoming for it to wait until it is bestowed voluntarily as a recognition of work well done, instead of demanding it as a right. It is one thing to ask to be formed into a corps, quite another to demand that the corps shall be a *Royal* one.

It is understood that a return to a modified form of the old regimental system is under consideration, medical officers being attached to regiments for five years. This would doubtless work well if the officer so detailed be a *persona grata*. On the other hand, if either he or his belongings be unpopular, measures will probably be taken to make him realise that his room is preferred to his company, and the last state will be worse than the first. Again, one regiment may have a small percentage of sick, another a very large, and whilst one medical officer might have little to do, the duties of the other would be very onerous. The question of expense has also to be considered.

What is to be done to put a stop to the present deadlock? The remedies are twofold. The first lies with the Army Medical Staff itself. It is a case of "Physician, heal thyself." Let army doctors cease this absurd craving for purely military titles, which even if conceded would only lower them in the eyes of combatants. There is nothing a soldier hates more than a hypocrite—one who pretends to be what he is not. And the army will *never* understand why the doctor, whose *métier* is to save life, should so thirst for the titles of the combatant whose duties are exactly the reverse. The "doctor's aim is to find the wounded and carry him out of danger, to heal the sick, and to

relieve suffering—surely a noble calling! Yet men are ashamed of this splendid profession, and seek to pass themselves off as man-slayers, and professional gladiators!" On active service the doctor has given us many an example of devotion and self-denial, aye, and of brilliant heroism. The cross "for valour" adorns the breast of many of the profession, gained always in endeavour to *save* life. In epidemics of cholera and yellow fever, he risks and often gives his life, fighting an enemy far more deadly and insidious than the bullet and the bayonet. The army is not unmindful of these things. Are not his laurels sufficient to give *éclat* to any profession? Let good sense and good taste prevail. Let the Department drop the "rank" agitation and remove the "boy-cott," and let it exert its influence to obtain as medical officers for the army the best men, *socially* and *professionally*, from the hospitals. Again, let medical officers show a little more courtesy and tact, and exhibit some interest in their cases, remembering that they are not conferring a favour but only fulfilling a duty. So will the tone of the Department be raised and the good opinion of the army at large be regained.

The second remedy is with the military authorities. Let them thoroughly recognise the Army Medical Staff. It is impossible to deny that medical officers have some genuine grievances which demand prompt and suitable redress. Let these be thoroughly inquired into, and dealt with, and a settlement be come to, likely to

bring finality. There is no difficulty in getting suitable candidates for the Indian and naval medical services, and should be none in obtaining an amply supply for the Army Medical Staff.

Such, in my humble opinion, are the remedies for the present disastrous state of affairs which reflects no credit either on the Army Medical Staff or on the authorities, and which, if war on a really large scale were to break out suddenly, would entail much useless suffering and loss of life owing to the lack of sufficient medical officers. But the time has come to face the difficulty. Let the authorities do so. Let them be firm, but just. Let it be thoroughly and distinctly understood that the "rank" question is dead and buried, never to be resurrected. On the other hand, let them meet the Medical Staff in a fair and liberal spirit, do away with their real hardships—let there be no "tinkering"—not giving something with one hand and taking it away with the other, as was recently done when the duration of the tours of foreign service was altered. Let them make the *solid* advantages of the Department so clear and attractive, as to outweigh any *sentimental* grievances as regards rank, and I am quite certain they will find no dearth of candidates of *the best class*. And be sure that when this happy state of affairs is brought about the doctor will quickly regain the position he held some few years ago, when he was a *persona grata* "a hail fellow well met with us all, and, as a rule, a right good fellow to boot." SANITAS.

# Sporting Intelligence.

[During December—January, 1898.]

On December 20th, Captain Prettyman, M.P., met with a serious accident through being thrown from his horse, which had taken fright at a dog.

On December 21st the Cottesmore Hounds had a big run. The meet was at Mr. Lauderdale Duncan's at Knossington, and after finding, hounds ran continuously for three hours and five minutes, the fox ultimately going to ground.

On December 21st, a large gathering of Kentish agriculturists and hunting men dined at the Hotel Metropole, when a presentation was made to Mr. John Russell. The Hon. Ralph Nevill presided, and in making the presentation (which took the form of Mr. Russell's portrait), said Mr. Russell's connection with them went back forty-two years, and a better sportsman never lived. His connection with the West Kent Hunt had been most valuable, and they all had to thank Mr. Russell in some way for the pleasure they had experienced at these meetings. The presentation was, however, more in connection with the North Kent Agricultural Association, which owed its success in great measure to the interest taken in it by Mr. Russell.

The sire Van Diemen's Land, the property of J. Watts, died on December 24th. The horse was foaled 1885; he was by Robert the Devil—Distant Shore, bred by Mr. C. D. Rose. As a youngster Van Diemen's Land met with considerable success on the racecourse, running third in the Derby in Ayrshire's year, and he has got several useful horses.

Sheldrake by Mandrake, out of Bonny Breast Knot by Voltigeur, foaled 1874, died in the south of Ireland towards the end of December. The horse was well known as a sire of steeple-chasers and hunters.

The steam yacht *Giralda*, the property of Mr. H. McCalmont, M.P., made a very fast passage from Dartmouth to Gibraltar. Leaving the former port on January 4th, she arrived at Gibraltar on the 6th, making the distance of rather over 1,000 miles in sixty-one hours.

During the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth, excellent sport was obtained in the extensive preserves. On Tuesday, January 4th, the bag consisted of nine hundred rabbits and four hundred pheasants. On Thursday about a thousand pheasants were bagged, and on Friday eleven hundred pheasants were killed besides other game.

The Earl of Ellesmere's shooting party at Worsley Hall, Lancashire, the first week

of January, including Lord Onslow, Lord George Scott, Lord Brackley. Mr. Francis Egerton, and Mr. Thomas Egerton, killed about a thousand pheasants in three days, besides other game.

Mr. Herbert R. Arkwright, son of a former Master of the Oakley Hounds, died on January 6th, at his residence, Knuston Hall, Northamptonshire. The deceased gentleman, who was only thirty-four years of age, had maintained a pack of harriers for the past seven years.

The death is announced, on January 8th, of Mr. Robert Chambers, of York, who was for many years well known in the front rank of steeple-chase riders.

The Belvoir had a capital day on January 8th, but unfortunately several accidents occurred, the most serious being to Miss Parker, daughter of Colonel Parker, of Grantham, who sustained a broken leg and fractured both collar bones.

The following fish story appears in the *Field* of January 8th, on the authority of the *Kidderminster Shuttle*:—"A few days ago Mr. Clark, postmaster of the town, who has for many years been a disciple of Izaak Walton, obtained permission of Mr. Jobson to fish for pike in Hurcott Pool. His companion was Mr. Frank Stone, son of Mr. J. E. Stone, of Land Oak; and Mr. Lewis, the keeper, was also present. Before the lines were thrown into the water Mr. Lewis made a singular remark, which was very soon literally fulfilled. He told Mr. Clark that his wife had dreamt on the previous night that the largest pike ever caught in the pool had been pulled out by the two visitors (and he confidently told Mr. Clark that the dream would be fulfilled). Mr. Clark smilingly remarked that he was not a believer in dreams, to which Mr. Lewis humorously retorted, 'Ah, well, we shall see.' Lines were thrown out, and Mr. Clark pulled out a few small fish, and then caught one several pounds in weight. Mr. Stone, who is not an experienced pike fisher, had many 'bites,' but did not succeed in hooking his fish. Mr. Clark gave him instruction in the back-handed pull, and in a few minutes Mr. Stone had another bite. He put into practice the directions given and hooked his fish. It was at once evident that a large and powerful pike had been hooked. In a few minutes this impression was confirmed by the monster coming to the surface for an instant and then disappearing. It required skilful manipulation to keep the fish under control, and a considerable period to overpower and land it with the net into the

boat. The prize was something to be proud of. The pike measured 45in. in length and weighed just over 26lb. This was the hour of Mr. Lewis's triumph. Looking at the fish, then at Mr. Clark, he said, 'There, you see; that's the largest fish I have ever seen taken out of Hurcott Pool. What about the dream now?' The fish has been sent to a London taxidermist for preservation."

Mr. C. O. Gilbert, of Trelissick, Cornwall, met with a serious accident while out with the Meath Hounds on January 10th.

A party of eight guns shot through the Duke of Devonshire's preserves at Baslow, on January 11th, and killed seven hundred head of game, mostly pheasants.

The South Cheshire Hounds had a narrow escape on January 12th, when running between Market Drayton and Audlem. The fox crossed the Great Western Railway during a fast run, and while the greater part of the pack were on the line a train came on, but fortunately the driver was able to bring up within a few yards of the pack.]

G. Morris, a well-known cross-country rider, met with a bad accident on Jan. 12th at Windsor, when riding Ilmington in the Eton Hurdle Handicap. At the last hurdles the horse came down, and Morris fractured his left collar-bone in two places.

On January 12th, at Sheffield, Mr. M. Ellison, of the Yorkshire County Cricket Club, was presented with a service of plate in recognition of his services to the club for a period considerably over thirty years. The presentation was made by Lord Hawke, captain of the County Eleven.

While hunting with the County Down Stag hounds on January 13th, Lady Beatrice Butler was thrown while jumping a fence and sustained a bad fall.

Mr. C. W. Lea, who was for many years well known in coursing circles, died on January 13th at Worcester. Mr. Lea retired from coursing in 1887, and in his time he kept a considerable breeding stud, and often paid long prices for greyhounds. He was the owner of Hotspur, who was close up the year Wild Mint won the Waterloo Cup.

The Duke of Westminster had a shooting party at Eaton Hall during the week ending January 15th. The guns accounted for two thousand three hundred head of game in two days' shooting in the home coverts and at Eccleston.

The death is reported from the United States, of Great Tom by King Tom out of Woodcraft. He was foaled in 1873, being bred by the late Lord Falmouth, and was own brother to Kingcraft. After considerable success on the turf he was exported to America, where he proved a successful sire. At his death Great Tom was owned by General W. H. Jackson.

A case of rabies has occurred at Brighton, which resulted in the destruction of the entire pack of Brighton Harriers.

The death is announced of Colonel Spaight, of Derry Castle, Killaloe. The deceased, who kept a pack of harriers which afforded good sport in the South of Ireland, was a very popular sportsman and country gentleman.

The Marquis of Bath's shooting party at Longleat numbered five guns, and the bag for three days totalled over two thousand pheasants besides other game.

Lord Harlech's shooting party of eight guns at Brogyntyn, Shropshire, included Lord Enniskillen and Lord Cole, Lord Penrhyn, Sir Walter Corbet, and Mr. Bromley-Davenport. Nearly fourteen hundred head were killed in two days, including eleven hundred and forty-four pheasants.

In the West of Ireland Lord Gough's shooting party killed a hundred woodcock. There was also a good bag of pheasants and rabbits.

Mr. Marcus Lewis, who was for some thirteen years honorary secretary of the South Notts Hunt, died at Nottingham at the age of 54 years.

The stallion Uncas, a son of Lexington, died in the United States. He was foaled in 1876, his dam being Coral by Vandal. Mr. Lorillard brought Uncas to this country, and as a three-year-old he ran in the Two Thousand Guineas in 1879, but did not secure a place. He won many races in America, and met with considerable success at Stud.

Hawfinch, the son of Goldfinch, out of Chalk Hill Blue, who won the Dewhurst Plate, has been sold by Mr. John Porter to Mr. H. Bottomley for the sum of 5,000 guineas and a contingency, should the colt win the Derby.

Lord Derby has sustained the loss of his brood mare Tambourina by Hampton—Itinerant, who was in foal to Kendal.

Mr. James Tomkinson, well known with hounds in Cheshire, met with a bad accident while out with the North Cheshire. His horse, in jumping a fence, failed to clear the opposite bank and falling, broke its back and threw its rider into the ditch.

The Excise summoned a surveyor of taxes at Crewe for carrying and using a gun without a licence, and obtained a conviction.

The death of Mr. William Farnell-Watson, at the early age of fifty-four years, is announced. Mr. Farnell-Watson, who resided at Henfold, near Dorking, was at one time Master of the pack now known as the Warnham Stag hounds; he was also for a couple of seasons Master of the Surrey Union Foxhounds. Mr. Farnell-Watson took a keen interest in coaching.

## TURF.

HURST PARK CLUB.—OLD YEAR  
STEEPLE CHASES.

December 29th.—The Christmas Handicap  
Steeple Chase of 175 sovs.; two  
miles.

Captain A. E. Whitaker's bl. g.  
Barcalwhey, by Barcaldine—Jun-  
ket, aged, 12st. 6lb. R. Chaloner 1  
Mr. H. T. Barclay's b. c. Siberian,  
4 yrs., 10st. 6lb. .... Freemantle 2  
Mr. Reeve's b. g. Ballymoney, 6  
yrs., 10st. 7lb. .... O'Neill 3  
5 to 1 agst. Barcalwhey.

December 30th.—The Suffolk and Berk-  
shire Plate of 180 sovs.; a Welter  
Flat Race for four-year-olds and up-  
wards; two miles.

Mr. F. B. Atkinson's b. g. Knight  
of Rhodes, by Bon Frere—Her-  
bertine, aged, 10st. 11lb. Owner 1  
Mr. L. Brassey's b. g. Sophos, 4  
yrs., 9st. 11lb. .... Bradford 2  
Major Edwards' b. or br. c. Bird on  
the Wing, 4 yrs., 10st. 7lb.  
Canavan 3  
5 to 4 agst. Knight of Rhodes.

MANCHESTER.—NEW YEAR'S STEEPLE  
CHASES.

December 31st.—The Trafford Park Han-  
dicap Steeple Chase of 214 sovs.;  
three miles.

Major J. Orr-Ewing's br. g. Ford  
of Fyne, by Studley—dam by  
Memory—Hard Times dam, 6  
yrs., 12st. 2lb. .... Mr. Withington 1  
Mr. C. Hibbert's br. h. Fool's Para-  
dise, 6 yrs., 10st. 8lb.  
A. Nightingall 2  
2 to 1 on Ford of Fyne.

January 1st.—The January Handicap  
Steeple Chase of 137 sovs.; two  
miles.

Mr. J. Munro Walker's ch. g. Athel  
Roy, by Atheling—Lucy, 6 yrs.,  
11st. 6lb. .... Latham 1  
Mr. Vyner's br. c. St. Mathurin,  
6 yrs., 10st. 10lb. .... Mr. Gordon 2  
Mr. Priaux's ch. g. Grimpo, aged,  
11st. 9lb. (5lb. extra) Morrell 3  
9 to 4 agst. Athel Roy.

The New Year's Handicap Hurdle  
Race of 173 sovs.; two miles.

Mr. E. O. Bleackley's br. h. I O U,  
by Solus—Guarantee 6 yrs.,  
10st. 9lb. .... Eames 1  
Mr. W. Dunne's br. h. Nassac, 5  
yrs., 11st. .... Hogan 2  
Mr. D. Mann's b. h. Linhope, 6  
yrs., 11st. 9lb. (inc. 5lb. ex.)  
Mr. Lord 3  
4 to 1 agst. I O U.

## KEMPTON PARK.—

POSTPONED CHRISTMAS MEETING.  
January 4th.—The Christmas Hurdle Han-  
dicap of 184 sovs.; two miles.

Captain A. E. Whitaker's b. c.  
Knife Boy, by Bread Knife—  
Bonnie Bairn, 5 yrs., 11st. 2lb.  
R. Chaloner 1  
Lord Cowley's ch. g. Bayreuth, 5  
yrs., 11st. 12lb. .... Owner 2  
Mr. E. J. Percy's ch. g. Cestus,  
aged, 11st. 9lb. .... W. Taylor 3  
3 to 1 agst. Knife Boy.

January 5th.—The Sunbury Steeple  
Chase Handicap Plate of 136 sovs.:  
two miles.

Mr. Spencer Gollan's b. g. Ebor  
by Robert the Devil—(Austra-  
lian), dam's pedigree unknown,  
aged, 12st. 7lb. .... Hickey 1  
Mr. A. Yates' b. g. Melton Con-  
stable, 6 yrs., 11st. .... Box 2  
Mr. A. Hudson's b. g. the Conti-  
nental, aged, 11st. 9lb.  
H. Brown 3  
9 to 4 on Ebor.

## WINDSOR JANUARY MEETING.

January 12th.—The Eton Handicap Hurdle  
Race Plate of 142 sovs.; two miles.

Mr. C. Agar's ch. m. Exning Belle,  
by Goldseeker—Exning Lass, 6  
yrs., 11st. 8lb. .... G. Williamson 1  
Sir J. Blundell Maple's bl. or br. c.  
Constantine, 4 yrs., 10st. 2lb.  
R. Chaloner 2  
Mr. E. V. Marchant's b. h. Melton  
Prior, aged, 11st. 11lb. .... Fitton 3  
6 to 1 agst. Exning Belle.

January 13th.—The Castle Handicap  
Steeple Chase Plate of 142 sovs.;  
about two miles and fifty yards.

Mr. J. Phelan's ch. m. Sweet  
Charlotte, By Balliol—Mill  
Pond, aged, 12st. 5lb.  
J. O'Brien 1  
Mr. Horton's b. g. Perth Lad,  
aged, 11st. 11lb. .... Iles 2  
Major J. A. Orr-Ewing's b. g.  
Penny Hill, aged, 11st. 11lb.  
Mr. G. S. Davies 3  
5 to 4 on Sweet Charlotte.

MANCHESTER.—SECOND JANUARY  
MEETING.

January 18th.—The Manchester Handicap  
Steeple Chase of 195 sovs.; three  
miles.

Mr. Bletsoe's br. g. Tribune, by  
Old Buck, dam by Lydon, aged,  
12st. 11lb. .... Owner 1  
Captain Dewhurst's b. or br. m.  
Bird's Eye, aged, 11st. 9lb.  
Hopper 2  
Mr. M. Harper's b. g. Mathioli, 6  
yrs., 11st. 11lb. .... Owner 3  
5 to 4 on Tribune.

January 19th.—The Trafford Park Handicap Steeple Chase of 143 sovs.; two miles.

Mr. J. Horton's b. g. Perth Lad,  
by Athol—Kit, aged, 10st. 7lb.  
Iles 1

Mr. J. Monro Walker's ch. g.  
Athel Roy, 6 yrs., 12st. 3lb.  
Latham 2

Mr. Cunningham's b. h. Keelson,  
6 yrs., 12st. 7lb....Mr. Fergusson 3  
7 to 1 agst. Perth Lad.

January 19th.—The January Hurdle Race of 174 sovs.; two miles.

Mr. Straker's ch. g. Stop, by  
Peter—Dot, aged, 12st. 2lb.  
Mr. Gordon 1

Mr. E. More O'Ferrall's ch. f.  
Rinvanny, 5 yrs., 11st. 4lb.  
Hogan 2

Mr. C. H. Hannam's b. c. Secret  
Service, 5 yrs., 10st. 11lb.  
Harrison 3

6 to 1 agst. Stop.

### FOOTBALL.

December 20th.—At Partick, West of Scotland, v. Cambridge University, latter won by 8 points to 0.\*

December 20th.—At Newport, Newport v. Oxford University, former won by 14 points (1 goal and 3 tries) to 0.\*

December 20th.—At Dublin, Dublin University v. Edinburgh University, former won by 24 points (3 goals, 3 tries), to 0.\*

December 22nd.—At Cardiff, Cardiff v. Oxford University, former won by 1 try to 0.\*

December 24th.—At Cardiff, Cardiff v. Dublin University, former won by 2 goals, 3 tries to 0.\*

December 27th.—At Edinburgh, Edinburgh Wanderers v. Richmond, former won by 5 points to 0.\*

December 27th.—At Kingsholm, Gloucester v. Old Merchant Taylors, former won by 21 points to 0.\*

December 28th.—At Edinburgh, Edinburgh Academicals v. Richmond, former won by 1 goal to 0.\*

December 28th.—At Leicester, Leicester v. Harlequins, former won by 7 points to 3.\*

December 28th.—At Derby, Derby County v. Corinthians, latter won by 2 goals to 1.†

January 1st.—At Glasgow, Queen's Park v. Corinthians, former won by 5 goals to 3.†

January 1st.—At Richmond, Richmond v. Fettesian-Lorettonians, former won by 1 goal and 2 tries to 1 dropped goal.\*

January 3rd.—At Edinburgh, St. Bernards v. Corinthians, drawn 1 goal each.†

January 3rd.—At Blackheath, Blackheath v. Fettesian-Lorettonians. former won by 11 points to 8.\*

January 3rd.—At Middlesborough, Middlesborough v. Casuals, former won by 4 goals to 2.†

January 8th.—At Richmond, Richmond v. Marlborough Nomads, latter won by 2 goals, 2 tries to a try. (16 points to 3).\*

January 8th.—At Catford, Harlequins v. Blackheath, latter won by 3 goals, 5 tries to 0.\*

January 8th.—At Northampton, Northampton v. Lennox, former won by 8 points to 5.\*

January 12th.—At Acton, Middlesex v. The Army, drawn 1 goal each.†

January 15th.—At Liverpool, Liverpool v. Corinthians, latter won by 5 goals to two.†

January 15th.—At Aigburth, Liverpool v. Richmond, former won by a goal to a try.\*

### CRICKET.

January 5th.—At Melbourne Mr. A. E. Stoddart's XI. v. Australia, latter won by an innings and 55 runs. Scores: Australia 520, England 315 and 150.

January 19th.—At Adelaide, Mr. A. E. Stoddart's XI. v. Australia, latter won by an innings and 13 runs. Scores: Australia 573, England 278 and 282.

### HOCKEY.

December 20th.—At Willesden, Willesden v. Oxford University, drawn 1 goal all.

December 21st.—At Teddington, Teddington v. Oxford University, former won by 3 goals to 1.

December 22nd.—At Westgate-on-Sea, Westgate v. Oxford University, former won by 6 goals to 2.

December 27th.—At Oxtou, Lancashire v. Cheshire, latter won by 1 goal to 0.

December 29th.—At Bushey Park, Teddington v. York, former won by 2 goals to 1.

December 30th.—At Surbiton, Surbiton v. York, former won by 4 goals to 3.

January 1st.—At Teddington, Teddington v. Staines, former won by 7 goals to 2.

January 6th.—At Cheltenham, East Gloucestershire v. Worcestershire, former won by 5 goals to 3.

January 8th.—At Croydon, Croydon v. Bromley, latter won by 4 goals to 1.

January 19th.—At Erdington, Warwickshire v. Shropshire, former won by 7 goals to 0.

\* Under Rugby Rules.

† Under Association Rules.

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OF

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MARCH, 1898.

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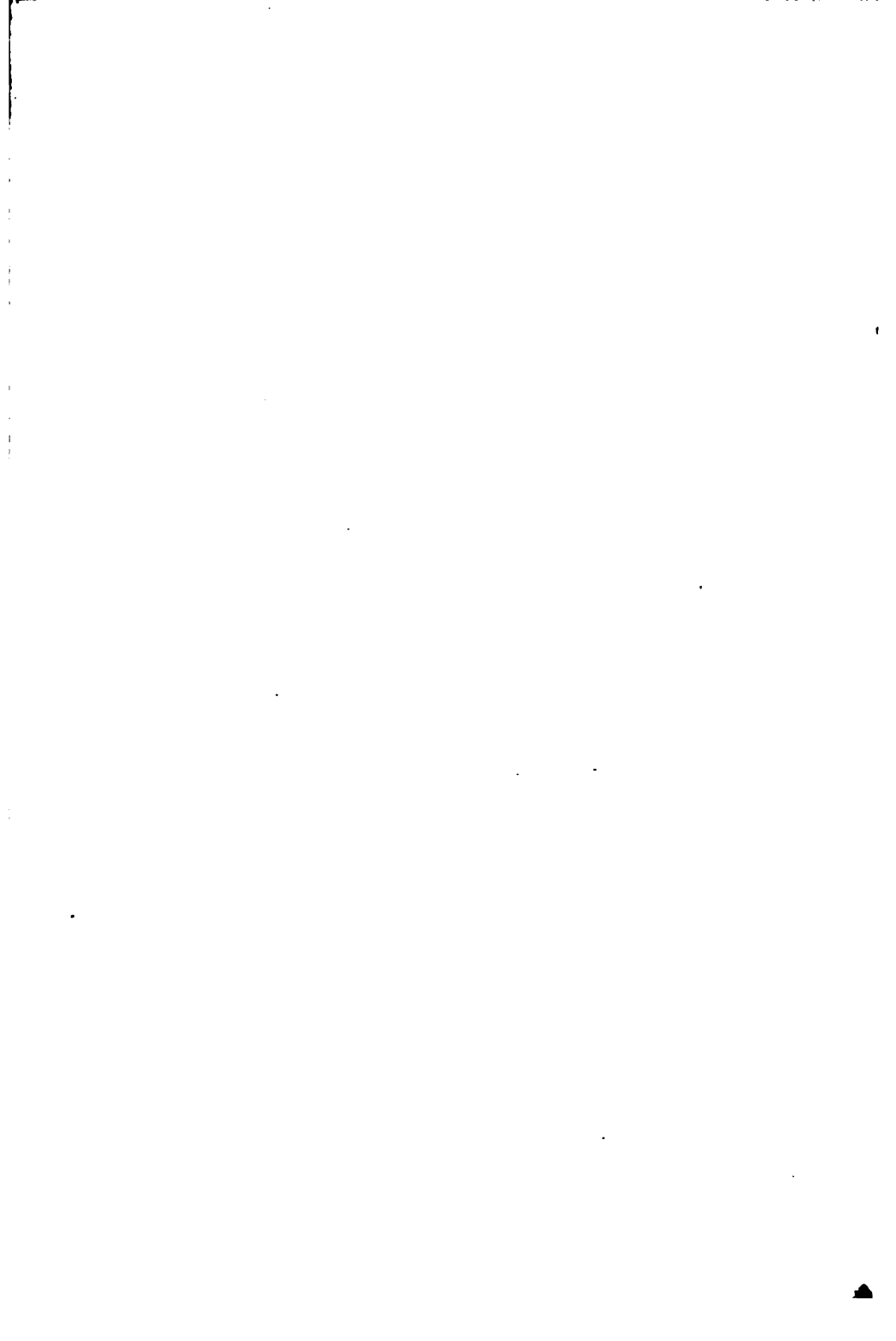
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THE Master of the Puckeridge, Mr. Edward E. Barclay, is the fourth son of Mr. Joseph Gurney Barclay, of Knotts Green, Leyton, Essex, who is a lineal descendant of Roger de Berckelai, who at the time of the compilation of the Domesday Book held lands in Gloucestershire. His son, John de Berckelai, accompanied Margaret, sister of Edgar Atheling, to Scotland, and from him is descended the ancient family of Barclay, first of Mathers, and latterly of Urie. The lands of

Mathers were granted to Alexander de Berkeley by William Keith, Marischal of Scotland, and this grant was confirmed by King David II. The Mathers estate remained in the Barclay family for over 300 years, when it was sold by David Barclay, whose son, Colonel David Barclay, served as a Volunteer under the banner of Gustavus Adolphus, and afterwards was placed by the king in command of a regiment. On the conclusion he settled down at Urie, which estate remained in



Collect. Dr. Fry, photo.

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Ed. E. Barclay



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WITH

Steel engraved Portrait of MR. EDWARD EXTON BARCLAY.

Portraits of LADY THEODORA GUEST, MISS GUEST, MISS SIRRELL, MISS PARKE,  
and MR. JESSE CURLING.

Engraving:—A HEATHER FOX.

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the family over 200 years, until it was sold some years ago by Capt. Robert Barclay, the celebrated pedestrian, who died in 1854.

Pedigree and particulars of the above nature are to be found in "Burke"—where the history of the Barclay family covers many pages—and elsewhere, and readers of BAILY will doubtless rather hear of Mr. Barclay's sporting accomplishments. Briefly then the subject of our notice was born on the 16th February, 1860, and educated at a private school, and afterwards at Trinity Hall, Cambridge. From his earliest boyhood he developed sporting instincts of a marked description, and his primary knowledge of hunting was gained when, in his Christmas holidays he followed the Southdown Foxhounds and Brighton Harriers, his father having wintered at Brighton for many years. He gained further experience when with a tutor in Yorkshire, hunting a whole season with the Bramham Moor under the late Mr. George Lane Fox, and paying occasional visits to the York and Ainsty, which was then under the mastership of the late Colonel Fairfax. In 1878 he went up to Cambridge, and at once became a follower of the Trinity Foot Beagles, a member of the Drag, and an occasional foxhunter with the Cambridge-shire, and other local packs. In the following season he became whipper-in to the Trinity Beagles, and in '80-81 he was Deputy Master, hunting the hounds in the absence of the Master, Mr. Rowland Hunt, now Master of the Wheatland. During these years he also saw a good deal of sport with the Fitzwilliam and Oakley packs, and he as certainly graduated in the science of the chase, as he did in those subjects for which Cambridge University is primarily intended. As a matter

of fact he took his degree in '81, and proceeded to his M.A. in '84, but long before this occurred he had become determined to have hounds of his own, and collected together a pack of foot harriers, which in the early autumn showed good sport round the Cromer district of Norfolk, and later in the season were kennelled at Higham, in Suffolk, on Mr. Gurney Barclay's property, where they were within reach of Cambridge. At this time Mr. Barclay must have been as great a glutton for sport as his famous kinsman was for walking, for we find him hunting hares six days a week, three with his own pack, with which he carried the horn, and three whipping-in to the 'Varsity pack. Mr. Barclay went at first to the kennels of Mr. Fellowes, of Shottesham, in Norfolk, to Mr. Vaughan Pryse, and Mr. Birt Jenner, and from these three strains he soon had a very smart pack, in which special attention was paid to bone. The scenting and killing powers of this little pack were evidenced by the fact that they killed in one season 63 hares in 27 days' hunting.

In 1883 Mr. Barclay married, and went to live near Leyton, taking his harriers with him, but in the following season he was unfortunate enough to lose his whole pack by dumb madness, and thus the careful breeding of six years was lost. Nothing daunted, a new pack was at once begun, the same blood being requisitioned as had been used half a dozen years before. Until '89 these little hounds were hunted on foot over a part of the "Essex" country, with a sojourn at Higham for several weeks during the partridge shooting season. The district hunted during these visits to Suffolk was a large one, and Mr. Barclay had a



hound van built, with a coach front, and used to drive his friends and his hounds to the distant meets with four-in-hand, hunters generally doing duty as leaders. Thus was a combination of two fine sports procured, and if we add the partridge driving, which in the neighbourhood of Higham is of the very best, it will be seen that the subject of our notice is an all-round man.

In '89, Mr. Barclay wishing to hunt more with the Essex than he had hitherto done, moved to Roydon, where he built new kennels, and bred a large number of hounds, having in some years—thanks to his two countries—as many as 50 couples of puppies at walk. In 1892, Mr. Henry Vigne, who had hunted the Epping Forest districts of Essex for 63 years, died, and Mr. Barclay bought the pack, adding the new country to his old one—the two having been previously joined. The new pack were practically foxhounds, being largely bred from Belvoir blood, and the bitches being crossed with the smaller harriers in Mr. Barclay's own kennel, produced a rare stamp of hound, the foxhound cross giving more bone, better legs, shoulders, and feet, and yet not diminishing the hare-hunting qualities of the old pack. Running was now abandoned in favour of riding, and the recruited pack showed wonderful sport, hunting four days a week when in Suffolk, and two days when in the Essex country.

In 1894 Mr. Barclay was offered the Mastership of the Essex Foxhounds, but he was unable to accept the offer, and until 1896 he remained at Roydon, hunting his own hounds, and being also a regular follower of the Essex. In 1896 he went to reside on his own property at Brent Pelham Hall, near Buntingford, Herts, and the

Puckeridge country being at this time vacant, owing to the retirement of Mr. Bathurst, he accepted the mastership, giving up his harriers after eighteen seasons of capital sport. On his retirement he was presented with a handsome silver bowl.

As Master of the Puckeridge, Mr. Barclay is now drawing to the close of his second season, and we are well within the mark when we say that in this particular country (as he would undoubtedly be in any other country) he is the right man in the right place. In the Puckeridge country much depends on the goodwill of the farmers, and with the farmers Mr. Barclay is a great favourite. In addition to being a first-rate sportsman, he possesses the *suaviter in modo* to a remarkable degree, and he is immensely popular with his "field," his neighbours, and everyone else with whom hunting brings him into contact. He can probably procure nearly as many "walks" as they can in the Belvoir Hunt, and as a natural consequence he now breeds a large number of hounds. Hound breeding is in fact a science of the first importance, and at the same time a hobby, with Mr. Barclay, and though he found a first-rate pack of hounds when he took possession of the Puckeridge kennels, he will hardly be content until he has taken the highest honours at Peterborough. And here we may state that the Master of the Puckeridge was one of the first to suggest a harrier show at Peterborough, and that he has never sent hounds there without bringing back a prize. Before harriers were included in the Peterborough programme he had won at Norwich and elsewhere, but when the Peterborough authorities offered prizes he at once began to exhibit, and in 1890 took 1st for

dog hounds and 1st for bitches, not over 18 inches high. In 1891 he took 2nd for dog hounds (not over 19 inches) with a July puppy that had to contend against old hounds. In 1892 he took 1st and 2nd and Champion Cup in the not over 19 inch classes, with hounds of his own breeding. In 1893 he was one of the judges, and of course could not show. In 1894 he took 2nd for dogs not over 19 inches, and in 1895 1st for entered dogs, 2nd for unentered dogs, and reserve for Champion Cup—all in the class for not over 19 inches. In 1896 he was again one of the harrier judges and last year, on the first occasion of the Puckeridge being represented at Peterborough, he won one of the £5 premiums with an unentered dog hound.

Though a heavy weight, riding over 17 stone, Mr. Barclay shares the labour of hunting the Puckeridge with the professional, J. Cockayne, the Master carrying

the horn with the dog pack two days a week, and Cockayne with the bitches on the other two days. Between them they manage to account for a great number of foxes in a country where scent—is indifferent, and it can be easily understood that the task, either for master or man, is no easy one. In spite of his weight, Mr. Barclay goes wherever his hounds go, and he has a wonderful eye for a fox when hounds are running, and consequently if scent be bad, can often give them timely assistance. He is seen to great advantage when drawing a covert, as he seems to have an intuitive knowledge of the whereabouts of his foxes, and gives his hounds plenty of time where the lying is good. He is always patient too, and has his field thoroughly in hand, without ever causing the slightest friction amongst the hard riding brigade.

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# The Racehorse: How to Rear Him.

BY SIR WALTER GILBEY, BART.\*

I TRUST my practical experience as a breeder of most descriptions of stock may be held to excuse me for offering an opinion on a subject so important as the breeding and rearing of blood stock.

In BAILY'S MAGAZINE a few months ago, your correspondent "Borderer" discussed the question "How to Make a Racehorse," and in directing your readers' attention to the vital importance of fresh pasturage for mares and foals, rendered a service to those who make a business to breed the best.

The art of breeding, rearing and training racehorses has been the theme of writers both numerous and well informed; the books on the subject of themselves would form a considerable library; but it is strange that of all these authorities, including "Nimrod" and all other contributors to the old Sporting Magazines, despite their exhaustive knowledge, not one has fully grasped the significance of the example set by the horse in his primitive state and the potent influence wrought by natural habit of life on stamina and constitution.

Not one of these writers has dwelt with sufficient emphasis on one most prominent characteristic of the horse in his nature, namely, his singularly wide roamings in search of food, which indicates the necessity for grazing young stock upon fresh ground, where natural

grasses have been suffered to grow, and on which no horses have fed for some considerable time.

From the first selection of the foundation stock, whether the mare be one which has been running faithfully for her owner, or one selected for the purpose of breeding, the occupation is a source of pleasure in anticipation; and whether it be undertaken as a means of profit or otherwise, the one object in view should be to breed the *best*, especially in these days when competition and rich stakes raise the standard of success so very high.

It has been well said that a great majority of our racehorses in the present day are carefully, as well as expensively bred, also that they are reared with care, abundantly fed, and when put into training or sent to the sale ring are as handsome as they can possibly be made. Up to this point their breeders look upon them with unmixed satisfaction.

Unfortunately this is only the threshold of the young horse's career. As we all know, the animals whose performances attract any attention on the Turf after realising, it may be, a long figure in the sale ring are very few in number. The smallness of the percentage of even tolerably successful horses out of the prodigious number bred at so large an outlay should convince owners that there are other attributes besides good breeding and good looks to enable a youngster to be trained on to become a classical winner.

Horses then should enjoy, as

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\* The next of the series of articles on "Animal Painters," by Sir Walter Gilbey, will appear in BAILY'S MAGAZINE for April.

far as possible, the conditions of life which Nature has prescribed ; that is they should be allowed ample space over which to roam and graze, imitating as far as limitations permit the extensive and continuous travel of the horse on his native plains which bring him daily to fresh and untouched grazing. When we remember that the animal in this state chooses his feed over a wider area than any other beast—is even a greater wanderer than was ever the bison on his limitless prairies, it is impossible to ignore the fact that the primary result, if not the purpose, of such roaming, is to provide the horse with the freshest grazing.

Neglect of this cardinal feature in the life habit of the horse accounts in some measure, as I venture to think, for the multitude of failures which persistently dog the best efforts of the breeder. Adopting a method diametrically opposed to the laws of Nature, he expects to produce good animals while actually courting failure instead of success ; he can hardly fail to continue doing so unless he recognises that over-stocking pastures and artificial feeding are the evils against which from the beginning he must be on his guard. Here let us pause a moment to mention a fact whose importance cannot be overlooked, namely, the attention that should be paid to the breeding animal immediately after conception. The breeder should, in point of fact, refrain from grazing his in-foal mares and young stock on pastures which have for a long period of time been given up to horses. Pastures should be used on which horses have not been put for from 3 to 5 years, or longer if possible, and then the number of animals should be limited to accord with the area of the Stud Farms, which should be extensive enough for these

changes. On this point my experience in breeding stock, especially horses, has led me to form a very strong opinion.

Perhaps I may be allowed to quote an instance, though it is an experience gained in breeding Shire horses. I have tested the fact by placing a certain number of mares that have returned from service by the best sire money could procure, upon land where the pasturage has not been fresh ; and then, in the following year I have placed the same number of mares, served by the same sire, under identically the same circumstances, upon fresh laid down pastures or upon old grassland on which horses had not been grazed for several years. The produce in the latter case have been to an extraordinary extent superior in bone, muscle, and constitution to their own brothers and sisters of the previous year. I can attribute their superiority to nothing else than their "Nature's" feeding. I can also say that the test has not been confined to one year with the next, but has run over several years. Is it too much to assume that a method which has been productive of such good results with Shire horses would be equally applicable for blood stock ?

It is a fact that stares all practical agriculturists in the face :—the horse, being such a close feeder, destroys all the natural and best grasses ; his mode of feeding is entirely different from that of cattle ; his front teeth, meeting as they do, take so sharp a hold of the herbage, as absolutely to tear and destroy as much as the horse consumes. The grasses so destroyed take from three to five years at least to come again, and this will be particularly noticeable with the white clover and natural

grasses which are so essential a portion of the horse's diet. I attach great importance to the quality and quantity of the grasses in horse pastures, because it is his natural rather than his artificial food which conduces to the growth and development of bone and muscle, and in addition his droppings are destroyers and not fertilizers of the soil, being of a character perfectly distinct from those of cattle.

All young stock must have good food to encourage their development, but not strong artificial food. Young animals cannot assimilate such food with their natural stomachic juices. The fatted horse, fed on artificial food, must of necessity be a source of trouble to his trainer, as useless tissue must be worked off before muscle can be developed; and during this process the proper development of the young horse is stopped. Grossness of condition is calculated to increase the work of the trainer as well as to cause dissatisfaction to the owner. It must be remembered that in the old days the gentleman breeder was the owner of the horse in training, and did not "force" him with artificial food as is now too often done.

As regards soil, much may be said; I believe there are very few soils in England which are unsuitable. Limestone probably comes first by reason of the bone-producing qualities it is supposed to possess; but is it not a fact that limestone soils (providing that the substratum is not of such character as will retain the wet on the surface of the land) produce the best grasses and clovers which are in great measure the factors, under proper treatment, in the development of the horse? In addition to this the limestone sub-soil is dry and usually gives

out into brooks an abundant supply of good water, also an essential.

The deep soils of the Midlands and Yorkshire have also proved favourable to horse rearing, for, though they are mostly of clay, they are well drained. The grass lands of these localities, although they grow less succulent herbage, have the advantage of being extensive and exceedingly healthy, and have been proved, where not over-burdened, to serve admirably for rearing racehorses.

When it is remembered that the sandy deserts of the East are the native home of the primitive "Arabian," the foundation stock of our thoroughbreds, it is reasonable to suppose that similar land here is suitable. It may therefore be inferred that sandy or gravelly loams, with chalky bottoms, are also good, providing the substratum is not of such nature as to retain the wet on the surface. The quality of such pasturage must not be despised: if used with judgment, that is, if the stock placed thereon be less per head per acre than on limestone or clay, such lands can produce suitable herbage for the purpose. In fact, given a fairly dry sub-soil, our British Isles, coupled with our climate, are remarkably suitable for racehorse breeding.

Better proof of this cannot be found than in a retrospective survey of our racehorses since the beginning of the last century. At that time he seldom exceeded 14 hands high, and he has ever since been increasing in height, on an average one inch in 25 years, until now we seldom proclaim him a racehorse of the first class unless he stands 15.3 to 16 hands. In point of speed, too, he is certainly superior to his ancestor, the original "child of the desert,"

for the short distances he is asked to travel on the modern race-course.

As regards climate for breeding and rearing horses, although England can be placed before any other European country, Ireland undoubtedly stands pre-eminent. The reason is, that its humid climate so perfectly co-operates with the limestone soil in producing those particular horse grasses to which reference has been already made. Then again it must not be forgotten that up to the present time, in Ireland, the horse has not overcrowded his pasturage.

Applying these propositions to practical working, do we not find them truthfully illustrated in the modern history of our breeding studs? We have seen many well established studs degenerate, not from any want of capital or energy, but simply from loss of quality in the animals produced.

On the other hand we see newly-formed studs which enjoy the essential requirements of fresh herbage, soil and climate, that have at once sprung into celebrity by furnishing some of our recent great winners.

I know of no better example to quote in support of my theory than that shown of late years by American horses. It may be said that the best racehorses only have been sent to this country, but on the other hand we have the testimony of the American jockey, Sloane, who made such a mark here last autumn. In conversation with racing men in this country he is said to have given it as his opinion that he did not believe, apart from Persimmon and Galtee More, the English racehorse to be superior to the average American-bred one.

If such is the fact it cannot be accounted for by any difference of

breeding, the latter being bred from imported English sires. My opinion is that this superiority is due to the advantages owners and breeders enjoy of having immense pastures of fresh herbage in Kentucky and other States, which have never been over-fed with horses, and to the fact of brood mares and foals enjoying such advantages are no doubt due the stamina and gameness which seem to distinguish these American-bred horses.

I am well aware that the competition maintained in the endeavour to breed the most valuable racehorses involves the expenditure of an immense amount of capital. It therefore seems a great pity, with these facts before us, that we should ignore the primary factor in the production of that stamina which is sure to bring a good horse to the front in classic races.

To sum up from this brief article on the treatment of young blood stock the conclusions which it is desirable to bear in mind, I think they will be found to be:—

*First.* You must have a sound brood mare, choicely bred, and she ought to be mated with judgment.

*Second.* From the time of her conception she should be allowed to roam in fresh untainted pastures, and the better where horses have not been for at the least three years.

*Third.* After foaling, the same policy should be adopted towards the mare and her foal as regards fresh herbage.

*Fourth.* The foal from its weaning should be treated in as natural a manner as possible; turned out and fed on pastures where the herbage

is succulent, and allowed a free run at his pleasure.

*Fifth.* Not more than three yearlings should be turned out in any one pasture, and the field should not be of less extent than eight acres.

*Lastly.* In accepting the truism that "like begets like" it should not be forgotten that

the adage applies to animals and birds in their natural wild state. Those who wish to breed from Nature's type must bend their thoughts to the horse's habits in a state of nature, because it has been proved that his mere size without constitution is useless on a race-course.

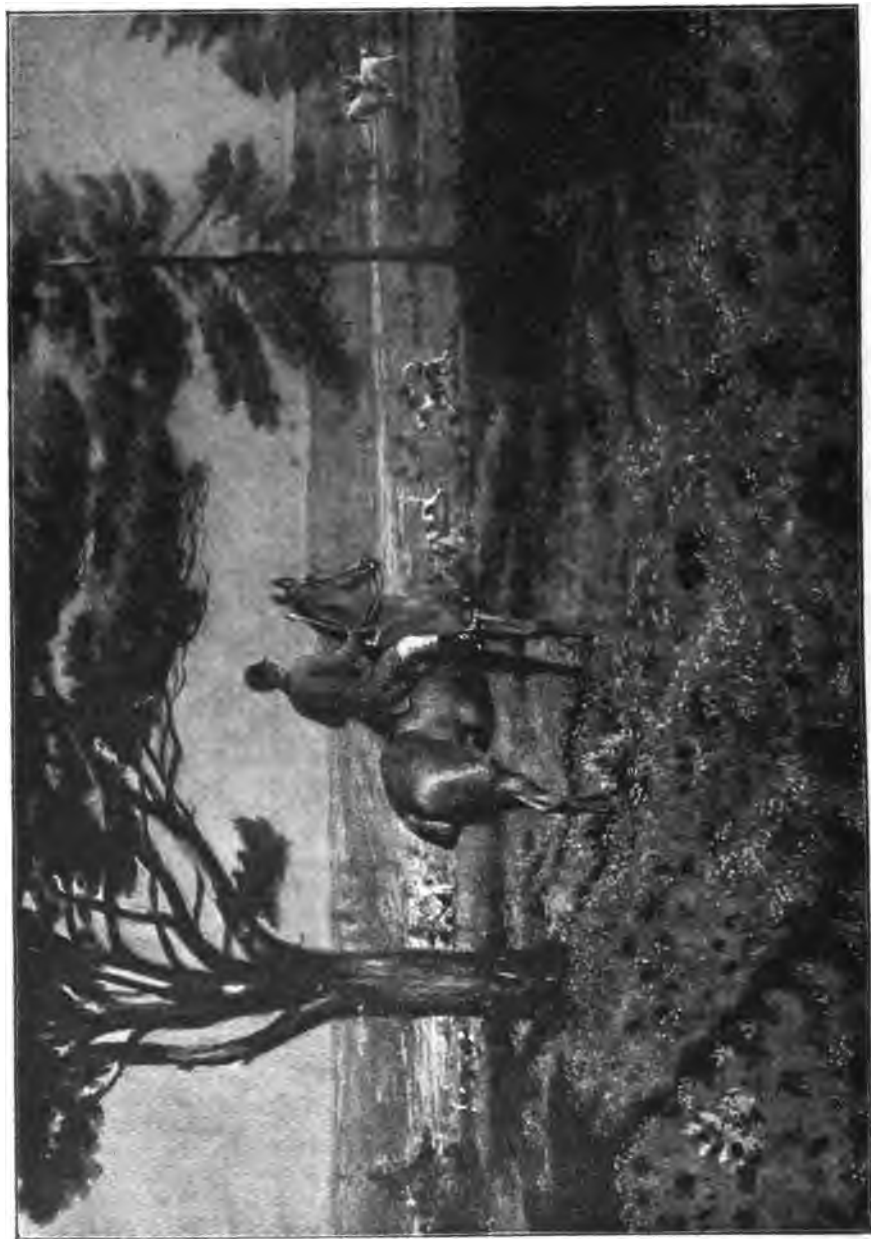
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## A Heather Fox.

IN that wild stretch of country which runs from Surrey far into Hampshire, where the gorse and heather have bloomed from time immemorial, there lived and died not many years ago a genial old sportsman who hunted his own harriers. In his 83rd year he was still carrying the horn, and on any hunting morning might have been heard rating a lagging hound with "get along, what are you hanging about for—crack!" and the next moment sympathising with the hare, "poor thing, poor thing!" as she passed on her last legs under his horse's nose. He could remember the time when those wild commons were the sanctuary of smugglers and horse-stealers, when the fat prelate journeying from Winchester to London rode nervously through the deep sandy lanes, seeing a highwayman in every bush; and he could remember too the days when men and foxes were still undegenerate. Maybe he was not altogether wrong, that

fox-hunting is not the sport it was when he was a boy.

With the march of civilisation the conditions under which the sport is pursued necessarily become more artificial, and Reynard himself finds it more and more difficult to avoid the abode of man, until at last, no longer pursued as a pest to be exterminated, he is preserved for the sport which he affords, or even for the emoluments which some derive from his existence. But after all it is the rules of the game that have changed, not the players. It is one thing to stand in a crowd of well-mounted horsemen while the fox breaks covert, and then, slipped from the leash, as it were, to ride straight to hounds over big fences in a grass country; it is another to drag up to your fox in his native wilderness, while the sun is rising above the firs and the heath still sparkles in its net of gossamer. Of the two the former demands, without a doubt, more of those stirring qualities by



*From a painting by C. Zwijgers.*

**A HEATHER FOX.**



which empires are built, but the latter, if I mistake not, will appeal more forcibly to the genuine fox-hunter.

See how gaily the hounds spread right and left of old Peters, the huntsman, not even a puppy at his horse's heels! Their sterns will soon be tipped with red if they lash the brambles so. A rabbit with ears laid back scuttles away for dear life, but not a hound deigns to notice him.

"Here's metal more attractive."

Watch that old hound with the grey hairs about his eyes, he seems wondrous busy; the young one that has just joined him flings forward with the impetuosity of youth, but the sage refuses to be hurried. Soon the rhythmical beat of his tell-tale stern begins to attract attention, and one after another the hounds come bounding to the spot—now the line lengthens, now gathers in a knot—breaks and gathers again like moving quick-silver. Now one, now another, takes the lead. Hounds can be jealous as well as men! Peters is at hand with a word of encouragement. "Yoicks, push him up, Galloper!" The old hound forces his way to the front, and lifting his head throws a long-drawn note. It is the precentor's pitch-pipe; the chorus opens and away they go. And now if you want to be in at the death of a stout heather-fox, keep your horse together, and if you don't know the ground follow some one who does until you are clear of bogs and hidden ruts and reach those distant fields, for your quarry's point is the earth under the hanger yonder, that looks twenty miles away at least upon the blue horizon.

The sunny side of the heath-clad slope is Reynard's favourite retreat. There he lies curled in

soft repose, and relaxing his vigilance as the day grows old, slumbers in sweet security, knowing well enough that by the time the sun has sucked up the dew every trace of him has vanished, and that he has become the proverbial needle in a haystack. If compelled by circumstances to draw for him in the afternoon, let the horsemen spread themselves and beat the country as for a woodcock, for they are as likely to come across him as the hounds. Half the pack will be following the huntsman in single file, while those who make some pretence of drawing look up and ask as plainly as possible, "What on earth is the good of bringing us here at this time of day?" The thongs crack around each likely patch of gorse, the huntsman is growing hoarse, and the hunt passes over the flat, up the slope, and disappears behind the brow, the hounds as unconscious as the men that they have been within a yard or two of their fox.

The approaching noise roused him from his dreams; he lay and listened awhile, and then crouching still closer in his lair saw his natural enemy pass almost within a brush's length. And now, having watched them till they are out of sight, up he gets, and looking back over his shoulder as he steals away congratulates himself on his escape. He knows a trick or two, but the lynx-eyed whip, who has stood patiently on the hill yonder for the last half hour, has gone one better, and sly Reynard feels a sinking at his heart as the horseman comes thundering down the slope. For a few brief moments he fondly hopes that after all he has not been seen. Vain hope!

The view-holla rings out high and clear, and presently "Hark holla! hark holla back!" comes faintly from over the hill.

The moral of all which is, draw for a heather fox while there is a chance of a drag, for if he has curled himself up in a dry tussock out in the middle of a swamp, as

he has done in the accompanying illustration, the chance of your finding him later in the day is very small.

F. M. LUTYENS.

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## Monte Carlo.

### IN FULL FLING.

THIS article has to begin with a confession. It was conceived in the happy hunting-grounds of England, in embryo its ideas centred on the glories of this exceptional winter, the thorough-going pleasures of the pink and black coats scouring and scattering over the broad pastures or more holding enclosures, where hounds were leading the way—when, lo! its birth-place comes at last in the sunny South, and instead of its revelling in the pink and black of sober-minded, cloudy British land, it has per force wagon been destined to see light under the ægis of *rouge et noir*, in this most beautiful of all resorts, Monte Carlo, with the bluest of blue seas on which to rest its eyes, amidst palaces of luxury, well-nigh tropical weather, and sports far different in type from those which "Borderer" has hitherto trusted his pen to describe.

Imagine yourself tucked away into the 9 a.m. express at Victoria Station—your transport to Dover is expeditious, your voyage across the duckpond merely a change of incident—at Calais you find your *wagon de lux* awaiting you—at Paris you are enjoying your tea as the train takes breath for a

few minutes—you dine as she speeds south, and in due time find your comfortable bunk ready for you. What a glorious surprise awaits you when as you awake the brilliant red orb of an eastern sun rising across the Mediterranean renders you conscious that you have at least bid adieu to our fog bedewed island, and that it is not a question this morning on which your servant need be interrogated, "What is the morning like?" or, "Shall we be able to hunt to-day?" or, "What toggerly shall we wear?" No, all these doubts are laid aside, and ere 10 o'clock a.m. strikes, we are at the end of our thousand mile journey, and Monte Carlo, the incomparable, is our home for the time.

To compete with so many eminent writers in a description of this place would be futile. Let it suffice to give just an impression of it for the benefit of those who have not seen it, or tasted its delights.

You are perched on high in a beautiful bay looking south, sheltered on the west by the rocky promontory of Monaco, where as in an eagle's nest abides the Prince, who rules absolutely the destinies of this little principality.



*N. Blanc, photo., Monte Carlo.*

*[Engraved on wood by F. Babbage.]*

**MR. JESSE CURLING.**



On the east of you stretches out into a forest clad point, Cap Martin, and further yet in the blue distance you catch the white houses of Bordigera, in Italy. In the intervening bay you know that Mentone lies. High in the background are the limestone cliffs, which tower into the clouds, and serve as a protection for the olive groves, which clothe the lower slopes, and among which Monte Carlo seems to lose itself in single villas. All spotless cleanliness and in elegant taste you will find the place itself. The terraces, the Casino, the gardens, with their tropical trees, shrubs, and flowers, hotels the like of which the ordinary globe trotter looks in vain for elsewhere—such palaces of comfort these. The Metropole, the Paris, the Grande, the St. James's, the Victoria, the Monte Carlo, *cum multis aliis*, to say nothing of such restaurants as Ciro's and Helder's, all add to the attractiveness of this heavenly hell, before which, in my humble opinion, all the rest of the Riviera bows in obeisance. To crown all, a brilliant sunshine adds a golden touch to the landscape, and the tideless blue sea that softly eddies hundreds of feet below you, gives a relief to the eye that has been gazing on the white houses and grey cliffs.

You can drive or walk to your heart's content. Baulieu, where Sir Blundell Maple is building an hotel, is a sweet place lying to the west, on the lower road to Nice. Then there are Roquebrune and Cap Martin, both reminding you of good racehorses, the latter especially, and we believe that the latter's owner has an interest in the splendid hotel there, overlooking the sea, and the Empress Eugenie's château nestles in the same grove. Then again, the gardens that almost

surround Monaco are well worth a stroll, and allow you to imagine what a fortress this must have been in ancient days. They are building here in a desultory fashion a cathedral. The story goes that the late M. Blanc left £30,000 in his will for the erection of this noble pile, but he failed to stipulate the time in which it was to be built, consequently the crafty counsellors of the Prince ordained that the money should be invested, and that the interest should be annually devoted to the building, which will in course of time, we suppose, be completed, when the fund itself will fall into the privy purse of the Prince.

If your motto is Excelsior you can patronize the mountain climbing little railway, which will take you to La Turbie, and thence you can go to Nice by the Cornichi road, a wonderfully engineered highway that is made to creep along the precipitous cliffs until it reaches the crest of the mountains, and it thoroughly repays by its grand panorama. The only drawback to these lovely drives is the presence of ferocious motor cars, which come whizzing round corners at 20 miles an hour, and their drivers seem oblivious to the danger they cause, and try your nerves to a high tune.

But "Borderer, what of the sport?" I fancy your readers will begin to say. Come with me, then, to the Casino, and you shall see one phase of it there, as you can see it in such full swing nowhere else in Europe.

You enter this fine building by eight marble steps. All outward habiliments—hats, cloaks, wraps, coats, and sticks, are deposited in the cloak-room, and you find yourself in a large hall supported on massive columns, from this you enter the theatre and concert hall as well as the gambling

saloons. You are supposed to have a pass for these, but I believe this to be a bit of a myth; it is, however, a strict rule that no permanent residents or householders are admitted into this hell—their dwellings are in the heaven outside, and there they must remain. The first thing that catches your ear is the mighty sound of money, as it chinks and clinks on the tables, and is handled by the croupiers. There are ten roulette tables, and four *trente et quarante* tables, all which are crowded; indeed it is impossible to secure a seat anywhere, except either by favour, or awaiting the opening of the doors each day at noon, and going in with the crush. There is the pent up excitement that usually is associated with gambling, as the 5 franc pieces (the lowest coin that is allowed) and louis are scattered at their owners' fancy broadcast on the roulette tables, and as the little ball gradually finds its billet, it always seems to me that the croupiers sweep away most of the money. It is here indeed that the largest hauls are made by the bank. People are not satisfied with the even money chance of *rouge et noir*, they will fling away their money on the long odds offered on numbers and other fancy portions of the table, and generally thus lose in the end. Give me the *trente et quarante* tables for winning money. Here a louis is the lowest stake, and you have an even money chance on the red or black as the cards turn up above thirty-one, and by sticking to one number, and doubling when there comes a run on that number, you can very soon pick up a nice little stake. In fact, I am told that these four tables do not realise a profit to the bank of more than 2 per cent. It is indeed in the Casino, as in other places,

if you play with care you may win, and certainly will lose little—whereas playing recklessly you as certainly become broke, and with the ratio of 10 to 1 of reckless ones as against cautious ones, it is little wonder that the bank—now carried on by a company—nets about a million and half sterling annually. Its expenses, however, are heavy; the croupiers (between 80 and 100 of them) cost about £16,000 a year, and all rates and taxes are paid by or through it, as well as by its means the place is kept in spotless cleanliness. Every spot of water, and there is no stint, has to be brought from the mountains 12 miles beyond Nice, a total distance of at least 30 miles. The incidents of the tables are worth watching, but sad to say the game of grab is plentifully carried on, and elderly female *habitués* are the chief offenders. They generally practice on new comers. Some members of our party were sufferers through this three or four times during their first day's practice. It is most difficult to obtain the aid of the croupiers in this matter.

Go to the rooms after dinner, the most fashionable time, and you will see crowds of all people, nations, and languages in congregation. Men who have conquered, or are intent on conquest, women gorgeous in dress and jewellery, most of them not deficient in that colouring which Madame Rachel of old used to declare made them beautiful for ever. Oh, the refreshment of seeing a simple, pretty face, unaided by pigments. You venture to hazard a trifle that it is English, and long may it be so.

This heavenly hell on these occasions is indeed a thing to be reflected on. Where all is outward propriety, and the least in-

fringement on the unwritten laws which govern the Principality means dismissal bag and baggage from the place, you cannot resist the idea that did Monte Carlo rest like Herculaneum and Pompeii under the shadow of fell Vesuvius, its days would soon be accomplished. And yet as you look above on those mighty towering rocks, and think what the Almighty by means of an earthquake could do, you shudder and pass on. We have not come to judge.

But we have by no means done with sport here. If you want to race you must go to Nice, a very easy matter, but if you stay at home you can pigeon shoot to your heart's content. Nothing can be more beautifully arranged than this is. There has just been sufficient space left between the railway and the sea for a semi-circular ground. The pavilion faces the sea, and is approached by steps and a bridge from the terrace; thus you are gently lifted down to the shooting ground. This last week has been the great International contest, and here have gathered the best shots Europe can produce—some 150 of them, all on the same mark, the best man to kill 12 pigeons, three at 26 metres and six at 27 metres, and the winner to receive a gold tea service and 21,340 francs, and so in proportion to the 2nd, 3rd and 4th. It was curious to hear the odds offered on each gun in English and French. The boundary is very small, and the birds were Roberts's best; indeed, a fast bird from the trap going straight seawards, even if ever so hard hit in the body, drops in the sea, it being so difficult under these circumstances to break his wing. One young sportsman, a friend of ours, more at home probably over Shropshire

and Leicestershire pastures than here, grassed his pigeon well with his first barrel, and was retiring amid the congratulations of his friends, when on the appearance of the old pointer retriever up got the bird and went off as if nothing had happened to him. It being a rule here when once the dog is on the scene the gun retires—different from Gun Club rules, I believe—our poor friend's joy was turned into woe instant.

Above all it was this year an Englishman's turn to be victor for the ninth time since the institution of this big prize in 1872, and such an ovation as he received was enough to last him his lifetime. He was carried shoulder high to the buffet after he had killed his 12th successive bird, the only man that accomplished this feat. Our hero was Mr. Jesse Curling, whose portrait is given with this article. He is quite a young shot as compared with the majority of the competitors. He hailed from Peterhouse, Cambridge, and although this was his first appearance at Monte Carlo he had tried his hand successfully at Ostend, and it was extraordinary to see the coolness and self-possession with which he shot, killing all his birds, with one exception, with his first barrel. He thus for the first time since 1889 placed England in the front rank, and bids fair to still further uphold the fame of our countrymen in these International contests. All hail to him, says "Borderer."

We were sorry to hear of complaints of the handicapping of the English shooters in other competitions. Some men, who have shot here often without success, did not receive the number of metres' advantage they considered themselves entitled to, and naturally complained that perhaps the

large majority of Frenchmen on the Committee was a barrier to them. Let us hope that we may not have to repeat this grumble, for no nation so liberally patronizes Monte Carlo as the Englishman, and he fraternizes cordially with the foreigners.

And now, having told you as faithfully as possible in outline what Monte Carlo is like in *full fling*, I would ask you to give it a trial, and then say whether this

is a romance or not. If you want to cheat the English winter for one month or more, when shooting is at an end there, and perhaps when the home pastures are ice-bound, come and revel here in sunshine and luxury, where nowhere else on the known globe, to which my instinct leads me, can it be found in more wholesale abundance, and all within 24 hours of London.

BORDERER.

## Dianas of To-day.

### III.—WITH HOUNDS IN THE OLD DORSET COUNTRY.

For though the Dorset of to-day boasts its *five* different hunting countries, and has foxes for every day that the different packs take the field, in the first half of the century the whole of the county was under the Mastership of Mr. J. J. Farquharson, who hunted this enormous territory at his own expense. Closely connected with Mr. Farquharson's tenure of office is the memory of the elder Treadwell, who made his name as a huntsman in the Dorset country. As sporting a race of farmers then supported the hunt as now give every assistance in their power to the M.F.H.'s who rule respectively over the Blackmore Vale, the Cattistock, Lord Portman's, the South Dorset and the South and West Wilts.

In process of time, as it was found that in spite of Mr. Farquharson's enthusiasm, the enor-

mous country was not being thoroughly hunted, other packs were started, and in 1826 the Rev. H. Farr Yeatman bought some hounds of Mr. Templer, of Devonshire, and began hunting the hare and occasionally the fox and roedeer. To him succeeded Mr. Hall, and Mr., afterwards Viscount, Portman, and in 1833 Mr. Drax of Charborough Park, who for some years before had been hunting his own property with a private pack, became the Master of the whole of the present Blackmore Vale country. Authentic records of fox-hunting are indeed extant in this country from 1806 to the present time, so that beside its fame as one of the best bank and ditch countries in the land, it can claim to have a pedigree which gives it a rank of its own among modern hunts.

The Cattistock indeed traces its





*G. Clarke & Son, photo., Stalbridge.*  
**MISS PARKE.**



*E. Day & Son, photo., Bournemouth.*



existence as a separate hunt to a time prior to the omnipotent rule of Mr. Farquharson, when towards the close of the last century under the Mastership of Mr. Phillips, of Cattistock Lodge, it was known as the "True Blue" Hunt. This portion of the old Farquharson Hunt, as at present composed, has a centre of downland surrounded by rich valleys, the latter of which are distinguished by small enclosures, and banks and ditches that require some negotiating, but which need never stop you, provided you and your horse have the quickness and pluck that are indispensable in this, as in other parts of the Dorset district. The Cattistock, since the time of Mr. Farquharson, has had such men as Lord Poltimore; Mr. Codrington, who on the expiration of his second term of office presented his hounds to the country; Lord Guilford, whose sad death will be remembered by all who have hunted during the last decade; Mr. Chandos Pole; and at the present time, Mr. J. Hargreaves.

The East Dorset, or Lord Portman's, as it is generally known, comprises a considerable strip of the famous Vale country within its borders. With this hunt small but hard-riding fields are the order of the day, though when the meet lies in the neighbourhood of Sherborne, "the Melton of the West," as it has been called by our prince of hunting scribes, there will probably be a fair contingent from the Blackmore Vale, and even, it may be, from the Cattistock and the South and West Wilts.

The territory hunted by the South Dorset Hounds was long connected with the name of Mr. Radclyffe—one of whose family is the present Master—who for close on thirty years ruled over its des-

tinies, after it was made into a separate country. This hunt, both in the character of its fields and of the land over which they ride, partakes of the thoroughly sporting nature of the older hunt, of which it is no unworthy descendant.

Another hunt which owns a small portion of the old Dorset country, is that of the South and West Wilts, which were united under its present name by Colonel Everett in 1871. Colonel Everett, for some two years previously, had hunted a district known as the West Wilts. It was on the resignation of Mr. Codrington, who was the last Master of the South Wilts, that the two divisions were thrown into one, and their union gave a country of downland and plain, with a choice bit of vale, which by the excellence of its turf and its good going did much to make up for a somewhat circumscribed area. With the South and West Wilts the fields are small, but among them are women who both know how to mount themselves, and can go with the best.

A first-rate judge of a horse and a good rider to hounds is Mrs. Benett-Stanford, who is a daughter of Captain Helme, the Master of the South and West Wilts from 1882 to 1890. From her father Mrs. Benett-Stanford learnt the love for horse and hound which has always distinguished her. Mrs. Jack Martin, the wife of the Master who succeeded Captain Helme, is a keen sportswoman, and before her marriage was well known in the Badminton and the Bicester countries, where she lived with her eldest brother, the Right Hon. Walter Long. It was a year after she and her brother settled in the Bicester country that Miss Long married Mr. J. Martin, and

the "Pink Wedding" of these two ardent lovers of the chase was celebrated with all due ceremony, Lord Chesham, the Master, arranging a "wedding meet," which resulted in a capital run, and is still spoken of as one of the most picturesque scenes in the annals of the hunt. After their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Martin were for a short time in the Blackmore Vale country, and in the following year, 1890, they settled in Wiltshire, and during the time that Mr. Martin held the reins of office there, Mrs. Martin was a regular and consistent rider to hounds with their pack. Mrs. Martin has been exceedingly fortunate in the horses she has had chosen for her by her brother and husband, both of whom are exceptionally good judges of what a woman's hunter should be. A horse that it would be difficult to beat was one ridden by Mrs. Martin, in Wiltshire, and known as Kaiser, which was as fine a performer as any horsewoman could wish to have. A very good-looking bay horse named Reliance also carried her for three seasons without a fault. Since her husband's resignation, Mrs. Martin has hunted chiefly with the Avon Vale Hounds, though she also gets occasional days with the Badminton.

And now, to turn to the later history of the country which possesses the cream of the old Dorset territory, and is known as the Blackmore Vale. Of this Hunt, Whyte Melville has written in glowing terms, and he testified to his own delight in a run across their incomparable Vale, by the characteristic remark, given with infinite relish, "I am always in the air here." Beside a country to ride over which makes it in the opinion of one well able to judge, the "Queen of the West," the

Blackmore Vale has one of the keenest of sportsmen in its Master. Mr. Merthyr Guest, who since 1884 has hunted the country at his own expense, has wonderfully improved the pack, which even in its earlier history was known as one of considerable excellence. As Lady Theodora Guest takes as much interest in the work of the hounds as even the Master himself, she will, I know, pardon me, if before speaking of the Dianas of the country, I devote a few words to the history of a pack which unites most of the celebrated strains of foxhound blood of the last sixty years.

Through the kindness of Lady Theodora I have been enabled to study the hound lists of the Blackmore Vale from the year 1833, when Mr. Drax was at the head of affairs. It was in this year that the Master of Charborough got together a pack, the foundation of which was laid by a draft of four couples of third season hounds from Mr. Foljambe, and by eight couples of unentered hounds from Mr. Horlock ("Scrutator") and Mr. Smith. Among the fathers of the pack were Abelard, by Lord Lonsdale's Abelard—Doubtful, and Barrister, by Sir T. Sykes's Barrister—Bluebell. Many, indeed most, of the famous strains were resorted to from time to time, and among others the Beaufort and the Fitzhardinge kennels, and when we come to Mr. Digby's time, 1858-1865, we find both the late Lord Portsmouth's, and in a less degree the Belvoir kennels had a great influence on the pack. When Mr. Guest in 1885 took to hunting six days a week, one at least of which he spent on the Somersetshire side of the country, he found that greater pace was needed in his hounds. This he secured by going to the kennels of several of the crack packs, and



*E. C. Cushman, photo., Henstridge.*

**MISS SERRELL ON COLLEEN.**



some two years ago he bought the celebrated Brocklesby hounds from Lord Lonsdale, who had shortly before acquired them from Lord Yarborough. These latter, which were not perhaps seen to advantage in Leicestershire, suit the Blackmore Vale country to perfection. While they are strong enough to make their way over the heavy clay soil of the Vale, they have the pace, with their long galloping action, to save their lives in front of the eager thrusters from Aldershot, who delight in a run with them, and whose zeal is not always according to knowledge.

The dog pack when in full cry, is a treat to a sportsman's ear, and the lady-pack of to-day would run clean away from their great-grandmothers, who themselves led an eager field in their time. The grand music of these hounds shows the truth of a remark once made by that good sportsman, Dick Stovin, of the Heythrop, who, when I questioned him as to the cause of muteness in hounds, said that he believed too much inbreeding was responsible for this grave fault. As in the Blackmore Vale Hounds most of our famous strains are represented, the full rich notes they throw on the line, seems a confirmation of this opinion.

Two days in the week Mr. Guest carries the horn himself with his own mixed pack, and these hounds, which also have much tongue, are a very level lot of small dogs and large bitches. I may note in passing, though here I am on delicate ground, that Mr. Guest is a firm believer in the much discussed maxim enunciated by Lord Henry Bentinck, of "Let them alone." It is but rarely that the Master interferes with the work of his hounds, as many a weary fox, whose best dodges have

been foiled by the careful work of his pursuers, has found to his cost.

Lady Theodora Guest, who is the youngest daughter of the late Marquis of Westminster, has had a great turn for horses from her earliest years. She has in a special degree that control over her favourites which is a gift as rare as it is valuable to a keen horsewoman. This power was noted by the late Lord Beaconsfield, who, when his hostess was driving him to the station, and handling a lively pair of horses in the quietest and most effective manner, observed: "I have always understood your influence and power over horses was something remarkable." Naturally to such a lover of horses, all the inmates of her stables are intimately known and are on the best of terms with her. One of the great pictures hanging in the Long Hall at Inwood, is that of the mistress of the place surrounded by a group of hunters, as they had come out to her to be fed. At Lady Theodora's call they would each leave their box and come into a broad gangway, and after they had been fed they would, at her order, go back each to his own box without kick or quarrel, as quietly as they had come out. In this group are to be noted the magnificent dark brown Shamrock, an Irish horse of Bird Catcher blood, and the Yorkshire bred Advance, by Progress, also a noted horse in his day.

Few women have owned a better lot of hunters than has the wife of the Master of the Blackmore Vale, among the pick of her stables being Wanderer, by No Go, which Lady Theodora considers the best horse she ever had, while for beauty and manners combined the golden-chestnut Pembroke, pronounced by more

than one good judge to be the most beautiful horse he ever saw, must carry the palm.

In the hunting field Lady Theodora leads the van in many smart gallops across the grass of the Vale, and though the country is decidedly "trappy," she, on one of her clever, well-mannered horses, will face the high banks, and should a pond or harrow confront her from the top of the fence, she and her horse will creep along the perilous height till a safe landing place is before them. To have crossed this country for as many years as Lady Theodora has done with so few falls, shows that she must have both a strong seat and good hands, as she undoubtedly has.

But it is not only when a brilliant gallop is in progress that this intrepid horsewoman enjoys the pleasures of hunting, for she has a most unusual knowledge of hounds and their work, and the pedigrees and performances of every hound in the pack are known to her. Indeed, Lady Theodora herself says that though "There is an intoxicating joy in a racing gallop after hounds on a reliable hunter," she yet "thoroughly enjoys, a day when scent is indifferent, seeing hounds pick up the line, fling themselves and make their own cast, and exhibit the various traits inherited from their ancestors." "I consider," Lady Theodora truly says, "this to be one of the great pleasures of fox-hunting."

In the photograph, in which Lady Theodora is surrounded by the pack, it may be of interest to say that the hound jumping up to greet her is Amazon, by Lord Portsmouth's Ambrose—Fatima; one of the large old B. V. type. The hound on the extreme left of the group, with no stern, is Contest, by Famous—Coquette. Contest has

a quite remarkable history, for the whole of a train passed over him in the course of a hunt, and though he came out with his stern off, he was quite ready to go on hunting, and was well known with the pack for the two following seasons. His skin now adorns the hall at Inwood.

Since Mr. Guest has hunted six days a week, Lady Theodora has but rarely been seen with other packs, but she used to go out with Lord Portman and the South and West Wilts, and was well known with the late Lord Wolverton's pack of bloodhounds, which hunted the carted deer in the neighbourhood of her home. Among the little band of women, who in their picturesque habits of dark green and the gold button of the hunt, followed the bloodhounds, none rode straighter than Lady Theodora.

In the Long Hall at Inwood, near the picture of the mistress and her hunters hangs the celebrated painting by the late Bouverie Goddard, of these bloodhounds in full cry. To the criticism this picture evoked I need not now refer, but we may remember that Whyte Melville, who hunted a great deal with the hounds, affirmed that they ran at a tremendous pace, and that their "deep-mouthed notes" were "full, sonorous and musical," and to be compared to "the peal of an organ in a cathedral."

Another good rider to hounds is Lady Hoare, *née* Purcell-Weston, who, since her husband succeeded his cousin in the possession of Stourhead, has hunted with the Blackmore Vale and the South and West Wilts. Lady Hoare has a very pretty seat, and as she is never impatient with her often fiery horses, she always seems to be on good terms with them and has them well under control.





LADY THEODORA GUEST ON PEMBROKE.



Although this season Lady Hoare has not often been seen with hounds, she does not, when in good health, mind a long ride to covert, or the still more wearisome ride home at night. A wonderful chestnut horse, called Kildare, which died last year at the age of twenty, carried his mistress for twelve seasons without ever giving her a fall, in the Graf-ton, Bicester and Whaddon Chase countries, and later in Dorset.

Miss Serrell, on her clever mare, Countess, is known in the Blackmore Vale country as having successfully negotiated more gates than any other member of the Hunt. Some years ago, too, when Miss Serrell used to hunt with Mr. Garth's hounds, she had a brown horse known as Tom, which was also celebrated for his gate jumping. A present favourite hunter of this keen sportswoman and fearless rider is Valesman, which in the ten years that he has carried his mistress has only been down three times. Miss Serrell is much looked up to and respected by the farmers of the country, for whom she is always ready to do a good turn.

Miss Dorothy Parke, the only daughter of Lady Parke, of Thornhill, has an innate love of hounds and sport, and though she may not always be in the first flight, she has an unvarying plan of her own for seeing all that a day with hounds can afford her. Miss Parke, who has a good seat and light hands, generally manages to get a fair start and keep her place with hounds, and at a check or a finish she is never far off. Besides this, she takes an intelligent interest in the hounds themselves, and in consequence loves to see them work. She has, too, a claim to the regard of her fellow-members of the hunt, inas-

much as she is a good fox-preserved, for many a good run over the Rooksmoor side of the country has originated in the coverts of Thornhill.

Miss Holford, who learnt to ride and made her first appearance in the hunting-field in Leicestershire, now lives on the borders of the Blackmore Vale country, and hunts three or four days a week with those hounds and the Cattistock, besides occasionally going out with the South Dorset and Lord Portman. Miss Holford is often to the front when hounds are running, and she inherits her love of sport from her mother, who spares no time or trouble in the preservation of foxes in the Castle Hill coverts. Of Mrs. Holford it is said in the country that she is one of the few women who can tell if the hound she is watching is a puppy feathering on an experiment, or an old hound working steadily on a line.

A young sportswoman, who inherits the love of her ancestors for horse and hound, is Miss Guest, the only child of Mr. and Lady Theodora Guest. Miss Guest is almost as familiar as her parents with the pedigrees of the hounds of her father's pack, and knows what they are doing in the field. She usually hunts once a week on a clever grey Irish horse named Boyard. She manages to keep a good place with hounds.

The name of Whyte Melville has occurred more than once in these notes on the grand old sporting district of Dorset, but a greater even than Whyte Melville has a close connection with the neighbourhood, for at Fonthill, in the present South and West Wilts country, the immortal Beckford lived, hunted and wrote.

FRANCES E. SLAUGHTER.

## The Army Medical Service.

IT is always a good thing to hear both sides of a question and, when that question is of great public interest, it is more than ever of advantage that no one-sided statement should be received unchallenged. A debt of gratitude is therefore most certainly due to "Sanitas" for the remarks that he has made on an article about "The Army Medical Service," which appeared in BAILY in December, 1897. It is to be presumed that these remarks originate in beliefs and feelings entertained by some members of the Army Medical Staff or by persons who have given some consideration to the history and present condition of that part of the country's military service. Lest it should be thought however that these beliefs and feelings have really a widespread existence or that they are entirely justified by actual facts or reasonable presumption, the remarks made by "Sanitas" must perforce submit to critical examination and, by the courtesy of the Editor, it is now proposed to undertake the task.

The general contention of the December article was that the Army Medical Service is a portion of the country's defences which has a noble history, that it is now in a state of very remarkable efficiency, that its members are daily signalling themselves by devotion to duty and by professional merit, but that it is unfortunately in a state of unrest and discontent, principally on account of its position in relation to other branches of the army and to society at large and, in a minor degree, on account of other matters, that its causes of grievance not only affect the officers who now hold commissions, but

also, by the deep feeling and sympathy aroused in the great medical profession of England, prevent the best men in the medical schools from seeking to enter the Army Medical Staff, and that in consequence the Medical Staff is not able to complete its due establishment of members and may possibly lose, before long, that pre-eminent professional superiority which, in the past, has ever distinguished it. "Sanitas" does not gainsay the noble history or the present general efficiency, but he makes reservations as to devotion to duty and professional zeal. He admits the unrest and discontent, but he denies the necessity for reconsidering the military status of medical officers. He believes that the country's medical profession at large has, of its own initiative, nothing to do with the disinclination of young medical men to seek commissions, but that the officers (presumably the heads, for the juniors would not have much influence in the matter) of the Department have caused by agitation the hospitals to "boycott" the Department as an opening for these students, and he concludes by demanding (without indeed specifying them) "some solid advantages . . . so clear and attractive as to outweigh any sentimental grievances as regards rank."

It is an ungracious thing to have to say that anyone who enunciates statements for the public benefit is not altogether up in the facts on which he claims to base these statements, but it is to be feared that "Sanitas" has placed himself in this predicament.

Let us take one of the points which he asserts most dogmatically. He says "There is not

the slightest doubt that this agitation for military rank was not originally put forward by the best men in the department. Really! Has he ever read the proceedings of Lord Camperdown's commission and the evidence there given by the most distinguished medical officers past and present in H.M.'s Army? A copy of the proceedings is not now at hand for reference, but it may most confidently be said that the overwhelming weight of testimony was in favour of the necessity for military rank. Some medical officers even went so far as to say that they could not satisfactorily do their duty on service without such rank. It is of course undesirable to mention the names of well-known men now serving, whose long experience and acknowledged ability give weight to their opinions and who have often said, publicly and privately, that there can be no doubt that military rank is required, but it is within the power of any one who may read this, to ascertain those names for himself. In the meantime, for all practical purposes the evidence given before the Commission referred to is quite sufficient proof that the leading men in this department desire definite army rank. And this is not desired by way of experiment. The practice of according military rank to the medical staff has been already adopted with the most satisfactory results in some European Armies, in the American Army, and, what is perhaps more to the purpose, in the Egyptian Army, which is trained and led by English officers. Perhaps, however, an apology is due to "Sanitas," for his meaning may have been mistaken. He did say agitation for military rank was not put forward by the "best" men in the department and of course it is a matter of opinion who are

the *best*. Most people will probably think that those highest in rank and most brilliant in service are deserving of the term. But "Sanitas" may have a different opinion.

To continue, we are told that the agitation "was the outcome of the gradual leavening by a lower class of medical students (chiefly recruited from Ireland) which gradually permeated the Army Medical Staff and which has been going on for some years. These persons were not gentlemen and had no pretensions to be thought such." We may hold up our hands in astonishment in reading such words and may marvel what the Irish medical officers will say to this. Of course it may well be that, in all positions of the army, there are four men who are what modern slang calls "bounders," but it is, to say the least, very curious to stigmatise a considerable number of persons holding the Queen's commission as not being gentlemen. It is believed that every candidate for the Army Medical Staff has to produce certificates as to social qualifications before he can be accepted as an officer. The test has been passed by every man who has been gazetted and, *pace* "Sanitas," no vague statement made by him is likely to induce the public to swallow the assertion that any large proportion of the Army Medical Staff are not gentlemen. But, supposing that "Sanitas" is correct in saying that for some years past an inferior class of man has been coming into the Medical Department, would not that very fact support the belief that the service is not sufficiently attractive to the best men? My contention is that, because reasons of discontent and complaint have existed for a considerable time, the best men, I mean profession-

ally, not socially, are not tempted to come forward. "Sanitas," on the other hand, post-dates the discontent till after the advent of what he thinks an *ungentleman-like* class of officer.

Before going any further, it may be well to inquire what is the actual present position of the Army Medical Staff as regards rank and it may then be left to any unprejudiced person to judge whether they are not very fully justified in claiming that a definite military status should be conceded to them. As a matter of fact at the present day they have no army rank at all. They have only a grading for use in their own department alone, its sole value outside that department being to classify such officers with other persons possessing neither army nor honorary rank, chaplains, veterinary officers and clerks of the works (civilians), in questions regarding precedence, pensions for wounds, widows' pensions and compassionate allowances for children. True, since May 1897, they have been able to sit as Presidents of Boards and Courts of Enquiry, but this concession is of no great value, though it may be taken as possibly the first step towards granting fuller privileges. How can it be supposed that men who have the most onerous and responsible duties to perform, in the closest connection with all arms of the service, in the heat of battle and other most trying circumstances, can perform those duties satisfactorily, if they have no assured position in the army? The analogy of the medical attendants in the old wars has sometimes been cited, but it cannot be accepted. Much more is demanded from the medical officer now than was then the case and, if we mistake not, Napier says that, even in the Peninsula, it

would have been an advantage if the surgeons had held army rank.

No. We must emphatically traverse the statement that army rank is unnecessary to the Army Medical Staff, that the demand for it is not thoroughly endorsed by the most experienced and distinguished officers in the department, or that it has in any sense emanated from a particular class of men who have recently entered its ranks.

"Sanitas" states, among other matters, that army rank has already been nominally assumed by some officers of the Army Medical Staff and that visiting cards have been seen, bearing the designations, Captain, Major, Colonel, without the proper departmental prefix, Surgeon. However much it may be thought advisable that army rank should be given, it is doubtless highly improper and in bad taste that it should be assumed without authority and such an assumption may be very justly condemned. But it is certainly not the case that many medical officers have been guilty of such an offence. If the practice exists at all, it is most exceptional and, if known by high authorities would be discouraged and incur reproof. It may be remembered that, when the Director-General addressed the candidates at Netley, last year, his remarks were very apposite to this subject. As to the allegation that it is anywhere usual to hear medical officers officially spoken of in their hospitals by any title other than that which duly belongs to them, this again describes an occurrence quite unknown to authority and one that would meet with sharp reproof if it ever came to light.

Among "Sanitas" observations there is one which may very specially excite attention and which ought not to have been made

without very conclusive evidence of its truth. He says, "There is a strong feeling abroad that the majority of them" (the Army Medical Officers) "in peace time at any rate, are above their work. That they prefer the parade ground to the hospital, battalion drill to feeling pulses. Many of them appear to be 'in sublime ignorance of the healing art,' take little or no interest in their cases, and scarcely behave with ordinary courtesy if called in." "Sanitas" may possibly be acquainted with medical officers of this type, but, if so, his experience is not shared by many people. It is a fact which can be vouched for that the opinion of general officers and others very competent to form a judgment, points directly to the conclusion that the officers of the Army Medical Staff, both seniors and juniors, are generally animated by the noble professional spirit that has so long distinguished their service. It is certainly not now the time, when medical officers have been showing so much self-abnegation, professional skill and brilliant courage in India and other seats of war, to hint that any of them are at any time wanting in the performance of less exciting duties in peace. The Army Medical Staff, doubtless, may include some members, who perform their duties without zeal and in a perfunctory manner, but there is a very fierce light thrown upon everybody nowadays who has duties to perform; there are many officers whose business it is to superintend, criticise and receive reports, and, if any tangible number of medical officers are "above their work," it is odd indeed that more is not heard of their shortcomings.

"Sanitas" has a word to say with reference to the Indian Medical Service in which the nominal

titles are the same as in the Army Medical Staff and in which, so far, there has been no desire expressed to have army rank. He says, apparently with pertinence, that there is no difficulty in attracting the service of the best men to India. But has he considered the enormous advantages possessed by the Indian Medical Service; the excellent civil appointments which are open to its officers, the better pay, pensions and arrangements for furlough? Has he remembered, moreover, that society is on a much more simple basis in India than it is in England and that the medical officers take there a very important part in the body politic of the country? There they have a social status, their position is assured and they receive such a due recognition of their professional dignity as is still lacking to their confrères in the Army Medical Staff. No doubt, if similar substantial benefits were placed within their grasp, the officers of the Army Medical Staff might possibly ignore many things which are now causes of irritation.

"Sanitas" does not apparently approve of the suggestion that has been made that the Army Medical Staff and the Medical Staff Corps should be formed into one corps, and takes particular exception to the proposition that such a corps, if formed, should be a "Royal" one, saying, what is perfectly true, that the distinction of being "Royal" should be given as an act of grace and not demanded as a right. But has any such *demand* been made? The ordinary person believes that the suggested title of the proposed corps has not come from a strongly expressed opinion of the Medical Officers, but that it is part of an academic solution of

acknowledged difficulties put forward, not so much by the Medical Department itself as by its friends and sympathisers. There is little doubt that this academic solution has commended itself to the Army Medical Staff generally, but they have in no sense been responsible for it. Everybody, in and out of the Department, has a perfect right to express an opinion and this is a very different thing from making a demand. It certainly cannot be denied that, if the Medical Service were combined into one corps, the brilliancy of its past services most fully merits the title of "Royal." There is no scene of military trial in which the Medical Officers of the Army have not borne an honourable part and it would not be difficult to point to some historic scenes in which they have borne the most honourable part, showing an heroic example to all with whom they were at the time associated.

The idea that a partial reversion to the regimental system may take place by the attaching a Medical Officer to each corps for five years is very justly disapproved by "Sanitas" on strong grounds. He may, however, be perfectly easy on the subject. Such a proposition was, it is believed, certainly made by a very high official, but it was never seriously considered and there is nothing more unlikely than that it should ever be revived or come within the range of practical organisation. The elasticity of the Department would, if such an arrangement were made, be hopelessly neutralised. With regard to that elasticity and the very able manner in which the Army Medical Service is now administered, it may be worth while here to note what it has lately done. Since the establishment of officers was fixed at something like 950,

there have been an extraordinary number of unlooked-for demands made upon it. South Africa, West Africa, Egypt, Crete, India have all presented extra wants, amounting to about 50 officers, and all wants have been adequately met. This too has been done when the Department, from circumstances which we deplore, has been nearly 50 officers short of its establishment. Small wonder that, for some of the less important duties at home, the services of retired medical officers and even of some civilian practitioners have been made use of and that the men on the active list have been sent to do the more active work.

"Sanitas" lays down the dictum that the Army is not unmindful of the splendid services done by the Army Medical Staff. It is to be devoutly wished that he was correct, but this is precisely the point on which the grievances of the Department are principally pivoted. The Army is unmindful. Why otherwise is it the fact that certain mortifying social slights that need not be particularised have been recently practised? Why is it that even the most undoubted merit has been snubbed? Why is it that the Army Medical Staff has more of honour than of honours? It is that the Army appreciates the Medical Officer in times of emergency and trial, but, when the occasion is past, his services are ignored and forgotten, swamped by the caste prejudices, which originate in the deficiency of official dignity and status, now falling to the lot of the Army Medical Staff.

It is said above that the Army Medical Staff has more of honour than honours and it is here that authority has taken a course, which most unfortunately the



mass of the lower ranks have only been too quick to follow. It is doubtless true that Medical Officers have gained more Victoria Crosses, in proportion to their numbers, than any other class of men employed by England in war. But the Victoria Cross is gained under such brilliant and exceptional circumstances that favour or affection has little influence in its allotment. How about the other rewards which are supposed to be bestowed for long and meritorious devotion to duty in times of stress and the giving of which may be more influenced by the prejudices and predilections of those with whom rest the selection of their recipients? Not to go too far back, the Burmese campaign (which, from circumstances of climate, &c., was to a great extent a doctor's campaign) is a case in point. Then the distribution of honours were as follows:—

	Combatants.	Medical Officers.
Promoted ..	43 ..	0
K.C.B. and C.B.	29 ..	0
D.S.O. ..	51 ..	6

Well may it be repeated that the Army Medical Staff has had more of honour than honours.

Space is wanting to enter much further into the subject. One other point must be touched on however. "Sanitas" evidently

prefers solid to sentimental advantages, but he does not make it very clear what these desirable solid advantages may be. No doubt, solid advantages, such as increased pay, more liberal arrangements for leave and other matters would be received as highly acceptable boons by the Army Medical Staff as by any other men, but sentimental advantages have much more influence on the mind than persons who think with—"Sanitas" are perhaps inclined to admit. All solid advantages mean in the end greatly increased expense to the State, an expense possibly quite out of the question, and it can never be supposed that any solid advantages can be added to the military career which will place it, in respect of them, in competition with the civilian practice of able and energetic men. The balance must be struck by sentimental advantages, an honoured and honourable position, and a due share of those rewards which mean so much to chivalrous minds. To the honour of the medical profession be it said that their present feelings towards military service are not influenced by the consideration of solid advantages but by the desire for the sentimental advantages which "Sanitas" contemns. S.

## Both Sides of the Shield.

OF late years we have grown somewhat nervous about the future of hunting. Wire fencing and mangy foxes have been serious dangers to the sport. Yet we faced them, and have discovered that neither are fatal. But with mangle stamped out and wire fencing ceasing to be used, or at all events being taken down during the hunting season, we are not yet free from danger. The new peril appears to many people to be worse than the old ones, because it reveals a real division between the interests of sportsmen, and because there are sound reasons why the hunting man must always be somewhat of a trouble to his game preserving neighbour. But it may be said hunting and shooting have always gone on side by side in the country. True, but the conditions of shooting, or rather of game preserving, have altered. The object, however, of this paper is to present both sides of the question, from the lips of persons interested. To that end I have sought the opinions of men actually engaged in preserving pheasants, and in managing hunts, and have tried to set in orderly sequence their respective cases. At the close I offer a few suggestions drawn from the facts I have collected. Let me first state the case of the game preserver, and as I have set down the opinions as stated, I may disclaim any responsibility for the matter of them, though of course not for the manner. The arguments of the game preserver were somewhat as follows:—"I bought the place I now occupy because I was anxious to have a big shoot, and because it was suitable for game preservation on

a large scale, and to that end I have spent, and every year continue to spend, a great deal of time and money. I have taken into my own hands the farms on three sides of the woodlands, and would gladly buy or rent the fourth could I get hold of it. I have a staff of keepers, and every year I raise a large number of pheasants. My head keeper is a careful and systematic man, and he thinks that he can tell to within a small number how many birds we ought to get at each shoot. Both he and I take a pride in making good scores, and we like to have larger bags than our neighbours. My great difficulty is the hunt. In the first place, they expect me to keep foxes for them. I told the Master frankly I would keep two litters for him, and so I do. He is not very grateful, he tells me my keeper kills off all the old foxes, and either feeds the cubs or turns down bought foxes when hounds are coming. It is the general verdict of the hunt that there is no sport from my coverts. But I think that must be exaggerated, for I have written to the Master to ask him not to come into the woods, nor if possible to run through them till after Christmas, and they (the hunt) are very angry. My head keeper firmly believes, and I agree with him, that the damage foxes do (and it is something quite perceptible in heavily preserved coverts like mine) is as nothing compared with the nuisance of having hounds continually in the coverts. Perfect quiet is one of the first requisites for keeping up a large head of game. What then is the effect of having twenty couples of hounds and a lot of horsemen, and

perhaps a batch of idle fellows from the village in the woods for half a day? Probably they drive away a lot of birds never to return—at all events after the 1st of October. I told you I wanted another farm. I can't get it, because it is held by a sort of gentleman, a man who writes to the papers, calls himself an '*Old-fashioned Sportsman*.' He has got a lot of spinnies and hedgerows on his farm, which I firmly believe are filled with my birds. I know that one day last season, after hounds had been in my coverts, he had an excellent day's shooting with his pot-hunting old setters. I know this, because I read an account of what he called '*a mixed bag over dogs*,' in a sporting paper the next Sunday, and he actually contrasted the sportsmanlike manner he worked for his birds with my 'over-grown battues.'

"Now, that was enough to make any fellow wild. I should not mind so much if the hunting people were grateful, but they are not. I reckon I subscribe £50 worth of pheasants to the hunt every year, besides sending a tenner to the damage fund. I am not boasting about the coin, but I do feel it is hard to be held up, by the very man who perhaps has dined off my pheasants, as a selfish sort of curmudgeon. If the afore-said scribe writes about the hunt, it is 'Mr. —'s woods are a blot on the fair surface of our galloping vale. His turned down foxes know no more country than so many kittens; but worse than all, he forbids hounds to run through his coverts.' Why not? What is the use of letting hounds 'run through,' as they call it, if I keep them out at other times? When they talk of running through, you would think hounds went in on one side and came out

on the other. Nothing of the kind. They generally bring a half beaten fox into the woods, and perhaps hunt him round and round for an hour or more. Then very likely they change on to one of my foxes (for I do not really turn down foxes), and chivy him round and round for another hour. But because I object to this, I am regarded coldly by a number of people. When hounds meet at the Hall, the Master who was at 'the House' with me won't get off his horse. One of the neighbouring farmers who breeds a few horses will hardly return my salute in the county town, and says game preservers are the curse of the country. Lady C—— (her husband is mad about hunting) left my wife and daughters out of her last ball. Every fellow who sends or does not send a fiver to the hunt calls me names all over the country. Yet I am just as keen about my sport as they are about theirs. I spend a great deal more on it. It is no pleasure to me to pot-hunt down a hedgerow with a setter or a team of spaniels. I want to shoot pheasants, at a warm corner with a loader and two guns till the barrels are hot. I enjoy it, and I like, too, when F—— comes to shoot with me, to show him as many as, or more birds than he showed me. It is no good to say that no difficulties were made in Squire A——'s time, and that he was always glad to see hounds. That is no argument. Shooting was very different then. He shot his coverts with a team of spaniels, and depended almost entirely on wild birds for his bag. Neither he nor his old keeper knew how many birds they lost. Then, too, hunting was a different matter. There was one pack of hounds in this neighbourhood, now there are

three. There were four advertised meets, where there are now ten in the week. What can I do to please the hunt? Oh, yes, I know very well what they want. They want me to keep a lot of greedy old vixens and dog foxes. They want me to let hounds into the woods in September, and about once in a fortnight or three weeks during all the rest of the season. Above all, they want me to say that hounds running their fox are never to be stopped, unless perhaps I am going to shoot the very next day. I don't hunt; I don't want to. All I ask is that they should not interfere with my sport."

I laid the notes of this conversation, much as I have recorded them, for BAILY, before a friend who has been an M.F.H. and is still a keen hunting man, and fond of shooting as well.

"Yes," he said thoughtfully, "of course there is a good deal in what he says, but not quite so much as he thinks. Indeed, I am sure the case for the game preserver has on one point been overrated by some of the papers.

"Your friend forgets the real position of hunting in old established countries. It is common to say that we hunt on sufferance, and so we do in a legal sense. But for all that an established hunt of old standing has a kind of prescriptive right to a reasonable amount of sport. The membership of the hunt is, moreover, open to all, and indeed the farmers who give their land, the owners who open their coverts, and the subscribers, all have a certain proprietary interest in the hunt, especially in those cases where the pack is the property of the country.

"A popular hunt is an economic factor in the prosperity of a district, as the Irish people have found out. For example, take

the district where we now are. The hunting is its only attraction. There are five houses within two miles of where we are sitting (besides this one), which would be empty but for the hounds, but where there are now large establishments. Think what a difference to the rates five empty houses would make. There, I need not repeat the old story of the circulation of money, but I may draw attention to the employment of traders and workpeople, the baker, the butcher, the carpenters, the plumbers, glaziers, saddler, &c. Is it surprising that the hunt is a popular institution? The brightness of its pageant, the nature of the sport, which is practically open to all those who live in the district, tend to make hunting popular. Remember, too, it is the sport of the middle class. Of professional men, brewers, farmers, tradesmen, and of the man in the country who must keep a horse of sorts, and who manages to make him show them some sport.

"I quite acknowledge that a well-managed shooting estate circulates a good deal of money and gives a good deal of employment. Yet the circle of its benefits is but a narrow one. Shooting has but little popularity to throw away. My own experience is that such preservation as your friend indulges in is unpopular and excites a good deal of subdued ill-will in a neighbourhood. Is it wise then to range all classes against you? for it is idle to deny that such men as your friend do spoil our sport. Were I still a Master and had I three such occupiers of shootings as he is in my county, I would resign at once, because such men ruin a whole district for hunting. It is bad enough to be short of foxes in parts of your country, but it is intolerable to have

to stop hounds when running for blood because this or that covert must not be disturbed. I think myself covert owners who take the line your friend does are morally wrong, because in order that they may enjoy an artificial sport they in fact prevent their neighbours from having sport on their own land. If hounds in a covert really spoilt sport, or the preservation of foxes and pheasants in reasonable numbers was impossible, then, no doubt, there would be something in it. But what it comes to is this, that A's covert being the key of the position from a hunting point of view, he is to prevent B C and D from enjoying sport on their own estates which border on his in order that on a given day he may shoot 1,000 pheasants instead of 800. This is obviously unjust, and A's duty to his neighbour is not being carried out. What do I consider a game preserver's duty to his (hunting) neighbour? I will tell you.

"(1) He must keep old foxes as well as cubs.

"(2) He should allow hounds in his coverts as often as the exigencies of the hunt require it.

"Please note that the oftener hounds are in a covert, *if* they are admitted at all, the less harm they do. Pheasants soon grow accustomed to them, the disturbance is thus small, and as everyone who has arranged a beat knows, the natural tendency of birds is to return back to their usual haunts.

"(3) Hounds should always be permitted to run their fox into a covert except within forty-eight hours of a big shoot.

"(4) He should be careful to let the Master know the dates of his big shoots some time beforehand.

"On the other hand the M.F.H. should do all he can not to disturb coverts for ten days or a fortnight

before they are shot. I myself always stopped hounds if possible a week before the big shoots, if they were running into the coverts. I will acknowledge freely that we hunt to a great extent at other people's expense, but the only reason that we can do so is because hunting is deeply rooted in the affections and interests of all classes. Farmers, the class chiefly affected, are not and never have been, except in isolated cases, hostile to hunting. But they see, of course, that there is money to be got out of the large fields of strangers, and they insist on having it, and quite right too. The whole movement among farmers where it exists at all, rests on a wish (not to do away with hunting, but) to make strangers pay for it. Keepers? Yes, they are really the worst enemies hunting has, but only when their masters are weak, or secretly malevolent. Any servant is a nuisance if he gets out of hand, and we must not forget the somewhat narrow views of an uneducated man looking after what he believes to be his duties and his interests.

"But there is a great deal to be said for 'kepper' from his own point of view, for we *are* a nuisance to him, and so are the foxes at breeding time, if they are honestly preserved, as they generally are if the master really wishes it."

After listening thus to both sides it seems to me plain that there is a real reason for the feeling which game preservers have about hunting. But I think, too, my M.F.H. friend is right about the prescription of hunting. Unfortunately it seems to the game preserver that he has to give way on nearly every point in dispute, and so he has. But the question is whether he feels the price too high a one to pay for the good will of

the neighbourhood. Unluckily the mere tenant who comes down to shoot the coverts is, or thinks he is, independent of local public opinion to a great extent, but it is nevertheless true that he will have more birds if he is a good fellow than if he is not. Every one who knows country life from the inside will understand what I mean. There is another argument which I am unwilling to use because it looks like a threat, but it is only a warning. Hunting can be stopped in many countries by hostility or malevolent neutrality on the part of covert owners.

But in such districts there will arise a hostility to the game laws, and indifference to their enforcement. The existence of all sport rests, in England, on hunting and racing, and we are all concerned to maintain them whether we follow them ourselves or no. Lastly it is to be remembered that after all it is for the shooting man only a question as to whether he will shoot a few more pheasants or a few less. It is a matter of the very existence of his sport to the fox-hunter. The stakes are not equal, nor should this fact ever be lost sight of for a moment.

T. F. D.

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## Cricket in Australia.

WHEN, last autumn, Mr. A. E. Stoddart set out from these shores with his team of cricketers there were many to say that he was taking with him the finest combination that had ever represented the Mother Country in the Antipodes, and after the signal victory achieved in the first of the series of five Test Matches it appeared as though no anxiety need be felt for the success of our representatives. Indeed, after that initial victory by the handsome margin of nine wickets, the tendency was rather to deplore the weakness of Australian cricket. A few weeks, however, have placed a very different complexion upon the matter, and in three successive Test Matches the Australians have thoroughly outplayed and beaten their formidable opponents, and have thus made certain of the rubber no matter how the remaining match may result.

In the most recent match at Melbourne the visitors were beaten by eight wickets, and it is

sad to reflect that this represented a distinct advance upon their two previous performances. Indeed, there was a period in the game when Stoddart's team looked to have all the best of the match, for the Australian team, after winning the toss, lost five of their best wickets for the paltry total of 55 runs, McLeod, Darling, Gregory, Iredale, and Noble having subscribed but seventeen runs between them. Here surely was a start which should have assured victory to Stoddart, but to the rescue of the home side came young Clement Hill, with such an innings as on paper would appear unrivalled in the history of International cricket, going in at the fall of the first wicket after McLeod had been bowled for one run, the left-hander was not out at the close of the day's play when of the aggregate of 270 odd runs registered for the loss of seven wickets he could claim no fewer than 188, or two-thirds of the entire score, a very remarkable

achievement this, and accomplished, so we are told, without a chance. Although Hill was secured at the wicket next morning without adding to his splendid score, some good batting by Hugh Trumble, Kelly, and Jones brought the total of the Australian first innings up to 323, which upon a good Melbourne wicket cannot be regarded as a very formidable score. However, whether a fall of rain had affected the wicket, or to whatever cause it may be attributed, the first innings of Mr. Stoddart's team fell so far short of this total as to necessitate a follow-on, since they were no fewer than 140 runs short of their opponents' score. It can seldom be the case at Melbourne that the top-scorer on a side should make no more than 30 runs, but to Mr. J. R. Mason belonged that melancholy privilege upon this occasion. After this failure the one surviving hope of Stoddart's supporters centred upon a big second innings followed by a damaged wicket for the Australians to bat upon.

A bigger second innings certainly was scored, and thanks to 55 from Ranjitsinhji, 45 from MacLaren, and some useful double figures from six of the others, 263 was registered, which left the Australians with 115 runs to get to win, and these were secured for the loss of two wickets, the telegraph at the end of the match showing that Darling had made 29, Hill, the hero of the first innings, had afforded food for reflection by being given out leg-before-wicket before he had scored a single run, whilst MacLeod and Gregory were in possession of the wickets with the nice scores respectively of 64 and 21, which gave the partnership every appearance of being if necessary indefinitely prolonged.

After tasting defeat in three consecutive Test Matches, against combined Australia, it was somewhat hard upon the travellers to suffer defeat at the hands of a Colony, but at Sydney, in the second week of February, New South Wales beat Mr. Stoddart's team by over two hundred runs. The match is destined to be a memorable one from the fact that in the course of the six days through which it lasted no fewer than 1,739 runs were scored, and the previous highest aggregate in first-class cricket of 1,514 was left far behind. New South Wales made 415 and 574, whilst Mr. Stoddart's team made 387 and 363, there being one century compiled in each of the four innings; 130 by McKenzie in the Australian first innings and 171 by Sid Gregory in the second, whilst Messrs. Druce and McLaren with 109 and 140 respectively were top scorers for the visitors. There were no fewer than fourteen scores of fifty runs or over, which fact speaks eloquently as to the wonderful quality of the Sydney wicket.

The cat is out of the Australian cricket bag now, we think, and Howell, of New South Wales, has let it out. Here was a cricketer who was left out of the Inter-colonial match earlier in the season because he was not considered good enough, and he was only played for New South Wales against the Englishmen as a bowler with the privilege of going in to bat last, and yet we find that by dint of plucky hitting he ran up two fine innings of 48 and 95, which is a fairly smart performance for the last man on the side.

In the face of such a success as this by a batsman who obviously had no honour in his own colony, we are forced to the conclusion

that run-getting in the Antipodes is a very easy matter. Albert Trott, unless we are mistaken, did much the same sort of thing when he played in the test matches against Mr. Stoddart's first team in Australia; and, if this be the case, as we believe it to be, that batsmen of no reputation are able by playing a resolute game upon those superb wickets to hit up well nigh a hundred runs before they meet their doom, it seems a thousand pities that batsmen of the highest reputation should adopt the extremely cautious tactics which for the most part prevail in Australian cricket of to-day, and after using up the wicket for two hours should retire with a mere forty or fifty runs to their credit.

Noble, who has yet to make his *début* upon English cricket grounds, was the most successful bowler in each innings of the visitors, and his six wickets for 117 runs in the second innings was a fine performance.

The Englishmen were set the extremely heavy task of scoring 602 runs in the last innings if they were to win the match, but such a splendid start was made by Mr. MacLaren and Wainwright that at the close of the day's play the telegraph showed 258 runs scored for the loss of one wicket, Mr. MacLaren and Ranjitsinhji being not out with 135 and 42 respectively. This state of affairs fanned a faint hope in the breasts of not a few, and bitter was the disappointment which followed the news that the last nine wickets had fallen for the miserable addition of but 105 runs.

So many opinions have been aired with a view to accounting for the disasters which have befallen Mr. Stoddart's team that we may be forgiven for a brief attempt to consider dis-

passionately the pros and cons of the matter.

We think it may be stated broadly that in International cricket the visiting side must always be at a disadvantage more or less marked, and for a variety of reasons. In the first place the difference of climate between an average English cricket day and an average Australian cricket day is very appreciable, and as George Giffen and Lyons and the rest of them have shivered about the dank greensward of Lords' Ground upon a day in the merry month of May or jovial June when the members watch the game through the plate-glass protection of the Pavilion windows. Then no number of sweaters can coerce the caloric of the Cornstalk into comforting him. Similarly handicapped by the other extreme of temperature are the "new chums" of an English team in Australia likely to echo the wish of Sydney Smith that they might take off their flesh and field in their bones, and in default of this relief under the oppressive heat and glaring light which are found on Australian grounds, not unfrequently fail to do themselves even scanty justice.

Moreover, it is not only the sun that shines by day which does the mischief: it is well known that one of the most serious discomforts caused by the heat of the Red Sea is the difficulty which travellers experience of getting any rest at night, and in the same way we have it on the authority of cricketers who have done an Australian tour that nights rendered sleepless by the oppressive atmosphere have gone far to spoil success upon the morrow.

When we read of seasoned Colonial cricketers like Gregory and Iredale being completely



bowled over by the sun we may fairly infer that juvenile visitors from the Northern Hemisphere may have felt the heat a little trying.

A plea urged on behalf of a team touring in Australia is that the long journeys must prove prejudicial to the play of the travellers; to this we do not attach any great importance. Of course, to take an extreme case it is likely enough that a man who has had a sound night's rest in his own bed and has strolled quietly to the ground in good time next morning will do better than the same man would if he had spent the night in "the Rattler" and had arrived at the hotel in time for bath and breakfast before hustling off to the ground; this would appear sufficiently obvious. Since, however, in this country, the exigencies of county cricket frequently demand a forced march upon a Sunday or Wednesday night prior to three days' play, men who have had an experience of county cricket such as has fallen to the lot of nearly all the members of Mr. Stoddart's team, are unlikely to be seriously embarrassed by the travelling, especially as the itinerary of English cricket teams in Australia is so well arranged that there is seldom, if ever, a tiresome journey immediately before a big match.

To our mind there are moral and psychological influences which go far to make or mar the success of a cricket team on tour. In the first place, however kind your hosts and your opponents may be, the fact is patent all the time that they desire your downfall, and it is a well-known fact that the crowds which throng the Australian cricket grounds as a rule take but little pains to disguise their feelings.

That infamous system known in

the Colonies as "barricking," has no etymological equivalent so far as we know on this side of the world, but we regret to say that nameless though it be, the system has been developed with us to a more or less pronounced degree. For the information of any of our readers to whom the term is a new one, we may say roughly that "to barrick" is to chaff and hustle a player by ironical applause, shouts, and otherwise, and for some years past the spectators upon Australian cricket grounds have been allowed to cultivate this practice. Only the other day the veteran T. W. Garrett, after playing a big innings against Mr. Stoddart's team, was so unfortunate as to miss a catch, and for the remainder of the day the crowd thought fit to devote their facetious attention to him. So it is that English bowlers turning their mind to bowling the "off theory"—and indeed upon the splendid Australian wickets it is but waste of time to bowl straight at the sticks all day—have had to endure the shouts of the crowd, "Bowl straight," or "Put on a bowler, can't you?"

Moreover, a confident appeal by the wicket-keeper, if given in favour of the batsman, not unusually exposes the wicket-keeper to a chorus of "How's that?" throughout the remainder of the day whenever he takes or fails to take a ball. The no-balling of Jones by the English umpire in the first match of the tour and the running out of McLeod through a misunderstanding in the first Test Match may well have inflamed the minds of the barricking brigade, and we are quite prepared to believe that the remarks addressed to the visiting team by some members of these huge crowds may well have caused annoyance; indeed, it was

only a few weeks ago that we read of the expressed determination of Ranjitsinhji never to play upon the Adelaide ground again, so irritated was he by the remarks he heard there. It may be childish to be put off by any action or utterance of the *profanum vulgus*, but the fact remains that the majority of cricketers are so put off, and we cannot help thinking, although we trust our surmise is wrong, that the English team has this winter suffered to some extent from this.

Another, and to our mind a very real, handicap to a touring team is that whatever happens there can be no substantial alteration made in the constitution of the eleven, and the visiting captain has to rely upon men whom he selected upon their form at home some months ago, whilst the home side have the advantage of playing the men who are at their best upon the day of the match. Of course the answer to this is that a team on tour, the members of which are playing together day after day, is likely *ipso facto* to have a substantial advantage over an eleven which has been got together for one match, and indeed this has been the secret of success of many teams, notably some of the most celebrated Australian teams which

have visited our shores. This theory holds good so long as things go right, but directly disaster leads to the disablement of one or two members of the touring side they are placed at a disadvantage in having to pit an unsound man against one of the fittest.

We have set out a few reasons which may or may not be accepted by our readers as tending to some extent to account for the disastrous record of Mr. Stoddart's team, but we are inclined to attach the greatest importance to the final reason which we suggest may account for the present supremacy of Australia, which is that just now the Colony can boast of a number of very fine cricketers, numerically perhaps more than at any time in the history of Australian cricket, and from the point of view of individual excellence, especially in bowling, quite up to the best traditions. Their method of batting appears to be modelled entirely upon the system of "playing for keeps," a system for which their beautifully easy wickets are responsible, and whilst it is not to be mentioned in the same breath as the batting of McDonnell, Massie and Lyons, it obviously has its use in winning a match where time counts for nothing.

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## John Hargreaves.\*

I'LL give you a sportsman of Dorsetshire fame,  
A nailer to gallop and ride  
Through the rough and the smooth he is always the same,  
For he's always in front of his field ; and his name  
Is one Berkshire men speak of with pride.

And once when I saw him, a January day,  
'Twas at Bradford plantation we found,  
And a hat in the air and a halloo away,  
Brought a thrill to the crowd, who were happy and gay,  
And the soul-stirring note of a hound.

And forrard again, ever crossing the breeze,  
The fox is still forward, I ween,  
See the good hounds are speeding away by the trees  
With the Master beside them still going at his ease  
To note where their quarry has been.

But mark, on the fallow the hounds are at fault,  
Like beagles they stoop and they try ;  
But the Master's " Hold hard " brings the field to a halt,  
For he holds that a sportsman is not worth his salt  
Who presses hounds scouring to cry.

And forrard again, how he twists and he turns  
This fox, yet he leads us a dance ;  
But the Master is hard on his track and soon learns  
His movements, which movements he quickly discerns,  
No doubt he could hunt him to France.

We sink to the valley, and rise to the hill,  
To old maiden castle we fly,  
The earth is unstopped, will he gain it ? He will !  
No ! Look ! they have got him, " who-whoop," it's a kill,  
" Who-whoop, then, who-whoop " is the cry.

And journeying homewards we think of the day,  
The whips and the huntsmen so keen ;  
We think of the crowd ever streaming away  
O'er the hills of the Cattistock, so bright and so gay,  
And ponder on what we have seen.

So here's to John Hargreaves, long may he survive,  
With still the same story to tell,  
In the heat of the chase may he always contrive  
To ride up to his hounds, with their dash and their drive  
In the country he governs so well.

W. PHILLPOTTS WILLIAMS,  
Author of " Over the Open."

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\* Master and Huntsman of the Cattistock Foxhounds.

# My Grandfather's Journals.\*

1795-1820.

[Being episodes in the military career of Colonel Theophilus St. Clair K.H., formerly of the 145th Foot, and some time Assistant in the department of the Quarter-Master-General.]

EXTRACTED BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

## VIII.—A PRISONER OF WAR. (*Concluded.*)

THE *médecin majeur* of the garrison, a humane and skilful surgeon, now took me in hand, and seeing that my broken leg had been properly and scientifically set did not disturb the bandages. But he prescribed quiet, and allowed me to see no one. This saved me for a time from the harsh questioning of the General and Commandant, who I learnt was furious at the successful escape of my comrades. Successful, at least, so far as we knew.

De Courcelles stormed, raged, for this was the twenty-third escape since he had become chief, and there had been nine in the last month. He gave it out that the most severe measures should be applied to all who were recaptured, and this unpleasant news reached me before he appeared in person at my bedside.

"I want the whole story," he shouted at me when he came; "who was the ringleader; where did you obtain the tools used? Give me the names of your friends and confederates. Speak out, or it will go hard with you."

He was just the opposite of his assistant and deputy, Massin, the lieutenant of *gens d'armes*, who came with him, and side by side they looked like Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. The General was long, thin and lantern-jawed, with

a sharp red nose that spoke of acidity and indigestion and consequent ill-temper—Massin, as I have said, was short, fat and swarthy.

"I shall tell you nothing. I know nothing, but I would not tell you if I could," was my quiet reply.

"*Tonnerre de Dieu!* Do you know what I can do with you? I have the power to bring you before a *conseil de guerre*, which will sentence you to the galleys or have you shot. That is the only method to treat you dogs of Englishmen; you are without honour, you go back from your word, you break your parole——"

"That is untrue. I gave no parole. Your deputy there knows that, and you too, I daresay."

"Will you tell me, I repeat, who planned this escape? It was an extensive plot. We know that others have gone. I must and will know how it was accomplished."

I thought it best to take refuge in stolid silence, and at last he left me; but after many threats of what he would do, how as soon as I could leave my bed I should be heavily ironed and lodged in an underground dungeon, on bread and water.

"You shall feel my power," were his parting words. "You are at my mercy, and unless——"

"I pay for better treatment, is

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it so, mon General?" I shouted after him. "How much do you ask to leave me in peace, like Lord T., or Sir Alured Johnstone, or Mr. Greville, or the rest who submit to your shameless extortions?"

From that time forth De Courcelles was my bitter enemy. I believe he would have done all that he threatened and more, but that I found friends among the officers of the garrison, and they took my part. Although still on crutches, and unable to walk more than a few yards, I had been told that I was to be removed to the citadel in a day or two, where I was to be closely confined. I was dreading this, for any harsh treatment just now might have caused permanent lameness, when the unexpected appearance of my friend Dubois changed the situation. He had been appointed General of Brigade, and was on his way to his command in Ratisbon when he paused for a day or two in Verdun. De Courcelles had objected to his seeing me, but Dubois carried it with a high hand. The dashing cavalry General had a sublime contempt for a comrade who discharged such functions as did Courcelles.

"I insisted upon seeing you, although he made every difficulty," said Dubois when he came to me. "But—what sort of dog-hole is this to lodge you in, *mon bon camarade*, and why the sentry on your door?"

My explanation did not tend to pacify Dubois.

"All this must be changed! Rely on me. If necessary, it shall be represented to Paris. I have good friends there. He had better be careful. Such coquins as Courcelles and Massin bring disgrace upon France."

After this I was treated very differently; my parole was ac-

cepted, and Massin called upon me, cringing, to ask where I wished to reside. I could live at the Aigle D'or or in the country, outside the walls if I preferred it. I need not answer the roll calls. If the doctor certified it, I need not submit to any of the regulations. I might do just what I pleased—for a consideration, and with that he gave me a scale of charges for all such privileges. I found as I had been told on arrival that everything paid toll to Courcelles: food, wine (which he supplied), gaming tables, clubs. He received fees for exemptions, licences and permits, for the right to keep carriages, horse or servant. All these together brought him in a large revenue, quite £20,000 a year, as was clearly shown when exposure overtook him at last. Nor was it his rapacity alone that must be gratified, every subordinate minor official, from Massin downwards, extorted what he could.

I elected to take up my quarters at the Aigle D'or, where I made myself fairly comfortable. Life was tolerable but rather dull for those who would not adopt the dissolute practices so much in vogue. I shunned play, for I had never forgotten the affair on board the *Osceola*; I could not bring myself to mix with the facile beauties who made up society. The higher class *détenus*, as the English not prisoners of war were styled, kept very much aloof from the rest of us. My chief amusement was to ride in the neighbourhood, a pleasure that cost me six francs fee, every time I passed the gates. I seldom went alone, for some nine of us had horses, and it was on one of these expeditions, when galloping back to reach the gate before gun-fire, that the idea struck us to organise a race meeting the first of many

such that were afterwards held at Verdun.

I made friends too with the officers of the 139th of the Line, two battalions of which were in garrison at Verdun, and forming the guard of the dépôt. Dubois had introduced and commended me to them, and I was received with great kindness. I may say here, as I have had occasion to say before and shall again, that I invariably found the bulk of the French officers with whom I was thrown in contact right thinking, chivalrous gentlemen, even those who were of low origin. Such men as Pigache and Courcelles were the exception, and it was in the French Army as in our own, where coarse cruel natures are also to be met; but this must not be taken to condemn the whole.

How sincere was the friendly spirit evinced by some of the 139th will be understood that by their volunteering to assist me to escape, planned it indeed, and made all the arrangements. The idea was ingenious, and simplicity itself. My acquaintance with the French language was now perfect, I spoke it fluently and with no more accent than would betray a provincial. It was settled that I should be provided with the complete uniform of an officer of Carabiniers, and armed with a passport in another name that I should ride boldly to the coast, about Dunkirk, where a boat should be waiting to ferry me across the Channel.

The one difficulty was my parole. If I surrendered it, suspicion would be at once aroused; the same might be the result of any breach of regulation committed on purpose that it should be forfeited. In discussing these points with Hoskins, he warned me of another risk I ran. "Beware of a false passport. Remem-

ber that the penalty, if you are caught, is the galleys. You will be tried and sentenced to the *travaux forcés*."

I was prepared to face that chance, for now more than ever I was pining for my liberty. News reached us of fresh victories in Portugal, and I had had one sweet sorrowful letter from Cecile, chafing sadly at the miles that divided us. But now, when my plan was nearly ripe, I was summoned before Courcelles, who gave me peremptory orders not to associate with the officers of the garrison. Something more than a whisper had reached him of my intended escape by their connivance.

"I do not trust those *gaillards*. You will see them no more. I forbid you to frequent their society. To enforce my orders I shall place you under the surveillance of a special agent, Vernueil."

This was the fellow I had met the first day of my arrival at Verdun, a low, sneaking scoundrel who dogged my footsteps wherever I went, for I would not allow him to walk by my side. But like all his class he was ready to betray his employers, and I soon found that I could buy him, body and soul, if I cared. For a louis or two I gained more insight into the ways of the dépôt and the iniquities of Courcelles than I should have obtained after years of residence.

Vernueil told me many horrible tales of treachery, crime, debauchery, and suicide for which De Courcelles and his predecessor were in the main responsible. One was the trap laid for Lord T., who had purchased permission to live in a country house. Then a general order was issued that all English should return to Verdun, and he was told he was

specially exempted. But one night he was seized and carried back under escort, with the threat of court-martial, from which he was permitted to escape on payment of £5,000. I heard of a wretched youth, a mate in the Navy, who having gambled away all his ready money obtained more on a bill to which he had forged his captain's signature, and losing this also, shot himself. It was the custom of the bank at the tables to make advances to those who were cleaned so that they might play on, counting on repayment by subscription among the other prisoners. The drunkenness was terrible; wine was cheap, and a detestable spirit called *singue*, distilled from potatoes, a couple of pennyworth of which upset the strongest head. The temptation to soak all day long was irresistible in men of active habits condemned now to absolute idleness without employment for mind or body.

Worst of all was the oppression and ill-usage practised upon the poorer prisoners. At times, when goaded to fresh fury by the frequency of successful escape, Courcelles swept up the bulk of them, some hundreds, and lodged them all in the *souterrains*, or underground dungeons of the citadel, where they suffered horribly from overcrowding. Fourteen were shut up in one small dungeon, and were all but suffocated. This was Courcelles' answer to the complaint of cold, the dearness of fuel, the scarcity of money to buy it for the fines constantly inflicted. "The more the merrier; you'll be able to keep each other warm," he said, brutally. The French Government made each prisoner an allowance of a few sous daily for maintenance, but it never reached the proper persons; it was either impounded or mulcted in the shape

of stoppages for hire of apartments (dungeons), for alleged dilapidations, and other unfair and illegal charges—even the men's regular pay, which could be drawn from London through a neutral banker in the town, was intercepted or subjected to deductions and percentages for exchange.

I often visited the citadel, and heard all these grievances at first hand.

So soon as I became acquainted with them, I constituted myself the champion and mouthpiece of my companions, and laid formal complaint before Courcelles. He laughed in my face.

"What business is it of yours? Have a care, or I will consign you also to the citadel."

"I shall petition the Duc de Feltre in Paris—even the Emperor himself," I retorted hotly. "We prisoners have our rights, and claim to have them observed, and your conduct shall be made known in the right quarter—to the Minister of War."

I saw that Courcelles flinched. He naturally dreaded any inquiry, and had he dared he would have locked me up out of the way. But he feared that it would get to the ears of the officers of the garrison, and that he would be called to account for it. Although commanding officer and a bully, he was also a coward. He was obliged to spare me, but he surrounded me with spies, and watched my every move. Had I written, as I threatened, my letter, I was sure, would never reach its destination.

A mere chance neutralised all his precautions. I was always an early riser, and kept up the habit all the time I was a prisoner in Verdun. One fine morning in the late autumn of 1870, just before the first snow, I was walking between the hotel and the Poste

de Paris, when I observed a certain commotion at the post and change house in the centre of the town. A travelling carriage had pulled up, and fresh horses were being substituted for those, eight in number, that had done the last stage. The post-master stood by the carriage door, hat in hand, a small crowd behind him at a respectful distance, the postillions, booted and spurred, were ready to mount and away.

I drew near, wondering, and just at the moment a head appeared at the window which I instantly recognised.

For the second time in my life I was in the presence of the Emperor Napoleon.

He knew me, or thought so, for he beckoned me to approach, saying shortly and sharply,

"You are an Englishman. An officer, I see. A prisoner of war. Where have I seen you before?"

"At Astorga, sire, in Spain, with a flag of truce."

"And you have kept my ring? I see it there on your finger. And now you are in my hands. Well, it is the fortune of war. At least you are well cared for. We have no *pontons* here, no bleak moorland prisons? Have you any complaints?"

"For myself none, sire. But the poorer of my companions are robbed, starved, shamefully maltreated. I humbly beg your Majesty to institute an enquiry into the conduct of General Courcelles."

"How! Do you dare to impute—— You shall substantiate these charges, and if they are false you shall be—— Enough, *Ménéval!*" His secretary was by his side. "Note this, and write to M. le Duc de Feltre. Drive on."

The carriage rattled off at top speed, the escort followed at a

gallop, a few voices raised the cry, "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and at that moment Courcelles appeared at the corner, hastily buckling on his sword-belt, but too late to pay his respects to his Imperial master.

Some one must have overheard my conversation with the Emperor, and told the general, for he came after me with a pale face and such wild fierce eyes that I thought he would have struck at me with his sword.

"Traitor!" he hissed between his teeth. "Vile traducer, you shall pay for this, and before the day is out. I will rid myself of your false spying eyes. You will not find life in Bitché so pleasant as in Verdun."

I heard this threat with a sinking heart. To be transferred to Bitché—the most cruel place of duration in the whole country, a dreary fort standing high upon an isolated hill, filled full of the lees and dregs of our kind, a perfect pandemonium, "*The Place of Tears,*" as we heard it called—I shuddered at the very thought. But there was no help for it, and by mid-day I was on the road, escorted by a party of *gens d'armes*, with whom I made the distance of about about a hundred and twenty miles in four days.

The fort was visible a long way off, and hours passed before we climbed the zigzag path that led us to the gates. There we crossed a drawbridge commanded by artillery, threaded a long tunnel, and at last were in the heart of the place.

They led me before the Commandant, Clement by name, who read my papers and scanned me closely.

"You bring bad notes," he said, severely. "M. le General Courcelles warns me to keep a close eye upon you. Well,



it is in your own hands. Submit to our discipline, and all will go well. Resist us, and you will feel the weight of authority. Go. You will be quartered in the grand *souterrain*."

This was a long, vaulted cellar, with a wall running down the middle and a double arch; it was dimly lighted from above by narrow loopholes, a narrow guard bed ran down the sides, but there was no other furniture. The den was filling fast, for the winter evenings closed in early, and the prisoners were locked up from four till eight next morning.

As my future companions filed in I had a good view of them, and saw a crowd, some two hundred in all, of coarse, ill-clad, ruffianly looking men, common sailors mostly, with debauched and besotted faces, and a general air of recklessness. Some took to romping up and down the cellar like caged animals, others continued altercations begun in the yards, and conversed with fierce oaths, many more threw themselves upon the guard bed, silent, surly, and hopeless, the iron had entered into their souls.

I was soon recognised as a newcomer, and treated with a certain rough respect. They saw that I was not one of themselves, but an officer and a gentleman. They left me in peace for a time. Then a deputation of four came up with many bows and scrapes and invited me to pay my footing, the price of drink for the whole company, and when I hesitated, dreading the consequence among such a crew, a number surrounded me with loud murmurs and ugly looks. "You'd better do it — if you can," whispered a friendly voice, so I handed over a couple of louis d'or, which were snatched up with loud shouts of delight. A *gens d'arme* was called in and desired to

lay the money out in potato brandy. When it arrived the whole party settled down to a great carouse, and almost everyone got drunk with business-like despatch.

I shall never forget the scene that followed. It beggars description. They took their liquor differently, as is always the case; some like hogs, glass after glass, till they fell senseless and wallowed in the filthy straw; some were only elated, dancing, capering, singing snatches of maudlin songs; one couple quarrelled and fought several rounds almost unheeded by the rest; others grew madly mischievous, and tore up the guard bed, arming themselves with great truncheons of wood. One of these last, in whom destructiveness was strongly developed, was struck with a happy idea, and cried, "Let's burn the place down," and forthwith they piled up the fragments of the beds, gathered together the loose straw, and set fire to them. But the floor lay deep in water, the straw was too damp to burn, only a thick reeking smoke arose from the heap, adding to the suffocating stench of this noisome den, and filling the few sober ones with alarm. We raised a cry of "Fire! fire!" and the *gens d'armes* rushed in, but being far too few to overawe our infuriated mob, were received with hoots of derision and a stubborn resistance. All kinds of missiles were hurled at them, boots, hats, plates, tins, fragments of wood; then they were charged, and driven out easily.

"Come on, mates! after them, my hearties!" sung out a voice. "Let's take the whole gallus place," and the mass of prisoners, all, that is to say, who could still walk, myself with the number, surged out of the cellar, up the stone stairs into the barrack above,

and so on to the *tene plein* of the fort. The alarm was given, the drums beat to arms, the veteran guard about a hundred strong turned out and formed across the inner gate, loaded and waited for us with muskets at the charge. "Halt! You must be mad," I cried; for I took in the situation at a glance, and realised how unequal must be the contest. Even if, at the expense of several lives we triumphed over the garrison and got out into the open country, we could not hope to win in the long run. Some of us, if we broke up into small bodies or went off singly, might escape, but the outbreak would put everyone on the *qui vive*. We were in the very heart of France, every hand would be against us, troops would be sent in pursuit, and all who were not shot down would be overpowered and re-captured.

These thoughts flashed through my mind as I stood out between the two opposing lines, my companions already sobered by the keen night air and the grim array of gray moustached veterans who only awaited the word of command to carry havoc into our ranks with their fire.

Once more I appealed to my fellow-prisoners. "It's sheer madness, men," I argued. "You can do no good, really, and will only sacrifice many lives."

"Let me add my word," said the Commandant, coming up and ranging himself at my side. Although he spoke in French and was not generally understood his appearance to me had a good effect. "Tell them, Monsieur," he went on to me, "that if they have any cause of complaint I will endeavour to rectify it, only let them go back now to their quarters quietly, and nothing more shall be said of this unfortunate affair. The fire has been

extinguished in the *souterrain* and you can safely return there."

He used fair words, seeking to humour and cajole rather than threaten to use the strong arm. The fact was, that he and his people were afraid of their charges, who were in a constant state of semi-mutiny, obeying no rules, setting all discipline at defiance, and always of such a bold and resolute demeanour that it was by no means certain that the garrison would come off best in any disturbance.

Our united entreaties at length carried the day, and the prisoners slowly but sullenly withdrew to their underground lodging. I was following them when the Commandant said, civilly:—

"Stay, Monsieur, do not go back below. I will find you other quarters. But for you the *emeute* might have become very serious. Allow me to offer my sincere thanks for your assistance. I hardly expected it."

"And may I ask why you are so prejudiced against me, M. le Commandant?"

"Have you not stirred up disaffection at Verdun? Attempted to escape, broken your parole, made false charges against the good M. le General Courcelles?"

"I complained of him, yes, and with good reason, direct to His Majesty the Emperor, to whom I spoke a few days back."

"You dared address the Emperor, Monsieur," cried the Commandant, aghast. "And he deigned to listen to you——?"

"And not for the first time. More, he deigned to give me this ring, two years ago, in Spain. His Majesty has always been most gracious to me."

"*C'est inoni*, I never heard of such a thing. You, an Englishman, a prisoner, to be so much honoured. Why, Monsieur, I

would gladly give my right hand for it, both hands, my life itself. You are then a person of great consequence. I was wrong, *diablement* wrong to confine you in this *souterrain*. Come with me, I will give you a room in my own house. You shall have every attention."

As may be supposed I did not turn my back upon this sudden change of fortune, and gladly accepted the time-serving major's hospitality. I found him to be really a worthy man, good-hearted and naturally kindly, but very much overpowered by his charge. He had begun with mild measures as he assured me, but found them a sad mistake. "I was a lamb, Monsieur, forced to become a tiger," he declared, having been driven into cruelty and oppression by the untamable spirit of our people. "I cannot keep them quiet," he went on; "I cannot even keep them here. No bolts or bars, no surveillance suffices to prevent escapes. They make themselves wings, they go through stone walls. The devil himself would be no good as their gaoler. Englishmen, I believe, would break out of hell itself."

I suggested that the misery of their lives, the barren hopelessness of their future, forbidden to look for freedom in any other way than escape, was sufficient to excuse the most desperate attempts.

"It may be so, Monsieur," said Clement, wearily, "but it makes my life a burthen to me, too. They give me no peace. If it were left to me I would set them all free. I would rather meet your people in the open field at the sword's point than hold them here, against their wills. It's too terrible."

For the remainder of my stay at Bitche the Commandant Clem-

ent behaved admirably to me. He could not give me my parole, that had been expressly forbidden by the orders of Courcelles, but he let me go at large accompanied by a *gens d'armes*, who was civil spoken and forbearing. I was able to be of some use to my less fortunate companions; I had money—enough to provide them with many necessities and comforts, and the Commandant, at my instance, gave them better food and more fresh air, using the *souterrains* only as a punishment for misconduct and repeated attempts to escape.

But the time hung heavy on my hands; month after month rolled by, another year, 1811, was drawing to its close and I was still a prisoner. The yearning for liberty grew and increased till it became maddening. I thought of nothing else, revolved a dozen different schemes in my head and discussed them with the one or two friends I had found in the crowd. We had just decided to make a bold bid for freedom, taking the line of Strasbourg through Baden, Bavaria, the Tyrol and so to Trieste, when, to my surprise and delight, my prison gates were thrown open and I was told that I might go out when I pleased. I had been exchanged for a captain of the Imperial Guard, made prisoner when on a special mission to King Joseph in Spain.

I owed this really to the express intervention of the Emperor himself, I was told, and he wished me to know it. After some delay, due to the pressure of more momentous matters, chiefly his divorce and marriage, he had caused full enquiry to be made into the management of the *dépôt* at Verdun and all its atrocities were laid bare. Dismay fell upon the tyrant extor-

tioners, disgrace and death. Courcelles was dismissed from the Army, Massin shot himself, a clean sweep was made of all the understrappers and lesser rogues. A new Commandant, the Baron Beau Chêne, was appointed, a man of unblemished honour and integrity, under whom the prisoners fared well—as he said himself his mission was to hold them in custody, but not to ill-treat and despoil them.

As for me, I travelled post to Brussels and Ostend, where I hired a fishing boat to put at once to sea in search of some British cruiser. I was fortunate enough to fall in with H.M.S. *Sparhawk*, corvette, some twenty miles off Dover, and being transhipped was presently landed at Deal. Next day I was at my dear father's cottage in Chilsea. After a week's delay to get fresh

uniform, and having already reported myself by letter, I presented myself at the first levée of H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief. The Duke of York received me very graciously, heard my story, and was so good as to promise me early employment.

"Your promotion, *Major St. Clair*," said His Royal Highness, laying stress on the new title, "has been delayed by your captivity. But I promised it to Sir David Baird, after your conduct at Corunna. Now I think it will please you to return to your old corps, and I will post you to a vacancy in the 145th. They form part of the Third Division in Spain—General Picton's—at present commanded by General Pakenham. You will want some leave, I presume, but I should advise you to join as soon as you can."

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## Sport in Angoni Land.

How many times, I wonder, has the sportsman, who, starting from England for the old African hunting fields well equipped with the latest rifles and cartridges, returned disappointed and disgusted at his results. Unfortunately it is rarely that they put in a record of their unlucky experiences and it is only along the coast one hears the grumbling of those who, after perhaps five or six months in the interior, regret having made those long weary tramps through the African bush and over the scorched grass plains to such little purpose. From Zanzibar to Cape Town one hears the same question, "Where has the big game gone to?" There are parts of Africa yet which are *terra incog-*

*nita*, except, perhaps, to a few of the "Lost Legion," and these Legionaries are not communicative unless influenced by the stimulating liquor which, of various brands and qualities, determines the flow of conversation.

Most of the answers to the query are hazy as to location and unfounded on reason. In the old colony, "Oh, across the Zambesi," is often a reply, the Zambesi being a long way off. This really corresponds to the natives' high pitched "*oko M'sungu*," i.e., far, far away. Another tanned prospector will point to the west and talk of Lake N'gami and its wonderful herds of game, which some Dutchman, "*Oi met out prospectin'*," told him of. This is

the only satisfaction one usually gets, but rarely one meets with an old-time hunter who affords helpful information, and from such as I have met it appears that (1) the presence of the white man and his fire-arms has terrorised the animals, and in some measure affected their breeding rate; (2) that disease, the rinderpest more especially, has killed off numerous herds. These are, of course, but opinions, but of one thing all are certain, that whereas forty years ago herds, and large herds at that, tenanted the valleys and plains south of the Zambesi, these have now furnished a parallel case to that of the American bison. They have vanished, and the remoter regions to the north and west of the Zambesi contain but a few scattered herds of small number compared to those which, on unimpeachable authority, existed to the south of the Zambesi in the past.

Thanks to the British Protectorate authorities, a reserve for game and a close season is instituted in their territory and licences to shoot big game are required. It is hoped that the Chartered Company will be induced to follow their example in the way of making a big game reserve, in addition to claiming a licence from sportsmen who may have the luck to kill royal game in their northern and comparatively unknown possessions.

That region lying to the north-west of the British Central Africa Protectorate had long been eulogised as the retreat of the game herds.

It was with considerable expectations of sport that I accepted a post in an exploring expedition having for its object the prospecting of a tract of country bounded on the east by the Lake Nyassa, on the west by the lower

reaches of the Loangwa River, and on the south by a line running from latitude  $13^{\circ}$  S. to  $15^{\circ}$  S.

This tract included M'Piseni's Kingdom, the Senga country, and to reach it necessitated a trip up the Zambesi as far as the old Portuguese town of Tete and a further march on foot of about one hundred and eighty miles through almost unknown territory. But three or four Europeans had visited the country. It was spoken of, however, by the Portuguese as likely to afford good sport.

Mid-June, 1896, found me off Beira, listening to tales of hunting adventures on the Pungwe flats, where, it appears, antelope, lions and zebra are yet fairly plentiful, though whether it is worth facing the malarial fever which has caused the death of many hunters is questionable. Some four or five sportsmen whom I met in Beira, were quite wrecked by its subsequent effects, and from them I learnt that in the marsh lands south of Beira still wandered some elephant herds. Bush buck and reed buck were brought into the town for sale to the local butchers.

From all I heard and trophies I saw at Beira and Chinde, the conviction is enforced that the coast district of Portuguese East Africa is a splendid game preserve, both from reason of its situation and physical configuration, as from the dangers of fever and the certainty of exhausting marches on foot preventing any but the hardest sportsmen hoping to survive the trip.

From Beira to Chinde is a short day's steam. Accommodation is here very good and buck-shooting is obtainable. Occasionally "hippo" come down to the tidal waters and the flotilla of river steamers running to Tete on the Zambesi and to Chiromo on the Shiré are available.

Everywhere one heard the same hopeful remarks as to the sport obtainable up in M'Piseni's country, with perhaps the same amount of justification as the preconceived notion that a rich quartz country must of necessity be an auriferous region too.

Leaving Chinde, in about half-a-day the steamer leaves behind it the mangrove swamps and tidal waters, and passes into the Zambesi proper. The scenery from here to Sena is monotonous and uninteresting. A wide expanse of swift-flowing tawny water, with long stretching sandbanks, on which numerous cranes, sandpipers and waders made a home. Here and there solitary dejected-looking crocodiles lazily basked in the hot sun, their humpbacked appearance decrying the value of the usual sketches.

Occasionally a huge grass island comes floating down stream, while native canoes, a houseboat propelled by an excessive crew of noisy, laughing, singing Zambesi boys, afford us the latest news from Sena or Tete.

The whole water scene is framed in by low sandy banks clothed with tall reeds merging off to an expansive ochreous grass-covered plain, which is subtended by low, undulating hills, far beyond which the loftier mountains jut up at intervals. Patches of thick brush occur in this wide expanse of grass; the foothills are well covered, however, with mimosas.

When the steamer reached the junction of the Shiré, the black, ugly head of a hippo came up just ahead, and this was the only one seen until we reached the picturesque Lupata gorge, where the river narrows to a swift and deep rapid. Here several were seen, but the vibration of the stern-wheels completely negatives any effort to place a shot. Even were

one killed it would be lost to the gunner, and would afford many a meal to some riparian villagers down stream. One of the monsters, whose upturned legs and swollen carcase looked like an advertisement balloon, went lumbering down, soon after the gorge was passed, through the high rock gates.

The next morning to our leaving the rapids the sight of two big bull hippos fiercely fighting on the shore of an adjacent island afforded us interest; however, the steamer had to proceed, and as the combatants paid no heed to a couple of "Maüser" bullets, the fight seemed to be a prolonged one.

Navigation on the Zambesi is impossible at night on account of the treacherous channel. We therefore "tied-up," and this gave an opportunity of going in the bush to look around ere the sun dipped. Very little spoor was ever seen, and except for occasional arid buck the banks seemed untenanted. One or two days in, however, the Portuguese residents at the wooding stations assured us there were leopard, lion and antelope, while in the lagoons bordering the main stream hippo and crocodile were plentiful. At one station two handsome young lions occupied a stoutly built cage, and a pair of leopard cubs testified to the *fera natura* of the district. Close to the river a year ago a small boy saw an elephant; fetching a rifle he approached sufficiently close for his well-placed bullet to effect a kill. The ivory hunters get little now so close, and chiefly hunt in the broad belt of forest stretching from Sena to Beira.

After arriving at Tete I took much trouble, during the fortnight I stayed there, to obtain reliable information as to the

whereabouts of elephant and other big game. A few lions wandered in the dense bush between Tete and the Luija River, one, a lioness, was brought in while I was there, killed by a native hunter. No elephant had been killed near Tete for some long time past, although a herd is known to exist in Chooko's district near the Luija. They are, however, very fierce, and Chooko himself warned my informant against them, saying "they had already killed some of his own hunters and he now forbade their being hunted." The tsetse belt around Tete renders it necessary to hunt afoot; further north of the Zambesi it seems to have disappeared, and on more than one occasion I feel confident that had we taken horses we might have obtained elephants.

Towards the end of July we had crossed the Zambesi and were on the northward march. The first villages of any importance are in the vicinity of Chief Luiz's stockaded kraal at Muchena, about sixty miles from Tete. The road is fairly good for about thirty miles, but the latter half gave us a foretaste of the rocky path we were destined to climb to the land of the Zulus. The whole ground around Muchena was well cultivated and gave us covert; in the mountains around a few lion existed, and buffalo were obtainable a few years ago a day's march off; of late none had been shot, and except for "hippo," which stayed in the pools higher up the Rivogwe, the district between Muchena and Tete was devoid of game, and we saw hardly a spoor of anything larger than steinbuck. Luiz himself was an excellent shot, and possessed a fair battery. The last few years, however, he had shot little else but hippo and crocodile, several skulls of the former and a few leopard skins constituting his

only trophies. Except for a few francolins, some guinea-fowls, and a swift-flying dark blue feathered crane, our fortnight's enforced sojourn at Muchena afforded no sport, and we were thankful to leave the expansive plain on which baobobs and a few scattered mimosa alone relieved the sameness.

The Major had left me some days previously, and sent back a better account of his luck a few days afterwards. However, we followed his track, miles over miles of monotonous rocky marching, climbing the hills to obtain views of magnificent park-like valleys, but not a head of game to be seen for fifty miles, when we made the Mavodzi river and saw a small herd of about twelve long-horned antelope. The grass was too long to see them definitely and to shoot with certainty, and I only had the very poor satisfaction of thinking that I wounded one in the dim light. The barrenness of this region in game was wonderful. A long, trying march of five days more was through a typical game-land which appeared to be untenanted, and it was not until we had got thirty miles north of the Luija river that a little sport was obtained, a poor pig representing our only kill on this march. However, we were no sooner beyond the Portuguese frontier than matters improved considerably. Over a large area of unpopulated country the grass had been burnt, and the presence of accumulated water in a swampy district added to the attractions of the fresh shoots of green feed. In the month of August a fair variety of game centred around here, though in no case did the herds consist of more than ten individuals. The usual small buck could be stalked almost every early morning in the keen air. Once I saw a herd of seven of Living-

stone's eland and two herds of hartbeest grazing quietly together. At night the lion's roar was occasionally heard, but far more frequently his deep bass note when hunting and hungry. Zebra I saw once or twice but at long range, but never a buffalo nor a kûdû. Within a couple of days from the M'sunguzi old village, hippo existed and some meat and tusks were brought in by a native hunter. Of course I questioned him carefully about the game, and found the same answer only, "Onse wa fa M'sungu," and he was confirmed by some 200 Atongas who presently arrived from Kota Kota, they had seen nothing along their route. In the marshy lands of the Bua watershed and valley plenty of waterfowl exist, and some few of the lesser antelope.

Elephants migrated to the marsh, and thence away to the north. I often came across their tracks with gratitude, for they make a splendid path through the long grass. Never did I come across them but once and then the herd was only ten strong; they took the alarm and hurried off at a pace impossible to follow afoot. The fresh remains of one were soon after found about nine miles north of the Luija by one of our men, and prior to my going west to Catumbas country in April of this year, the same herd, I presume, revisited this region. Lions were seen once or twice when after buck at sundown. On one occasion I mistook the native word "Nkango, a lion," for "Nkanga, a guinea-fowl," and blundered forward from the cover of a gneiss boulder to find myself confronted twenty yards off by two lionesses and a short-maned lion, which were evidently waiting on the same herd of hartbeest as myself. As I was unarmed for this un-

expected meeting, I spent a few unpleasant seconds watching their tactics. They deliberately eyed me, the lionesses like huge cats walked gracefully up and down the slope, and I, finding there was no hostility on their part, wisely, as I now think, forebore opening the campaign. Altogether, had it not been for native scares, the sojourn at M'sunguzi had been very pleasant; my sole European patient rapidly improved, and on the arrival of more carriers we trekked off to the high plateau where the Angoni are paramount. Throughout the whole sixty mile walk over a really splendid looking country for game, I regret to say we saw not a head. On the well watered plateau itself, which is covered by Angoni villages and cultivated to an extent which one would hardly credit, herds of native cattle graze under the guard of reckless young savages. The whole of this plateau, roughly about two thousand square miles, has been cleared of edible game by these meat loving natives, who make but short work of any unfortunate buck which they can surround, and beat life out with dexterously thrown knob kerries and assegais. The oxen, as might be supposed, attract lions and leopards from the mountains. Four or five were killed by the cowboys while we were in the country, not, however, without inflicting serious wounds on the defenders. On rare occasions lions have actually invaded villages and seized natives in their huts at night. This is not to be wondered at, for although the cattle kraals are strongly stockaded, the Angoni villages lie quite unprotected on the open veldt. The raiding impis not unfrequently lose a man from their masasas, but the only accident affecting us was the loss of an Atonga boy who was proceeding north with letters.



From the Angoni villages we proceeded westwards to the Senga country, over very elevated ground consisting of primary rocks intersected by numerous quartz reefs. Despite the altitude, nearing on five thousand feet, walking was hard work, and frequently the sharp burning sun compelled us to remain under canvas all day and to march at night, for it being the end of the dry season water was very scarce.

Sixty miles march to the west found us descending the mountain range bounding M'Soro's country, which consists of a long valley whose soil of rich alluvium would delight a British farmer. The occurrence here of brackish lakes, to which the Angoni periodically resort in order to burn the rush roots for salt, attracts game. A few small herds of impala and of eland yet remained, but were very wary of approach, and it was not until we got further across the Loangwa valley and struck the actual Senga country that game was other than scarce. In this district, which really follows the course of the Loangwa for a distance of fifty miles with the apex of the triangle at Kapenda village, where the British flag now flies, the natives are wofully afraid of the Angoni and stick very close to their strongly stockaded villages, although they possess not a few muzzle loaders and ammunition. Hence to the Loangwa river we not unfrequently came across the skeletons of wild pig, kûdû, and buffalo, for which the rinderpest, according to the native hunter's description, was responsible. The zebras, roan antelope, water buck and impala appeared to have escaped, though much less numerous than in former years, according to the testimony of such black Portuguese hunters as we met in the Loangwa villages. Right glad

we were to strike the Loangwa river, it was the first stream worthy the name of river we had come across since the Zambesi. Even then at the end of the dry season the breadth was often from one hundred to a hundred and fifty yards, but like most African rivers dependent on flood waters. The height and distance between its terraced banks and the size of the trees cast up there on its shores, proved what a raging torrent it must be in flood.

We followed its sinuous course for some four or five days, pools, shallows and rapids succeed each other according to the formation cut through. The deep pools are tenanted by large herds of hippo, and enormous crocodiles abound. The vegetation on the banks is tropical, affording good covert, and in the marshes good sport is obtainable, up to within about two days from Zumbo, where the country is almost bare of game.

Sparsely scattered villages dot the river banks, and some evidence of Catholic mission work obtains. There is no doubt but that slave hunting is still practised by some who make their headquarters at Zumbo, and the Loangwa route to this settlement and to Tete is yet used by Arab ivory traders from the Luapula region. The country around Chutekas village, and thence to Chirupa's village (where two of us were well received and stayed for a month) contains some few herds of roan antelope, of Burchell's zebra and of hartbeest, but their number was never so large as to justify our killing any except for provisions. Rhinoceros' tracks we seldom saw, and one was killed the other side of the river by another party. We saw two skeletons of recent date in the Lusengazia district, and horns were often offered for sale. A

prospecting party, under the leadership of a well known Matabele sportsman, whom we met on the Loangwa bank, reported the same scarceness of game on their track from Kota Kota as we had noticed, and the plateau surrounding the Muchinge mountains had not afforded much sport; coming down the Loangwa they had seen a herd of thirty elephants, however. Around Chirupa's village we were rarely without sport; fortunate it was, too, for with two hundred carriers in a district which, though very fertile, was only cultivated in small tracts from fear of Angoni raids, the food question was paramount to avoid desertion.

The wet season having set in we determined to pass it on the high ground of Piseni's country, and on our eastward march through a beautiful undulating country again noticed the almost entire absence of antelope within a radius of fifty to sixty miles from his plateau. One cannot but think that his oxen's fortunate freedom from rinderpest must be due to this barren zone preventing communication of the disease. On our arrival at his kraal matters political kept us occupied for a month, while the almost constant downpour negated any shooting. Twice I had to make journeys of sixty miles out and back during January and February for professional reasons, without seeing a single spoor, and beyond four bush buck, shot in the vicinity of our house, I do not think a single head was obtained between January and March. In March the Major made a trip in the rain of some seventy or eighty miles down the Kapochi valley; he got a couple of sable antelope only, though fresh elephant spoor was abundant.

Toward the close of April with

two prospectors I marched over a hundred miles west of the Luija river into the Kapochi valley, and saw no trace of game beyond fresh elephant spoor. In my interview with Catumba he said the game had disappeared from his region after sickness. As he had never seen white men previously I was surprised to find him in possession of four very good muzzle loaders with powder and bullets, and subsequently learnt they had been obtained from Matakanya at Zumbo. He presented me with two small tusks and had others for trade, but would not part except for gunpowder. Two days after our arrival the villagers descried from their high mountain perch an elephant herd on a marsh in the Kapochi valley; they gave us no news and only slaughtered a small calf, the rest of the herd went off N.W. towards the Loangwa. A little sport is to be had around his villages, which are in touch with Senga villages about fourteen miles off. I saw hartbeest and managed to kill an old bull hippo, which for some reason or other had been left behind in a pool of the Kapochi when the rest of the herd went south. On the same morning a water buck, one of three, fell to my rifle, so my hungry followers and the villagers were filled with meat "until my jaws ached," as one remarked to me. The hippo was my last shot in Central Africa, for on my southward march to the Zambesi, which I did alone, not a single beast, beyond four enormous baboons in the Chiresa valley, was seen alive. As locusts had devastated the country this is perhaps not so surprising. At Muchena a man was pinched by a man-eating lion, which paid the penalty of his epicurean taste to the strategy of a trap gun set over the victim's body. The lion, a young male,

was a splendid specimen. Owing to the famine in the district they were fairly numerous, coming close around the huts at night. I camped out but once on the road hence to Tete, and was not sorry

to see in the early morning of the Queen's Birthday the silver band of the Zambesi lying but some fifteen miles ahead, and to leave behind me so gameless a territory.  
M'SUNGU DOTTORÉ.

## "Quickstep."

I HAVE studied your horses in stable and field,  
I have seen the Blood 'oss in his stride;  
I have watched Jennie's manners 'ere Reynard's fate's sealed,  
But still prefer Quickstep to ride.

A stable that harbours "The Drake" and "White Earl"  
Is a difficult stable to beat,  
But it also possesses old Quickstep, a girl  
I'd select for a High Roothing Meet.

The pick of the basket was Charity's place,  
But age, how the seasons roll by;  
She is still bold and clever, and brimful of grace,  
Yet Quickstep, to me, fills the eye.

So perfect in manners, so even in pace,  
She is there in the thick of the fun;  
And if you've the hands and the pluck for a race  
She is first at the end of a run.

A fast twenty minutes is Quickstep's strong forte,  
If the ditches are wide, she can fly,  
In a stiff pewy country—I don't care what sort,  
She can jump—and by Jove! can jump high.

They boast of their "Trombones" and "Warriors" bold,  
And thoroughbred blood like "Jim Crow's,"  
But when hounds are running (unless the scent's cold),  
They can't see the way Quickstep goes.

Five hundred for Quickstep—so safe and so free,  
I am told she ne'er gave you a fall;  
She's one in a thousand—you take it from me,  
An example in horseflesh to all.

ARGO.

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\* After a week's stay, and three days' hunting with a friend.

## The Sportsman's Library.

WE have before us the fifth volume of the handsome edition of "The Sportsman's Library" \* edited by Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart. Like other works of this series, "The Art of Deer-stalking" was first published early in the reign of Her Majesty and there have been two subsequent editions prior to the present one. Mr. William Scrope the author, was a gentleman fortunately possessed of means and ample leisure which he devoted to field-sports, literary recreation, the art of painting and continental travel, and all these are in evidence in the present volume. Of his proficiency with the brush proof is given by the illustrations, one of which at page 70, "Looking for a wounded deer," is entirely his work, whilst in seven other full page plates Mr. Scrope seems to have executed the landscapes, leaving the animals and figures to the pencil of Charles Landseer. Sir Edwin Landseer also, has adorned the book with two plates "A Forest Joust" and a group of dogs entitled: "Buscar and his friends."

Of his classical education and intimacy with modern languages, the author gives us quite enough proof, in fact, to the modern mind, which prefers that a quotation should be unspoken, there is almost too much of it, but we must not forget that the book was written at a time when the tendency of writers was to load their work with any quotations to which they

could lay their pen, whilst the temptation of introducing the names of any members of heathen mythology upon every possible occasion was generally too strong to be resisted.

The passage in which the author describes the qualifications necessary for a deer-stalker, is a very good sample of his style, and it shows that the author has a keen sense of humour and is a man of some considerable literary ability, whilst that he is a keen sportsman and fully conversant with the sport of which he discourses must be obvious to all.

The "Encyclopædia of Sport" has attained to the dignity of a first volume, which contains the first ten numbers of this excellent publication, extending from A to L, and it would be difficult to speak too highly of the work. Part XI., which is now before us, is quite up to the high standard of its predecessors. Mr. F. C. Selous writes on the Lion, and his most interesting article is embellished with a fine full-page plate of the King of Beasts.

A contribution upon the history of Lord's Cricket Ground and the Marylebone Cricket Club comes from the pen of no less an authority than Mr. Henry Perkins, who has for the past five-and-twenty years acted as Secretary to the premier Cricket Club; this article, which is full of interest for cricketers, has but one fault, which is that it is all too brief. To demonstrate the growth of the club in recent years we may mention that whereas in 1866, when the club acquired the freehold of Lord's ground the extent of ground amounted to about eight acres, the total acreage to-day amounts to nearly twenty acres; whilst as

\* "The Art of Deer-Stalking," illustrated by a narrative of a few days' sport in the Forest of Atholl, with some account of the Nature and Habits of Red Deer, and a short description of the Scottish Forests, Legends, Superstitions, Stories of Poachers and Freebooters, &c., by William Scrope, Esq., F.L.S., illustrated by engravings and lithographs after paintings by Edwin and Charles Landseer, Esquires, and by the author. A new edition. London: Edward Arnold, 27, Bedford Street, W.C. 1897. Price 18s.

compared with a membership of 980 in 1866 the club could in 1896 boast of over 4,000 members, whilst there are the names of no less than 9,000 candidates in the books.

An article upon Moors by the Marquis of Granby, is the excuse for a capital illustration of a Grouse Drive, which shows the pack just as they approach the deadly butts.

Perhaps the chief feature of Part XI. is a very complete article upon mountaineering, the thirty-one pages of which contain many woodcuts, which are of great assistance.

Part XII., for February, brings us as far as the congenial topic of Polo, and breaking off in the middle of an interesting article upon this fascinating game leaves us like *Oliver Twist*, asking for more.

An article upon Kennington Oval, by the Secretary of the Surrey Club, Mr. C. W. Alcock, commands attention, but there is the same complaint to be made against this as against Mr. Perkins' article upon Lord's Ground. However, as a large volume could well be entirely devoted to a history of either of these grounds, an article for encyclopædic purposes must perforce be comparatively scanty.

The letter P certainly should be a popular one with lovers of the rod and gun, for besides a variety of wild creatures from the Pariah to the Pochard, there are included in this number subjects of such universal attractions for the sportsman as Pheasants, Partridges, Pigs for sticking, and Pigeons for shooting, whilst Mr.

John Bickerdyke contributes an admirable article upon the Pike and how to catch him; and the important and increasing industry of Pisciculture is dealt with at length by Mr. J. J. Armitstead, who can be relied upon to have a practical knowledge of this business, since he is the proprietor of the well-known Solway Fishery at Dumfries. It is very pleasant to advance thus leisurely through the sportsman's alphabet, and we are inclined to wish that there were more letters in the alphabet that would ensure the publication of additional numbers of the "*Encyclopædia of Sport*."

We ought not to omit to mention that the two sketches by Mr. A. Thorburn of Partridges and Pheasants are quite up to the standard of his other illustrations, which lend additional attraction to the publication.

The study of the flags is an interesting one, particularly at this time of year, when many people are staying at the Seaside. Our own ships are seen in the Solent, so are those of foreign nations, while in roadsteads and harbours merchantmen are constantly to be seen. The flags they fly denote their nationality, and although we may not be able to carry in our head all the different devices, it is convenient to have at hand a convenient book of reference. Such a publication is now forthcoming,\* and will doubtless be largely bought, for in a maritime nation like ours there must be many who take an interest in ships.

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\* "*One Hundred of the Chief Flags of All Nations.*" London and Edinburgh: W. and A. K. Johnston.

## “Our Van.”

**Sport under National Hunt Rules.** — Those who look at steeplechasing from the classic point of view had but little to cheer them during the second half of January and the first half of February. Merciful Providence (or the National Hunt Committee) arranged that January should not be overdone with racing, and what there was of it seemed quite enough for the available horses whose travelling experiences must be as extensive as those of a bagman or popular lecturer. Owing to the very open winter, the weakest side of January racing has not been exposed. Indeed, some wonderfully fine days can be brought to mind, whilst there was never any suggestion of a postponement. The amount of amusement that people derive from racing depends very much upon what their ideals are. Some get fun out of a donkey race, but most people like something in the shape of class. Of this we saw little enough. Gatwick was selected as the scene for an appearance on the part of Manifesto, who ran in the Holmwood Steeplechase of two miles, a race of 200 sovs. An object lesson in betting was afforded in the ring, so many of the knowing ones who reckoned from all manner of points of view, reasonable and unreasonable, having decided that Manifesto would not win and that Ballymoney would. At the same time another division allowed no bookmaker to offer 5 to 1 against the winner of the 1897 Grand National, and in the end more than one enterprising layer was sorry he spoke. Manifesto was carrying 12st. 10lb. and was giving Ballymoney 2st. 9lb.; but he pulled over Mr. Reeves' horse in the straight and won easily.

It was on this occasion that Mr. Dyas announced his intention of selling his horses, including Manifesto, at Sandown Park; but as the decision was made in a fit of pique, in consequence of some private dispute, it was not regarded very seriously.

Another notable appearance at the meeting was that of Regret, who was a very different beast to what he was at the previous Gatwick meeting, where he behaved like a mad horse, tearing over the steeplechase course by himself and otherwise carrying on. His win at Kempton had made a beginning of better things, apparently, and the weight he had to give away being insignificant to a horse with any pretensions to class, he was a very hot favourite, odds being laid on him. He had won the race a quarter of a mile from the finish and merely cantered in. This is precisely the way Regret prefers to win his races. Ten days later, in the Sandown Grand Prize, he showed his dislike to a hard finish, though there his task was not a simple one by any means, and there was no laying of odds on him that time. What might have been a very ugly accident indeed occurred in the last race of the Gatwick meeting, four horses coming down in a heap at one fence, Fitton having the misfortune to be underneath the lot; so it is not surprising that he was very badly injured and has not ridden since. The race was a novices' race, and there is excellent reason why these races should not be placed last on the programme when the light fails early, because it is a great disadvantage to young horses to run in a bad light. On this occasion, as it happened, the light was fairly good,

but the opportunity is favourable for uttering a strong objection to a much too prevalent practice.

Gatwick, I understand, is to have yet another course, this time a kite-shaped one. The executive have been experiencing the fate of the man who tried to please everybody. Spectators who did not run horses grumbled at the course as originally laid out because of the distance horses were away at the far bend. In deference to this expression of opinion, and with an eye to possible floods at the far end also, a course much less in circumference was laid out; but this brought owners down on the managers. For steeplechasing purposes they liked a long, stretching course. The new kite-shaped course is probably an experiment. Mr. George Verral is good at experiments, and some day, no doubt, when he has a moment to spare at Gatwick, he will explain to me what the kite-shape is for. It is, or was, a favourite shape in America for trotting races, and records were lowered by its aid. To all intents and purposes the mile at Sandown is the same as a kite-shaped one, the essence of the kite shape being a very large and easy bend, and it also gives one the best possible view of the race, which may be what Messrs. Pratt & Co. have in their mind. The same firm is intent upon enlarging the Alexandra Park course, I understand. The first meeting there under the new club conditions, I see, takes place on April 9th, Easter Saturday, and at it the £1,000 race is to be run.

Knight of Rhodes is a good horse that was seen out in January, a small steeplechase at Hurst Park falling an easy prey to him. His starting price was 9 to 2 on, but the race made no impression, good or bad, on his chance for

the Grand National, though it set people talking about what his weight would be in that race. Montauk must be credited with a good performance in winning the Egham Hurdle Race at Kempton with 12st. 8lbs., a weight which did not prevent his being made an odds-on favourite.

**Birmingham.**—I was much struck with the appearance of the people who attended the Birmingham meeting. Birmingham is a town of some 500,000 inhabitants, but very few of these find their way to the course, which is only three and a half miles away. Of the middle class, of which Birmingham can boast such a large number, one sees practically none, a mere handful being present in the members' enclosure, and the bulk of the attendance comes from the lower orders, who would be doing much more good for themselves by staying in town and working, if they know anything to work at. The utility of race-meetings of this class it is impossible to discover. The Birmingham course, it may be mentioned, is scarcely laid out to the greatest advantage. It is shaped after the manner of a tennis racket, and what the horses do whilst running round that portion which represents the racket-head has to be left to the imagination, for they are all but out of sight. Duty may take me to Birmingham now and then, but pleasure never.

**Sandown.**—Although there was nothing to grumble at in the racing and attendances at other suburban meetings, one went to Sandown on the 11th and 12th ult. with a greater amount of zest and anticipation than had been experienced for some time. Either fate is very kind or the Sandown people astute, for they have no meeting during the worst portion of the year, which includes January, and

more than two months had elapsed since racing last took place at Esher. Even making full allowance for the open weather, the attendance on the first day, Friday, was very large; but this was improved upon on the Saturday, when there were as many people present as we have seen on a flat-racing day. The Prince of Wales's Steeplechase, run on the first day, may reasonably be looked upon as a trial spin for the Grand National, though a mile short of the distance, to say nothing of the fences, and of the twelve runners seven were entered for the big race. Barcalwhey, with 11st. 5lbs., was very strongly fancied; and did he not win here in the mud early in December, and again at the end of the month, at Hurst Park? But he fell, though not badly, at the open ditch, and that he was in no way disconcerted was shown by the patient way he stood to be re-mounted. Gauntlet did well to win the February Steeplechase with 12st. 7lbs. On the second day the attraction was Manifesto, who was to run in the big hurdle race, the Sandown Grand Prize, and also to come under the hammer, Mr. Dyas having held to his word. But the anticipated hitch took place, the 2½ per cent. commission on reserve prices that is charged when no sale is effected standing in the way. The horses were withdrawn from public sale, but Manifesto was sold privately for £4,000, and another £1,000 if he wins the Grand National this month, to Mr. J. G. Bulteel, through Mr. C. Grenfell, who, it is understood, rides the horse at Aintree. The price was not regarded as by any means excessive, though it must be borne in mind that Manifesto is a gelding. He did not run in the hurdle race which went to an Irish horse, nevertheless, Killyleagh winning handsomely.

Taken as a whole, the racing has been flat, stale, and unprofitable. The undercurrent, the existence of which is made known by conversation, is not clean, and a general feeling prevails that things are in a bad way with racing under National Hunt rules. Every week sees some result that is an outrage upon common-sense, but the National Hunt stewards do nothing on their own initiative. If an objection is lodged it is considered, though the consideration is sometimes robbed of the value it might possess by the fact that the stewards had left the course and did not witness the occurrence. It is difficult enough, at times, to adjudicate upon cases which one sees, and the difficulty is much intensified when one has hearsay evidence only to go upon. But it is not the cases of foul riding, intentional and accidental, that are complained of, but the system of trying and not trying as it suits owner, trainer, or jockey, or whoever it is that pulls the strings. The thing is seen every day, so to speak, and matters are about as bad as they can be.

Before another number of BAILY appears we shall be quit of the unsatisfactory racing over the sticks, although *per se* so much more attractive than flat-racing. The open season of course makes it certain that the early races will produce good, if not large fields, and Lincoln and Liverpool will both benefit by the weather conditions. Trainers have been tempted into getting their horses into form very early, and if they suffer for this later on, they are scarcely to be blamed for making hay whilst the sun shines. That a very interesting season under Jockey Club rules awaits us there is no doubt, though the enthusiasm in the several three-year-olds of promise may evaporate



before the end of the summer. A monthly magazine is no place in which to indulge in the mildest form of vaticination, at no time a too satisfactory occupation. It would be futile to run over lists of horses for races taking place in a month's time, for then half of them may be numbered with the scratched or incapable. Mr. Rucker, it appears, has given up his flat racers, and this decision gives me no surprise, for nothing can be much more unsatisfactory than owning a large stud of horses and being too busy to see them run; and Mr. Rucker is a very busy man. So, no doubt, is Mr. Horatio Bottomley, who steps in to fill the breach, as it were, as Mr. Cassell has taken the place of Mr. Lebaudy. Mr. Bottomley's colours, black and scarlet halved, white sleeves and cap, are very distinct and suggest care as to details, which one would expect from Mr. Bottomley. When *Manifesto* was understood to be on sale the cheap wits of the sporting press thought it very funny to exclaim, "Here's a chance for Mr. Bottomley." My private opinion of Mr. Bottomley is that he knows what he is about, and his commercially trained mind is quite capable of grasping the difference between an entire colt of the quality of Count Schomberg at 5,000 guineas and a gelding that may (or may not) win the Grand National at 4,000 sovs. If the people who offer gratuitous advice to Mr. Bottomley had some of his brains, they would have the wisdom to hold their peace.

**Steeplechasing in America.**—In the *Spirit of the Times* for February 5th some remarks are made suggestive of the growing popularity of cross-country sport. They run:—

"The entries in the various steeplechases and hurdle events

thus far announced by jockey clubs show a gratifying increase in numbers and class as well. Those of the Brooklyn Jockey Club in particular, show an increase in entries of 100 per cent. over last year's figures, while the fact that nearly one-fourth of them are what might be called new recruits to the ranks of jumpers is a significant and most encouraging omen for a successful season's sport. This cheering state of affairs is not confined to the East by any means, the sport having advanced considerably in popularity in the West the past year, as is shown by the increased number of entries in the New Memphis Jockey Club steeplechase event. . . . In a word, the outlook for the sport, particularly in the East, is most encouraging, and if the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association does its duty, another year should see the sport once more firmly established in popular favour, and of a class and character to deserve that support." That "if the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association does its duty" is suggestive.

The *Spirit* interpolates the following: "In England, too, sport between the flags, notwithstanding newspaper reports to the contrary, is improving in its character, as the Liverpool Grand National entries show, being larger than at any time during the past eight years." To which the reply is, "one swallow does not make a summer."

**The Naming of Horses.**—As the subject is an interesting one, and one that constantly agitates the minds of racing people, I make no attempt to resist the temptation to quote again from the *Spirit*. It has often been said that the naming of horses should be made compulsory, and in America, it appears, it is so, as will be seen

from the following *Spirit* reminder to its readers: "According to the Rules of Racing of the Jockey Club 'A name must be claimed through the Registry Office of the Jockey Club for each and every horse on or before the 1st day of March of its two-year-old year.' This date is now rapidly approaching, and those that neglect to claim names before the 1st of March must pay a fine of 50 dols. for each name claimed after that date." Such a rule in force here would be salutary. But whilst the American regulations are an improvement on ours, the task of naming seems to be ill performed in America, hence some strictures from the *Spirit* with England held up as the good example. "In the names selected, the *Spirit* hopes that this year may see a marked improvement over the past. There is in this country a tendency to pay little or no attention to the important subject of nomenclature, names usually being chosen without any regard to the breeding of the animal. In England, the choice of names is a matter of moment to breeders and owners, and much care and study is devoted to selecting those that may indicate the breeding. American turfmen must recognise the advantage to be gained by an appropriate name, and the opportunity is now once more before them. It is to be hoped that they will take advantage of it, and that in the course of a few years we shall see the last of the present stupid and meaningless names which crowd our race programmes." And yet in England there is room for improvement.

**Stag-hunting.—The Wild Red Deer.**—Both the packs devoted to the chase of the red deer have been hard at work hind-hunting, than which there is no finer wild sport when the weather is not too

great a drawback. On January 15th Sir John Amory's pack had a most brilliant gallop with a hind from Rackenford to Knewstone Mill, where she was fairly run up to and killed; the distance is variously put at thirty-five, or thirty-six miles as hounds ran, and was marked by all the incidents of a red deer hunt. A week or so later another hind gave a good gallop also from Rackenford right into Tiverton. The pack fairly hunted her through the streets, set her up and drowned her in the Exe just below the factory, to the intense delight of the citizens of Tiverton. The Devon and Somerset had a very fine gallop from Sherracombe. "Owing to the coverts in the day's draw having been shot through the very day before, it was late before Anthony got on a hind. Indeed the Master had already started on his homeward way with the hounds when a galloping messenger overtook him with the news. Back came Mr. Sanders with the pack at his heels, the splendid chorus as hounds hit off the line at 3.15 p.m. in the Gratton Valley, telling of a scent. Over very rough and difficult ground hounds drove forward at a splendid pace, making the horsemen's work hard. When hounds ran parallel with the Bratton Road for some distance it was indeed a welcome relief. Faster than ever was the pace when at last our hind turned into the enclosures, and ran back hard to Yard Down, where hounds were stopped in the dark at 5.45 p.m. Two hours and a half from the laying on to the close, and without a check. If the find had only come earlier they must have killed her. It speaks well for the West country that twelve men saw the whole run riding honestly to hounds all the way."

**The Carted Deer.**—Those of us who live in countries like Kent and Sussex, where fox-hunting though good of its kind, often means galloping over fenceless downs, or hunting hounds through almost trackless woods, are not sorry sometimes to have a gallop with the stag. The new South Coast stag-hounds had a run which the V.D. saw over a country quite strange to him. Chichester was the starting-point, and the meeting place, Crocker's Hill, proved to be a curious little village in the midst of a rather wild-looking forest country. There were more bicycles than horses at the meet, but the neighbourhood of racing stables was proclaimed by the number of blood ones with bang tails quite in Q. H. fashion. The deer cart attracted a good deal of attention, as indeed it always does, even when not a novelty as it was here. Presently the Master, Mr. Kay, appeared on the scene with a nice little pack of foxhound bitches. The uncarting took place in the presence of a company of the Sussex Regiment out for a route march. A very good-looking red deer hind made her appearance, and went off at once. Hounds, laid on after the usual law, ran very nicely after they had got over the flurry which stag-hounds show at first. Right away the hind went, and hounds ran up to her at the end of a really good half hour. Then they were stopped, and then she went on through a perfect wilderness of woods, and was taken at Pulborough, a seven mile point over a difficult country for hounds. The Mid-Kent are a pack which supply hunting in a country where foxhounds do not often come. Egerton—which lies between Maidstone and Ashford—was the fixture, and overlooks a nice grass country which is, how-

ever, cut up into small enclosures. "There was a beautiful twenty minutes over the grass to Surrendon Woods, where the pack had a bit of a puzzle set them by the deer, and but for the fact that hounds were brought to their noses, a good many would have been thrown out. Beyond Pluckley there was a serious check before hounds picked up the line, but after reaching Ashford we could do no more, and this good hind was left out a nine mile point and two hours in time."

**Melton.**—Anyone who wishes to see hunting in its most striking aspect should go to Melton for the Annual Ball. They should also attend the two meets of the Quorn and of the Belvoir, which take place close to the town on the day before and the day after the dance. The first meet was, according to custom, at Elizabeth, Lady Wilton's house, Egerton Lodge. There had been a fall of snow in the night, but the brilliant sunshine reminded us that weather, like history, repeats itself sometimes, for just twenty seasons ago we had just such a glorious day about the time of the ball. Then Lord Lonsdale trotted off to draw Welby Osier Beds, the huge field clattering after him. A smart field, a representative field, a cosmopolitan field. There were Americans, French, Austrians and Jews as well as English, Scotch and Irish. It was an extraordinarily well mounted field, too. Many and various were the Hunts represented: Lady Huntingdon came from the Ormond, Lord Villiers from the Bicester, Lords Cecil and Robert Manners from the Belvoir, Lady Hastings from the Atherstone, though she only hunts on foot or wheels; Lady Edith Villiers from Hertfordshire, Mr. Knowles and his son from the South Notts, and Mrs. As-

quith, whom we identify particularly with the Cottesmore. But to mention names would be to tell of all Leicestershire beside. Lord Lonsdale found his first fox in Saxelbye new covert. Scent was catchy, and hounds ran slowly till helped by a holloa on the ironstone railway. The pace was better up to Holwell Mouth and through the coverts. This gave the hounds more room, and they went on, not very fast, but still hunting, over Scalford Brook, and then came a serious check near Melton Spinney. The Master made a good cast to the right and picked up the line, which led back towards Melton over the brook and on to Kettleby, through Asfordly osier beds, and thence from scent to view and a kill in the open. It was a real good hunting run, but awkward to ride owing to the hills and the railway.

**The Belvoir.**—Even better was the sport with the Belvoir after the ball. No hunting man can look without interest on this marvellous pack. They certainly combine substance and quality, and are a picture to look at. But what of course is the thought that strikes one most forcibly is that the Belvoir blood is now to be found in nearly every pack in the kingdom. Sir Gilbert mounts his men in a way worthy of the historic hunt of which he is Master. There was a sharp frost overnight, but the glorious sunshine in the morning swept away all traces of frost by twelve o'clock. Everyone was there, but a good many of the ladies came on wheels. Notably the Duchess of Marlborough and Lady Lilian Spencer Churchill, with an American trotter in the shafts. Lady Angela Forbes was in a cart. Lady Ancaster and Lady Hastings were on foot. Mr. and Lady Augusta Fane came from Langton, Lady

Sarah Wilson from Windsor. Lady Worcester, who was staying with the Baron and Baroness Max de Tuyll, of course from Badminton. Burbage's covert supplied two foxes; the first was killed quickly, the second ran right away into the Cottesmore county. Hounds can hardly be said to have settled down to run till they got on the line in a ploughed field near Leesthorpe. The Whissendine came in the line. After this the pace was slow, but hounds ran up to their fox in a hedgerow near Ranksborough and killed him. From Leesthorpe to Whissendine was good in pace and the country of the best.

**Melton Gossip.**—The show of diamonds and pearls at the Melton Ball was the finest ever seen there. The Duchess of Marlborough wore her celebrated rope of pearls. She had also many diamonds. Lady de Trafford had some beautiful diamonds, and I am told that Miss Cassel's jewels were something to be envied. All the men wore pink, or nearly all. There were something like three hundred people there, and the ball went with the go which speaks of the stores of health and energy accumulated in the hunting field. A good many of the ladies had hunted with the Quorn, and meant to hunt again the day after with the Belvoir. Most of our visitors have left us, and some of the regular people are meditating flight at the end of the month (February). Lady Georgiana Curzon has gone to Sandringham, and from there goes to Buckinghamshire. Everyone missed Lady Gerard and welcomed Mrs. Asquith, who talks as well as she rides, which is saying a great deal. Lady Worcester, too, has (as BAILY has already told us) hunted a good deal in Leicestershire, and was no

stranger in consequence. Lady Hastings has not been seen here for some years, and Lord and Lady Denbigh are quite strangers now.

**Warwickshire.**—It would not surprise me to learn that of all the hunts in England the two Warwickshire packs show the most consistent sport. I think that a man who had thrown in his fortunes with these hunts for the last three seasons would have no reason to regret it. The foxes of the country are stout, Warwickshire grass ever carries a scent, and in Lord Willoughby de Broke and Carr, the county packs have one of the best amateur and the most rising professional huntsman of the day. Lord Willoughby, like Lord Worcester, likes to kill the fox he starts with if possible, and will never leave a line as long as there is a chance. On January 24th from Wroxton Abbey the Warwickshire worked out a run which lasted for three hours. It was not a very straight run, and except at times it was not very fast, the latter portion being the best. At all events the run ended in a kill of which good judges say the hunted fox was the victim, but any fox would be a hunted fox which had been before the Warwickshire pack for half an hour. It was unquestionably, taken all round, one of the finest hunts of the month, showing how a good pack can go with a scent, puzzle it out when the line is cold, and bear being lifted when necessary, and yet put down their noses to hunt again. This last, I take it, means confidence in their huntsman, which hounds generally give exactly in proportion as the man deserves it. On February 1st, the North Warwickshire had a good hour and a quarter's run from Bunker's Hill in the very choicest slip of their country. The fox led them

over into the Pytchley territory, and was killed at Buckby, partly owing to the keenness and steadiness of the bitches and partly to Carr's quiet handling of the pack at the critical moment of the run.

**The Sussex Packs.**—The resignation of Mr. C. Brand, the Master of the Southdown, will occasion great regret in Sussex. He is a capital huntsman, very keen, and is popular with the farmers, while his family connections with the county give him the local weight which is so great a help to a master of hounds. The Southdown, however, is a country which has many attractions both sporting and otherwise, and should find a suitable Master without much difficulty. The writer has been down to Brighton to try and shake off the effects of influenza, and has managed to have a look at the local packs, the Crawley and Horsham, and the Brighton Harriers. The C. and H. have an excellent pack of hounds, and their Senator has been used a good deal by the Blackmoor Vale and other packs. I have only seen the bitch pack out; they seem a very nice level lot, with good feet and legs, beautiful quality, and look like going. On the other hand, they seemed to be a little chary of tongue for such big woods as they have in some parts of their country. It is, however, just to say that the scent was very poor the day I was out. The Brighton Harriers gave their followers a rare spin over the Downs from Little Buckingham House on February 12th. The first hare was found on the edge of some rape near the house, and gave a nice run, which was a little spoilt by one of the hounds being right ahead of the rest. Not a hundred yards from where the first hare was killed, the second got up right in the middle

of the pack, and narrowly escaped being chopped. She was a stout, straight-necked hare, and with the foxhound bitches straining at her scut, led them a run over Slonk Hill, Thunderbarrow, and away to the Dyke, nearly a straight line. With a few fences it would have been perfect, but the steep hills gave some excitement to the stranger. The light weights and the blood horses had of course the best of it. The Eastbourne Hounds have been having a gay time of it, and have shared in the hospitality of the Mayor at Compton Place, showing very good sport afterwards from Compton Woods.

The East Sussex seem to have had a very good day from Sidley House in their Bexhill county. They worked out a really good hunt, but failed to account for their fox, the scent of a beaten fox in these beech woods almost always failing at the last. It was a pity, as hounds hunted capitally with rare steadiness and perseverance, and whenever they got on good scenting ground drove forward at a good pace.

**Ireland.**—The Meath hounds have had a good month, though perhaps the sport has not on the whole been quite equal to that enjoyed before the last BAILY was in print. On Thursday they were in the best of their country. The field was a distinguished one, including Lord Roberts, who still rides as well and as hard as when over the Delhi plains in '85 he bucketted his train of foreign officers over the rough ground, or later excited their wonder by taking four tent-pegs one after the other at the sports. Lord Waterford, who has his hunting reputation to make, and Lord Cholmondeley, who would be better remembered by sportsmen as Lord Rocksavage, Lord and

Lady Downshire (the latter learned to go with the Queen's—no bad school), Lord Rathdonnell, Captain Wise of polo fame, Mr. Church, also of the 13th Hussar team, were out, and many others.

The tail hounds were not in the gorse when the fox went out. It was a sort of steeplechase from the first, hounds simply racing with but the slightest whimper, so hot was the pace. It was who-whoop at a drain after twenty-five minutes, Lord Roberts there among the first. Headstown Gorse gave a second fox, which like the first found himself, but unlike the first found no refuge, and short of Diamond Hill was run into and killed.

Lord Longford is carrying the horn with the West Meath, his huntsman being laid up from the effects of a fall, doing so with great success. The record of two real good gallops which the Master showed his field is before me, but it is difficult to write of a country of which one knows absolutely nothing.

**Vacant Hunting Countries.**—When the present hunting season closes, it will probably be found that as many changes as ever have taken place in the masterships of the different hunts. The Stevenstone find their finances in a not altogether satisfactory condition, and either for that reason or for some other, Mr. Paton has sent in his resignation. It is much to be hoped that this hunt may be successful in finding a good sportsman as master, for it comprises a good deal of grass country which is quite rideable, and that cannot be said of all Devonshire. It is not an expensive country to hunt, and it used to be when the V.D. had the pleasure of riding over it, well stocked with foxes, but recently when the hounds met at Fremington they had a blank day,

so I am afraid that foxes are not so well cared for as in Mr. Rolle's time. Then again, continued ill health has made it imperative that Mr. John Tremlett should retire from the mastership of the hounds which bear his name, and which have been in his family for several generations. Whatever may have taken place in other countries, the Tremlett hounds have shown consistently good sport, and the followers are so far in earnest in maintaining the hounds, that, failing a master, a committee will carry on affairs with Sir John Shelley, a former colleague of Mr. Tremlett's, as field master. Mr. Sworder, who has several times expressed his desire to give up the Hertfordshire, has now definitely decided to do so, and his retirement will be a distinct loss to the country, for during his tenure of office he has hunted it in true sportsmanlike style, and has kept the kennel up to a high standard. A numerous signed petition has been, or will be, presented to Lord Cranborne, asking him to take on the Hertfordshire country in succession to Mr. Sworder. It would only be in the fitness of things that a member of the House of Cecil should hunt the country so long ruled by the Marchioness of Salisbury. Mr. Herbert Peel, too, gives up the Radnorshire and West Herefordshire Hounds at the conclusion of the present season.

The lot of the Shropshire hangs in the balance. Capt. Heywood-Lonsdale, who has hunted the country at his own cost since the death of his father, who also asked for no money, has expressed his determination to give up the hounds. He is willing to lend hounds and kennels to anyone who will come forward to hunt the whole country—that is to say, what used to be known as the

North Shropshire as well as the Shrewsbury countries, or he is ready to hunt the North Shropshire country only on three days in each week. Unless matters have changed since the V.D. hunted in Shropshire, the South or Shrewsbury country was desperately bare of foxes, and it was scarcely worth the while of any master of hounds to journey thither; the number of fox preservers might have been counted on the fingers of one hand. Capt. Heywood-Lonsdale probably feels this (unless fox preserving has lately received an impetus) and hence, no doubt, his determination to resign a country which has been hunted in most liberal style. A meeting was held on Saturday, the 26th ult., to discuss the means for the future hunting of the country; but for obvious reasons we can give no information as to what conclusion was arrived at. As already noticed, Mr. Cockburn has in response to a petition presented to him, consented to keep on the Blankney for another season, in spite of coverts being closed to him so often. Mr. A. B. Wrangham, too, who had decided to give up the Croome—not the Quorn country as stated by a weekly contemporary—has agreed to keep on for another season; and as he has shown good sport, his change of mind is of distinct advantage to the country, which has not been favoured with too much luck since Lord Coventry gave it up. Things do not appear to have been going on too pleasantly in the Meynell country, so Mr. Hamar Bass has determined to resign the mastership of that pack, which position he has held since 1886, when he joined Mr. Chandos Pole, who left for the Cattistock country in 1888, since which time Mr. Bass has been master, with Mr. Fort acting as

field master when necessary. That gentleman has now been elected to fill Mr. Bass's place as Master.

**Hunting Accidents.**—These are happening with unpleasant frequency. The veteran M.F.H., Mr. Garth, sustained a bad shaking through his horse getting his foot in a rabbit hole and falling with him, about the worst fall a man can get. Lady Gerard came to grief while hunting with the Quorn. With the Belvoir a great number of accidents have occurred, and one of the latest additions to the list has been that which befel Mr. Whitbread, a member of the well known brewing firm. While hunting in the vicinity of Barkstone he fell at the first fence in the run, and was found senseless with his head in a ditch and his feet on the hedge. While out with the Meath, Lord Roberts sustained a nasty blow in the eye; Major Creagh's foot became fixed in the stirrup, and he was dragged for nearly a quarter of a mile after his horse came down while he was following the Limerick; while Mr. Dugdale, when out with the Hurworth, managed to sprain his leg. Miss Nickson, while hunting with Sir Watkin Wynn's hounds, came down heavily at a fence, her horse breaking its neck, but happily the lady sustained nothing worse than a severe shaking. Mr. Pease, too, who has ridden in the House of Commons' Steeplechase, had his horse on the top of him while hunting with the Cleveland. Mrs. Reynard is suffering from the effects of a fall, and while hunting with the Old Berkshire the other day, Mrs. Bagnall, wife of the Vicar of Lambourne, fell over a wire fence and broke her collar bone. Mr. Maxwell Angus, a good man to hounds, and an accomplished judge at horse shows,

came to grief the other day while hunting with the Cottessmore; his horse made a mistake at a flight of rails and rolled over his rider.

Two very sad accidents have, however, to be added. Sir Erasmus Barrowes, of Barretstown Castle, Kildare, was returning home from hunting with the county pack, when he was observed to suddenly fall from his horse, and by the time a medical man arrived he had breathed his last. Sir Erasmus was a gallant soldier; he first joined the 17th Foot, and went through the Burmese war of 1853, and then he went through the Indian Mutiny. He is succeeded by his son, Lieut. Col. Barrowes, formerly of the 11th Hussars. Another painful fatality occurred recently with the Badsworth Hounds. They met at Darrington Cross Roads, and soon after getting a fox upon his legs, the pack began to run. The Badsworth Hounds have had no more enthusiastic follower than Dr. Hodgson Wright, who has for forty years been in practice as a surgeon at Halifax, and for about thirty years he has held the position of Hon. Surgeon at the Halifax Infirmary, where his services have been greatly appreciated. Well, while the hounds were running, Dr. Wright was observed to fall from his horse to the ground. Dr. Perival happened to be also out with the hounds, and was quickly on the spot, but in the meantime Dr. Wright had expired, and the news of his decease was received with great grief in Halifax, where he was held in the highest regard. To the list of victims must be added, among others, Mr. Ewen, who was found dead in a field after going to meet Mr. Salkeld's Hounds. Mr. de Wonton hurt himself with the Quorn; Mr. Game sustained some injuries



while hunting with Mr. Butt Miller's Hounds; while Captain Chetwode broke his ankle through his horse falling on him while crossing a slippery bridge with the South Cheshire.

**The Galway Foxhounds.**—Amongst the Irish packs the Co. Galway Foxhounds, commonly known as "The Blazers," will be vacant at the end of the present season, and so famous a pack cannot fail, we should think, to find many aspirants for the mastership. The country is a fine wild one full of hardy foxes, all grass and light going, the peasantry are very favourable to the sport, and there is a very fine pack of hounds—45 couple constitute the working pack. An incoming master would find no difficulty in housing himself, for of late years an entirely new block of buildings have been erected in the centre of the county, and which afford a very comfortable master's residence, huntsman house, stabling, kennels, &c., all in a ring fence, so to speak. The hounds hunt three days a week (the country would bear four days), and the subscription offered is £900 per annum, with the country kept free for a Master, and the present would be a good time for any sportsman thinking of applying for the country of going over and having a few days with the hounds; we are informed the country is an inexpensive one to hunt, and is quite free from wire. These hounds have been showing capital sport this season. The Hon. Sec. is Mr. H. St. George, Brackernagh, Ballinasloe, Co. Galway, who would be glad to afford any further information. The Co. Galway Hunt Ball will be held on Feb. 21st, 1898.

**The Brighton Beagles.**—It was a great calamity that the old pack had to be destroyed owing to

rabies making its appearance in the kennels. The pack had been for some time in existence, and the successive masters had raised it to a very good standard. The committee, however, unwilling that the subscribers and regular followers should be disappointed of their sport, set to work to collect another pack, and thanks to the freemasonry which obtains among masters of hounds in all departments of the chase a fresh lot was got together, and the new pack met for the first time at Horsgate, Cuckfield. They were necessarily a little of the scratch order, and many members of the Hunt who were present lamented the loss of the old favourites, whose music they would never hear again. The new lot, however, worked very well, and in the afternoon brought off a two hours' run.

**The S. and W. Wilts Hounds.**—This pack enjoyed a remarkably good run on the 3rd February. Half a gale of wind was blowing, and the weather did not look much like hunting, so there was but a comparatively small field out. Hounds found a fox at West End Wood, and after a little bustling in covert he broke away, and crossing the road it appeared as if Bradley Long Knoll was his point. That, however, would have led hounds and field into a poor country, from which the fox fortunately turned, and re-crossing the road, made his way back into the covert in which he was found. The pack, however, drove him along, and unfortunately many of the field were not on the alert, and it was a very few only that stuck to the huntsman and the pack, as the latter forced their fox out of covert, and before the coffee-housers were aware of what was happening, the hounds had driven their fox from the covert,

and were racing him over the grass in the direction of the Chestnuts.

The pack gave their quarry no breathing time in that covert, and ran him at a good pace towards the railway above Weltam Station. Instead of crossing the line, the fox swung left-handed, and the scent, which had been very good at first, appeared to grow weaker. At Marston Plantation a short check occurred, but a man at work in the fields put the hounds on the line again, and the pack crossed the Frome and Bradley Road at Lower Woodlands, and ran as if for Longleat. Scent then began to grow worse every minute, and eventually the fox had to be given up; but not until he had afforded an excellent run. The South and West Wilts country must, we fear, be added to the list of those which will want a new master at the season's end, as Mr. Harris, who has been a grand success, has announced his intention of giving up the country, in consequence, it is reported, of the unsportsmanlike line of conduct adopted towards him by one of the largest landowners in the country. It is much to be hoped that Mr. Harris, who has been a true friend to the South and West Wilts Hounds, may be induced to reconsider his decision. The Avon Vale, too, it is said, will want a new master at the season's end, and that Mr. Martin has been appointed honorary Master.

**"Hunting Sonnets."**—Owing to the miscarriage of a proof, several misprints escaped detection in these verses, which were published last month. In No. II. (first line) the word should be "sterns"; in No. III. (last line) "Ambition's triumphs"; No. IV. (13th line) "feathers"; in No. V. (9th line) "yet" instead of "gets."

### **The late Mr. Francis Hopkins.**

—In the article entitled "Some Old Irish Hunting Notes," page 116, the late Mr. Francis Hopkins, Master of the Meath Hounds, was inadvertently referred to as Mr. James Hopkins. The name of Mr. Frank Hopkins was most popular in the Meath country, and under his judicious management the pack became a large one.

### **Coursing—The Waterloo Cup.**

—The draw dinner took place as usual at the Adelphi Hotel, and was attended by what may be termed the *élite* of the coursing world. Among the guests were included the Duke of Leeds, Lord Masham, and Messrs. A. Brisco (in the chair), R. Paterson, Harold Brocklebank, Fawcett, R. F. Gladstone, W. Trevor, Mr. Oliver Jones and innumerable others, proving to demonstration the strong hold that the time-honoured sport of coursing still has among the "gentlemen of England." Gallant and Five-by-Tricks, winners and runners-up of last year, and Faber Fortunæ, were among the competitors, while Real Emperor had fallen lame, and Mr. Russell had resorted to Real Turk as his representative.

The meet was appointed for Hill House at 10 o'clock for the first day, and accordingly the usually enormous crowd had by that time assembled at the familiar trysting place at that time, when the first brace of greyhounds were placed in the care of Tom Bootiman the slipper, Mr. Salter's Ryde and Mr. Hutchinson's Golf-head. These ran a tolerable course in which Ryde ever showed to advantage, and had won well when he wound up with a kill. Unlike many previous experiences the first round, with one or two exceptions, proved generally favourable to the favourites. Under the

Globe, who last year won the Plate, ran a splendid course with Psalmsinger, and afterwards performed even still more creditably against Sweet Elaine, Mr. Haywood's persistent bad luck still continuing to stick to him. Extra cleverness pulled Lang Syne through her courses against Jesses and Bells and Roxford. Wet Day proved too fast for White Hawk and Silver Lace, and Five-by-Tricks was very disappointing in the trial with Full Battery, and Wild Rover's victory over Black Veil was a great slice of luck. Faber Fortunæ, too, although he won his course with Sir Geoffrey through being the cleverer, did not show such form as to warrant his support against his redoubtable foes of the morrow. Wilful Maid, though strangely enough, starting the non-favourite against Genetive at 6 to 5 and losing the first turn, took strong possession of the hare on her coming round and won handsomely. Wild Night easily beat Bella Dobson by drawing well away and killing four lengths ahead. The extremely open nature of the coursing was fully maintained up to this point, and the "hagony" was in consequence duly piled up. The meet on Thursday morning was fixed for Lydiate at ten o'clock. Poor old Gallant, last year's winner, although showing some form in his trial with Allow Me, was absolutely nowhere with Peregrine Pickle in his second encounter, and the stout quality of the hares was best attested by the fact that so many of them managed to escape.

The second day's coursing was nothing like that of the previous day, inasmuch as many of the trials were poor and disappointing, and differed in another respect from the fortunes of the preceding day in the conspicuous overthrow of the favourites. Perhaps the

most disappointing affair connected with this day's experience was that the examination of Peregrine Pickle's foot on Wednesday night showed that the animal had smashed the outside toe of his left foot, and that the accident would necessitate his withdrawal from the stake. This was a woful piece of bad luck for Mr. Pilkington, for Peregrine Pickle was unquestionably one of the best greyhounds in the stake, and in many people's opinion possessed quite the best chance of winning the Cup, thus giving Royston an easy walk-over. Lang Syne showed a considerable turn of speed against Little Blowhard, who was quickly and decisively put upon the roll of defeated candidates, and Ryde somewhat easily defeated Royston. Wet Day and Whitacre ran an undecided, which was unfortunate for the former, and in the second attempt Mr. Ward's bitch did not allow the hare to live long enough for her to gain the award. Wet Day and Five-by-Tricks eventually succumbed and Ryde defeated Faber Fortunæ by sheer pace, though it was doubtful which would prove the winner until the bitter end was brought about. Nothing was more popular than the well-deserved victory of Lang Syne over Wet Day, and his win was greeted with round after round of cheering and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne." He drew away quite three lengths, and in a good working course, which he ran with great pluck, never gave his opponent a chance and won all the way. His Grace the Duke of Leeds was overwhelmed with congratulations upon the grand performance of his greyhound. Wild Night ran very cleverly against Under the Globe, the latter having to do all he knew to lead a length and a half to the hare,

after the effort never scoring another point, and leaving Wild Night a handsome winner.

On the Friday morning Lang Syne in a long-contested course out-worked Ryde, and Wild Night defeated Chock by gaining, after a long struggle the run-up, and smartly working the game after Chock had lost possession through the hare coming back to him. The fact that Lang Syne had fallen lame caused Wild Night to be made favourite for the final spin, though the former made a grand fight of it. When going to slips Lang Syne's lameness was very apparent, Wild Night showing pace and yet being outstripped for first turn. Before Wild Night came in again Lang Syne pluckily straggled up, but being severely handicapped, although she once exchanged a point, Wild Night kept possession and had won very decisively when he killed. Lang Syne is by Boss of the Shanty out of Bells of Soham; and Wild Night by Freshman out of Fine Night, who ran in the nomination of Mr. Trevor, being the property of Mr. Hardy, who by the win must have been amply compensated for the disappointment in the defeat of his first string. We may say that this conclusive victory brought the wind-up for the Cup to a finish, and that the duties of judge and slipper were very efficiently and satisfactorily discharged by Mr. R. A. Brice and Tom Bootiman respectively.

**The Stud Book** of the Berkeley stud of Hackney ponies, the property of Mr. Alfred S. Day, Berkeley Stud, near Crewe, is one of the most artistic that has ever been published. It is, in fact, well entitled to be described as a work of art, the character of the illustrations, quality of paper, and printing being excellent. The principal illustrations are repro-

duced from drawings by Mr. Paley, and these are interspersed with smaller photographs, which serve well to brighten the pages. Mr. Day may be complimented upon the production of such a beautiful volume, to which a very interesting introduction has been written. The book is sent out for 3d., to cover packing and postage, and no doubt many breeders will like to have a copy.

**The World's Figure-skating Championship.**—Thanks to the enterprise of the National Skating Association, English figure-skaters were last month given a quite unexpected treat. Since the arrival of the real ice rink in our midst, and the popularity of the winter trip to the Engadine, the number of people of both sexes who have attained to dexterity in figure-skating has become very large, the result being a very considerable public belonging to a high grade of society that is capable of taking an intelligent interest in the beautiful art. Although figure-skating contests are held annually in various large towns on the continent, no such event had hitherto taken place in England, with which fact the severe conservatism of the old body of figure-skaters, headed by the Skating Club (originally the London Skating Club), who thought such competitions beneath their dignity, or rather beneath the dignity of the pastime. But the new race of figure-skaters that has arisen are troubled with no such qualms, and it is noticeable that several of the more progressive of the old school joined hands with them. The National Skating Association has always fostered figure-skating and has a perfected system by which members can skate tests, success in which is rewarded by badges ranging from bronze for the simplest (though far from

easy) test to gold for the most difficult. Last year saw the institution of the Challenge Bowl, competed for by teams of four in combined figure-skating, towards the perfect enjoyment of which the efforts of English figure-skaters are really directed, the skating of combined figures being the Ultima Thule. A similar competition had been in progress for some years at Davos Platz, the difference being that it is a competition between individuals and not teams. It was at Davos last year that Mr. Edgar Syers arranged with other members of the International Skating Union to hold the World's Figure-Skating Championship in London, in 1898; and nothing could have been happier than this arrangement, for had it been fixed to take place at any of the European capitals outside Scandinavia, there would have been no ice to skate upon. The National Skating Palace has been the headquarters of the figure-skating branch of the N.S.A. since the opening, and in them willing co-operators were met with. Such was the interest taken in the affair that, although high prices were asked for seats, they were quickly sold; and a conspicuous success was guaranteed even before the welcome news became public that the Prince of Wales would be present. The affair was brilliant from beginning to end; and spectators were gratified by witnessing what they anticipated, and paid to see, viz.: a display of the very best figure-skating on foreign lines that could be seen. No similar trio as H. Grenander of Stockholm, G. Hügel of Vienna, and G. Fuchs of Munich, could be seen together; and if we saw many of our cherished tenets as to carriage of body and limbs violated, we reconciled ourselves

easily, for a beautiful display of skating was witnessed. The bent knee of the leg on the ice, the swinging loose leg, the flying arms and the gaze turned downward, might possibly give some of the old school a fit, but it was time something of the kind was introduced in such attractive form, for St. Moritz and Davos have been inculcating a rigidity of style that is positively painful. Some of the most orthodox even of our skaters have been anxious to do something to arrest the "poker" style, the great aim of which seems to be to conceal every turn that is made. If not for their grace, for what are turns valuable? and if they are not made with distinctness, they can possess no grace.

The conditions laid down for the competition are that two sections shall be skated, one being composed of set, or compulsory figures, and the other of figures according to the fancy of the skater, each competitor being given five minutes in which to skate these. In the compulsory section the two Germans were well ahead of Grenander, but in the free skating he was so much the superior as to pass them and come out the winner. The dash of Hügel and Fuchs in the free skating was magnificent and stirred up the spectators to a high pitch of enthusiasm, but their figures were mostly of the trick order, spread eagles, grape vines, and flat-footed spins entering largely into their composition. Grenander, on the other hand, did many one-footed figures, and exhibited such skill in this section that five out of the six judges awarded him the maximum number of marks. Some time must necessarily elapse before this contest can take place in England again, but, in the meantime, the N.S.A. might do

well by instituting a competition for English skaters.

**Fancy Dress Balls at Covent Garden.**—Quite an institution now of the winter months in London are the fortnightly assemblies at the Royal Italian Opera House, and Messrs. Rendle and Forsyth, who are now responsible for the management, ought to be well satisfied with the success. There is always a large crowd of pleasure seekers, and the competition for the prizes given for the best costumes is exceedingly keen, and indeed there is ground for small wonder that this should be the case, for the value of the prizes, which are exhibited beforehand, might well tempt one to try one's luck, even in the very uncomfortable costumes that are so frequently to be seen; the other night there was a man encased in a Cleopatra's Needle, and another with a large head dress representing a hare, walked about inside a large jug; we doubt if he will ever really relish "jugged hare" again. At one of the February dances Mdle. Emilienne d'Alençon, the French beauty, wore a charming Russian costume in blue and silver, trimmed with white fur. There is always plenty of fun at a Covent Garden Ball, and the thanks of hundreds of revellers are due to the founder, the late Sir Augustus Harris, of pious memory.

**Sport at the Universities.**—Was there ever such a glorious winter for sport before? The German *savant* who boldly predicted a repetition of 1895 conditions was altogether out of it, with the result that very real progress has been made by Light and Dark Blues since our last. Further striking testimony to the immense popularity and importance of the Boat Race was afforded in the universal objection raised to

its being decided on April 2nd—on which day the tide serves about 9.40 a.m. All sorts and conditions of folk joined in pointing out that the preceding Saturday, March 26th, would allow the race to be rowed in the afternoon, and in urging the Presidents to adopt the latter date. Bowing to such an expression of popular opinion, this they have definitely decided to do, which meant their going into strict training a week earlier than the statutory Ash Wednesday. Thanks to characteristic unanimity, and a goodly supply of class oarsmen, the Oxonians have gone on smoothly enough from the first. Despite the enforced defection of several good men and "old Blues," a very powerful combination will represent them once again, as follows:—

(Bow) R. O. Pitman (New).

\*2. G. O. Edwards (New).

\*3. C. R. Philips (New).

4. F. Warre (Balliol).

\*5. C. D. Burnell (Magdalen).

\*6. R. Carr (Magdalen).

7. A. T. Herbert (Balliol).

\*(Str.) H. G. Gold (Magdalen).

\*(Cox) H. R. K. Pechell (Brasenose).

\* Old Blues.

At this somewhat early stage of training it would be idle to criticise too freely, but we may say that their present exposition is most satisfactory. They have shown consistent improvement, *ab initio*, and in recent trials have proved themselves capable of holding the boat steady, and performing splendidly in rough water. Immensely powerful, they are now fast settling down into a really first-class crew. We like their combination of swing and leg-drive immensely. Gold, at stroke, gets his weight on as well, straight from the stretcher, and the men behind him get a capital drive at the beginning also. Their sojourn at Henley, as the guests of Sir John Edwards-Moss, will work wonders as regards final polish, and we anticipate

their appearing at Putney quite the equal of any Oxford eight since 1890. More we cannot say. The Cantabs' progress has not been so unruffled. Like his prototype, Mr. George Morrison, of 1870 fame, Mr. W. A. L. Fletcher, their "coach" has had many difficulties to contend with, principally further petty squabbles—of which the least said the better. All's well that ends well, and we are glad that common-sense prevailed, even at the eleventh hour, as nothing is so fatal to success as a club divided against itself. We would simply remark that there has been fault as well as misfortune in the turn of Cambridge affairs for many years past, a fact which all lovers of their University will do well to remember! Assisted by President Dudley-Ward and R. C. Lehmann—the first-named, alas! standing down this year under medical advice—the famous Oxonian has been unusually patient and assiduous in his discriminatory task right away. On February 16th he sent the following crew into training:—

(Bow) W. B. Rennie (Emmanuel).

\*2. A. S. Bell (Trinity Hall).

3. H. G. Brown (First Trinity).

4. S. V. Pearson (Emmanuel).

5. A. W. Swanston (Jesus).

6. R. B. Etherington-Smith (First Trinity).

7. C. J. D. Goldie (Third Trinity).

(Str.) C. M. Steele (Trinity Hall).

\*(Cox) E. C. Hawkins (Caius).

\*Old Blues.

At present, as might be expected, the men have yet to resolve themselves into a crew. They lack uniformity, liveliness, whilst the natural clumsiness of some of the heavy men renders them somewhat unsteady. All the men work honestly and hard; but the sliding, and therefore the leg-work, is by no means good. Stroke has lengthened out wonderfully, and with Nos. 7 and 6 get a longer drive off the stretcher than any of the others, and consequently more "beginning." The work is not

carried out in one piece, however, the "beginning" is not well marked throughout, whilst a want of combination in "swing" and "drive," and consequently a failure in leg-work, is observable. The recovery was at one time very sluggish, but a marked improvement has taken place in this respect. On the whole, there is a marked disparity between the crews at this stage. Not being mere worshippers of success only, faint would we see the Cantabs stem the torrent of Dark Blue victories this year, but we have serious doubts of their doing so. Ere the next issue of BAILY the great race will have been lost and won, and thus early we confidently predict the ninth successive victory of OXFORD. It will take a very exceptional crew to say them nay.

Writing on the eve of the annual Lent and Torpid Races, all mention of respective prowess must necessarily come in next month. It is gratifying to report, however, that general exposition on either river has again attained the usual average level. On present form, the Inter-Varsity Hockey match to be played at Richmond on March 2nd should be won by Cambridge. The Cantabs are playing a champion game this year, and unless the Dark Blues come on by leaps and bounds during the interim, it will be another instance of class *v.* mediocrity. *Per contra*, the Golf match, to be decided over the famous Sandwich Links, by kind permission of the St. George's Club, should afford a very stubborn and scientific struggle. Both teams are unusually powerful this season, and as two rounds of the links will be played instead of one as heretofore, ample scope will be given for both individual and collective prowess. After close

observation of either team, we fancy the Oxonians are slightly the smarter—but there is very little in it. The Racquets, Chess, Boxing and Fencing contests will be decided upon dates yet to be arranged, and all should provide capital sport. Despite Stogdon's absence, we fancy Cambridge will win the Racquets, whilst Oxford should prove victorious in the Chess, Boxing and Fencing contests. With Messrs. Hargreaves, Walker, Elgee, &c., available again, the representative Billiard matches—to be played at Berry's Rooms, Cambridge, this year—should prove an easy task for the Dark Blues.

**"Dandy Dan, the Lifeguardsman."**—At the Lyric Theatre Mr. Arthur Roberts continues to delight his admirers with his study of an amorous "Tommy," and, nobly supported as he is by his old ally, Miss Phyllis Broughton, Miss Isa Bowman, and Mr. W. H. Denny, who plays the part of a love-sick policeman, our most versatile comedian looks like wearing his uniform for some long time to come. Mr. Roberts's new song, "Someone ought to speak to Millie Simpson," is capable of endless topical verses, and the latest we have heard bore reference to the ill-luck in losing the toss experienced by the English cricket team in Australia:—

"Someone ought to speak to Mr. Stoddart,  
Somebody should tell him if they could,  
In tossing for "the crease"  
You ought to fake the piece,  
A word or two might do the captain good."

**The Alhambra.**—At the Alhambra now are being shown some animated pictures taken at the Cricket match at Sydney on December 16th. Messrs. Nestlé and Lever are to be congratulated upon their enterprise, and the

pictures were received with applause. Ranjitsinhji and Hayward are seen batting in the first picture, and this is followed by "The Australians leaving the Field," "The Englishmen leaving the Field," and finally by an exhibition of Ranjitsinhji batting at a net. The Grand Pantomime Ballet Féerie, as it is styled on the bills of "Beauty and the Beast," continues to run well, and is certainly one of the prettiest of the ballets we have recently seen.

**Golf.**—It is satisfactory to find that steps have been and are being taken to improve the state of the Felixstowe course. Not so many years ago Felixstowe enjoyed the name of being one of the best, if not absolutely the best, nine-hole links in England, and on that account had a great vogue, but since then it has lost considerably in reputation and in favour, principally, I believe, owing to certain encroachments by the sea and the roughness and irregularity of many of the putting greens. These two points are receiving the particular attention of the Felixstowe Club. Large patches of ground have been or are being entirely returned, the surface of the green throughout trimmed and put in order, and precautions taken against the attacks of the sea. When these improvements are completed and time is allowed to them to develop, Felixstowe, in spite of the great increase of competition, should win back much of its popularity.

The London Scottish Club has got into its new quarters—that is to say, it has removed from the Iron House and established itself in a sumptuous building erected on the border of the old Windmill Enclosure known well to all frequenters of Wimbledon Common. The wonder of the members now is, how they tolerated so long the



miserable accommodation of the Iron House. One result of the change is a tremendous pressure of nominations for membership—such a pressure, in fact, as the Club has never known before. If the Club had the common to itself, or if play were allowed throughout the entire week, it would be a simple matter to deal with this pressure, but it has to consider the Royal Wimbledon Club, and for that matter also the unattached golfer, who is perfectly within his rights in playing over the course, and the limitation of play to three days a week, and in consequence it is possible to admit only very few new members. In doing this, I am told regard is paid to the playing capacity of the applicant, so that the Club is evidently determined on making itself more than ever a force in the republic of golf. The shooting range having been discontinued, there will now be no use for the Iron House. The removal of an old landmark may therefore be looked for.

**Football.**—The second and more important stage of the competition for the Football Association Challenge Cup has been commenced amidst the customary excitement and surprises. In the first round the ties were remarkably even, eleven of the sixteen being won by a single goal, and another match won by a similar margin after a drawn game. The drawn game referred to was the surprise of the series, for it was between Sheffield United (the present leaders in the Football League Championship) and Burslem Port Vale. The latter are a practically unknown team, and they were thought to have a poor chance against the United at Sheffield. However, the Port Vale team not only managed to draw at Sheffield, but on replaying at Burslem,

actually defeated the United (2—1) after playing extra time. At Derby, Aston Villa (the holders of the Cup) were knocked out by Derby County, and Sunderland were beaten at home by Sheffield Wednesday. Blackburn Rovers, Bury, Notts County, Preston North End, and Woolwich Arsenal all failed to survive the opening round. The second round saw another series of hard games in which goals were unusually scarce. Notts Forest scored four goals against Gainsboro' Trinity, and the hopes of Burslem Port Vale were destroyed by Burnley. In the other six games only four goals were scored altogether, and the ten losing and drawing clubs did not score a goal between them. West Bromwich Albion dismissed Sheffield Wednesday from the competition, and Derby County gained a rather lucky win over the Wolverhampton Wanderers at Wolverhampton. These were the matches of chief interest, but in the South the victory of Southampton over Newcastle United aroused no little enthusiasm. This is the first time for many years that a Southern club has reached such an advanced stage of the competition.

It is practically certain that Sheffield United will become champions of the Football League this season. The United have yet to play several matches in the competition, but they hold such a commanding lead that nothing but a complete loss of form can rob them of the honours they have fought for so consistently. Sunderland and West Bromwich Albion are their nearest rivals. Both these clubs have made a vast improvement on their last season's performances. In the Second Division of the League Burnley have secured a good lead, and will no doubt finish up at the head of the list.

## Correspondence.

### IS INCREASED SIZE DESIRABLE IN ARAB HORSES?

*To the Editor of "BAILY'S MAGAZINE."*

MR. BLUNT, in a very interesting article on "Arab Breeding" in the "Live Stock Journal Almanack," has suddenly thought it necessary to give a warning to those of his countrymen who are inclined to give a trial to a cross with the Arab, to beware of Arabs over 14 hds. 2 in. in height. Mr. Blunt very curiously says that he has made the trial of increased size, and has failed! Now, it so happens that the writer, who possesses an almost equal number of pure Arab horses as Mr. Blunt, has bought the rejected for size, and is in the somewhat grotesque position of defending that gentleman's horses against their breeder! Of course, it is not contended that size should be acquired by the sacrifice of the more valuable qualities of true Arab type and quality. We have plenty of good big thoroughbreds. If the Arab is to be increased in size (not merely height) he must remain an Arab, and not an English thoroughbred. Now, I have an Arab, bred entirely from Mr. Blunt's stock, which is entered for one of the Queen's Premiums, and he is 15 hds. 2 in. in height, a strong, weight-carrying animal, and it would be impossible for the most casual observer to mistake him for other than he is, an Arab of the highest type. Now I find that breeders of half-breds very greatly prefer the larger horses, and certainly there is no reason why with a 15 hds. 3 in. horse, good hunters and carriage horses should not be produced. In fact, I may mention that two ladies, neighbours of

mine, drive very smart horses, which are half-bred Arabs. One of them has a pair of bays which draw a barouche, and the other has one which is driven as match with another (an English horse). There are a good many that are sizable, and that show in their quality their Arab blood, and that will be very likely to make fine hunters. As regards the big horses themselves, they are mostly well known in the hunting field, there being no greater test of a horse than his own fitness for the work that his stock is intended to perform.

I would also remark that the horses over 15 hds. are very exceptional. There are plenty of a small size, but I find that the big ones are the most in request. Mr. Blunt does not care to breed or allow others to breed half-bred stock, and of course he does as seems right to him with his own, but it is a pity to discourage other people who have taken a rather different line. One statement of Mr. Blunt's can hardly be taken seriously, that a horse measuring more than 8 inches below the knee, will be coarse, if under 14 hds. 3 in. I would instance his own grand stud horse, Messaoud, who measures about 14 hds. 2 in. I had the curiosity to measure his cannon bone, and it was 8½ in. round. No one who has seen that very perfect animal could by any possibility call him coarse. Among the mares which Mr. Blunt has bred and has sold that are over 14 hds. 2 in., I will specify the Duke of Bedford's mare Halfa, perhaps the most lovely Arab mare in

England, and almost absolutely faultless. She is 15 hds.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. Her sister Harik, now in my possession, is 15 hds. 2 in. She is very handsome but slightly leggy. Raschida, the winner of so many prizes, 15 hds. 1 in.; Jerud, which mare he bought back from me, 14 hds.  $3\frac{3}{4}$  in.; Mejlis, also a noted prize winner, the same height; and a very perfect mare. Jebel Druz, the same height, also almost faultless. There are also

others, whose names escape me at present, but all these that I have named, with the exception of Jerud, are the daughters of that wonderful little horse Kars, which Mr. Blunt imported at the foundation of his stud. They have been my foundation mares, and their stock shows what can be done by careful selection in increasing the size and retaining the peculiar type and quality of the desert blood. E. DILLON.

## Sporting Intelligence.

[During January—February, 1898.]

Mr. Littleton Dewhurst, of Lymms Hall, met with a bad fall on January 26th. While hunting with the North Cheshire Hounds his horse slipped into a rabbit hole, and Mr. Dewhurst was violently thrown from the saddle, sustaining concussion of the brain.

On January 24th, Mr. William Winn, a well-known north-country sportsman, died at his residence, Cliffe House, Great Ayton. As a young man Mr. Winn was a well-known cricketer, and has been a follower of the Turf for many years.

Mr. W. H. Brougham, who was for many years secretary of the Thames Angling Preservation Society, and who retired a few months since, after being connected with the society for nearly forty years, was the recipient of a testimonial on January 24th. The ceremony took place at the Piscatorial Society's club-room, and Mr. R. B. Marston made the presentation, which took the form of a cheque for £150 5s. 6d.

Major the Hon. Charles Cavendish Winn, 3rd Battalion Rifle Brigade, met his death at Umballa on January 25th. While playing polo he had a fall from his pony and sustained a fracture of the skull.

Sir W. Carmichael-Anstruther, Bart., died on January 26th at Carmichael House, Thankerton, Lanarkshire, aged seventy-three years. Deceased, who was a good sportsman, was well known in coursing circles, and kept a large kennel of grey-

hounds for many years; he also presided at the Waterloo dinner and draw for a long period of years. He was a capital shot and a great expert at curling.

While hunting with the Wynnstey Hounds on January 27th, Miss Nickson, of Manley Hall, had a bad fall; her horse failed at a big fence and broke its neck, and Miss Nickson was rendered insensible.

Mr. W. C. Edginton, Magdalen College, president of the Oxford University Speed Skating Club, gave a very fine performance at Davos on January 27th, when he succeeded in lowering the world's record for one hour. The course was 400 metres round. Mr. Edginton completed 30,530 metres, or 55 yards short of nineteen miles, the timekeeper being Herr Olbeter, with officials of the Davos Culverein and Capt. Wynyard. Two of the quarters were done in just over 41 sec., and eight or ten in from 42 sec. to 43 sec. The previous records are: 16 miles 774 yards, made by the British amateur champion, Mr. A. E. Tebbitt at Leytonstone, February 21st, 1895; German and Austrian record made by the German amateur champion, W. Sensberg, at Davos, December, 1897.

The Grand Prix de Casino at the International Pigeon Shooting Tournament at Monte Carlo was won on January 29th by an Englishman, Mr. Curling, who killed all twelve birds.

While hunting with the Quorn on January 31st, Lady Gerard met with a bad

fall, and broke one of her arms. The accident occurred quite late in the afternoon.

An unusual incident occurred in Leicestershire on January 31st, when Miss Bertha Greenall took charge of the Belvoir Foxhounds in the absence of her brother, Sir Gilbert Greenall, the Master.

I.O.U., by Solus out of Guarantee, owned by Mr. E. O. Bleackley, met with an accident while running in the Epsom Handicap Hurdle Race at Gatwick on February 2nd, and had to be shot. I.O.U. had won thirteen races while owned by Mr. Bleackley.

A sad boating accident occurred at Oxford on February 4th, when Mr. A. M. Smith lost his life. While out sculling, the boat capsized, and Mr. Smith swam to within a few yards of the bank, when the current proved too strong for him.

Through her horse swerving while hunting with Lord Middleton's Foxhounds at Sudmore, on February 4th, Mrs. Reynard, wife of Captain Reynard, of Sunderlandwick Hall, met with a bad accident. The lady was thrown heavily, and was found to have sustained an injury to the spine and concussion of the brain.

An important sale of greyhounds was held on February 5th, by Mr. Rymill. The highest price obtained was for White Hawk, who made 270 guineas. The next best prices were 165 guineas for Mr. Margett's Ryde, and 120 guineas for What's the Matter, both purchased by Mr. G. W. White. Mr. Water's lot made 1,259½ guineas, and Mr. Russell's draft brought 917½ guineas.

John Atkinson, who was huntsman to the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire Foxhounds for twenty-one years, died on February 5th at Portobello. Atkinson had considerable experience in England, serving with Lord Portman, Lord Fitzhardinge, Lord Suffield, the Vale of the White Horse, and in Scotland with Captain the Hon. E. Berkeley and Sir David Baird.

A big pike was taken in the Upper Thames at Radcot Bridge on February 5th, when Mr. Frank Page landed a male fish in good condition; it weighed 28 lbs., was 43 inches long, with a girth of 21 inches. Mr. Page also got seven other pike, weighing from 4 lbs. to 10 lbs. each.

During the week ending February 5th, Lord Ardilaun's shooting party of six guns killed three hundred woodcock, at Ashford.

A letter published in the *Yorkshire Herald* of February 7th calls attention to a

serious case of fox-killing in the York and Ainsty country, where several foxes were killed.

Wire claimed another victim on February 7th, when Mrs. Bagnall, wife of the vicar of Lambourne, met a bad fall through her horse catching an invisible wire, while out with the Old Berkshire.

Since the salmon-fishing season opened some grand specimens have been landed in Ireland. From Mr. Eyre Powell's fishery on the Shannon, two were taken on February 7th, weighing 40lb. and 32lb. respectively, and since that date four others have been caught, weighing 37½lb., 25lb., 23lb., and 17lb.

While hunting with the Cottesmore on February 8th Mr. Maxwell Angas, the well-known hunter judge, sustained considerable injuries through his horse failing to clear a flight of rails.

On February 9th, Sir Erasmus Dixon Barrowes, of Barretstown Castle, Kildare, died suddenly of heart disease when returning from hunting with the county pack. The deceased, who was 67 years of age, had ridden a couple of runs during the day.

On the night of February 11th, the steamship *Marabella*, from Hull for Ham-burgh, had just left the dock when her steering gear failed to act, and she drifted on to the ram of H.M.S. *Galatea*, the guardship of the Humber, and sank in a few minutes. The passengers and crew were saved, but a valuable consignment of forty-one horses, including two and three year old racehorses, brood mares, hunters and hackneys, were all lost.

The Rev. E. Spencer Tiddeman died on February 11th, at Hanningfield Rectory, Chelmsford. The deceased was one of the best known fanciers of Dandie Dinmont Terriers, and frequently officiated as judge, he was also president of the Dandie Dinmont Club.

A serious accident occurred with the South Cheshire Foxhounds on February 11th. Captain Chetwode was crossing a bridge during the run from Poole, when owing to the slippery condition of the boards his horse fell and crushed its rider, whose ankle was broken.

The following interesting paragraph appeared in the *Field* of February 12th:— "A correspondent very kindly forwards us a letter from a friend of his relating a somewhat remarkable incident. Seaton, one of the whippers-in to the Bicester, fell at a fence near Eythorpe. A covey of French partridges were squatting under the hedge, and Seaton in his fall killed a

brace. Our correspondent's friend investigated the matter and found it to be perfectly true. A number of curious circumstances of like nature have happened. The horse ridden by the writer of the paragraph once jumped on a rabbit and killed it after jumping a fence; in the Heythrop country he once saw a hare killed in the same manner; while with Lord Anson's Hounds it is reported that one of a covey of partridges flying down wind killed itself by coming into collision with one of the whippers-in."

The death occurred on February 12th, of Bishop J. R. Selwyn, Master of Selwyn College, Cambridge. The deceased rowed in the Cambridge crews of 1864 and 1865, and on his return to Cambridge took a keen interest in rowing on the Cam.

On February 16th, the North Cheshire Foxhounds met at Calveley Hall, and during the first run Mr. Leigh, of Preston, had a nasty fall. While in the neighbourhood of Worleston, Mr. Leigh's horse threw him violently against a tree, causing a broken collar-bone and a severe shaking.

A remarkable accident took place on February 18th. While hunting with the Cottesmore Foxhounds at Frampton, the horse of Captain Hughes Onslow, of Colilton House, Dorchester, fell dead, throw-

ing his rider with great violence. Captain Onslow sustained a fractured arm.

A number of thoroughbred stallions have been sold to go to Russia, by Mr. W. Long, The Paddocks, Copmanthorpe, York, including the following:—Winchester (4 yrs.), by Royal Hampton—Zee; Fitz Bal (1889), by Fitz James—Bal Gal; Soothsayer (1891), by Astrologer—Premiere Duchesse; Meilekh (6 yrs.), by Wisdom—Lovely; Wazongora (6 yrs.), by Zelotes—War Song; Tinder (1890), by Fitz James—Match Girl; Millstone (4 yrs.), by Hawkstone—Miss Millar; Prince Caradoc (4 yrs.), by Silurian—Queenminster; The Perisher (4 yrs.), by Grammont—Anxiety; and St. Germanus (1891) by Selby—Ilia.

The Marquis of Ripon's shooting party of six guns, including Earl de Grey, at Studley Royal, Yorkshire, killed nearly fifteen hundred head of game, including twelve hundred pheasants, in three days.

At Tyntesfield, Somersetshire, Mr. Antony Gibbs and his shooting party had capital sport, and a particularly heavy bag of pheasants resulted; there were also a good number of woodcock.

The number of stags killed in Lord Burton's deer forest of Glenquoich, Inverness-shire last season was one hundred and seven, and the average weight 14st. 10lb. 11oz.

## TURF.

### HURST PARK CLUB.—JANUARY STEEPLECHASES.

January 21st.—The Middlesex Handicap Steeplechase of 125 sovs.; two miles.

Lord W. Beresford's br. m. Manister, by Tacitus—May Girl, 6 yrs., 10st. 9lb. ...A. Nightingall 1  
Mr. F. D. Leyland's b. g. Crystal Palace, 5 yrs., 11st. 3lb.

W. Taylor 2  
Mr. H. Spender Clay's br. g. Padishah, 5 yrs., 11st. 11lb.

G. Williamson 3  
9 to 2 agst. Manister.

January 22nd.—The New Year Handicap Hurdle Race Plate of 135 sovs.; two miles.

Lord Rosebery's b. h. Full Armour, by Fullerton—Armoric, 5 yrs., 11st. 9lb.

R. Nightingall 1

Mr. E. V. Marchant's b. h. Melton Prior, aged, 12st. 7lb.....Fitton 2  
Mr. A. Yates's b. g. Van John, 5 yrs., 12st. 11lb. ....Dollery 3  
7 to 4 agst. Full Armour.

### WOLVERHAMPTON (DUNSTALL PARK) STEEPLECHASES.

January 26th.—The Staffordshire Handicap Steeplechase of 184 sovs.; two miles and a half.

Mr. G. Hamilton's ch. c. Dead Level, by Isobar—Paragon, 6 yrs., 10st. 11lb. (car. 10st. 12lb.)  
Mr. Withington 1

Lord Shrewsbury's b. h. Misanthropist, 6 yrs., 10st. 4lb.

Matthews 2

Mr. T. A. Motion's ch. m. Summer Lightning, 6 yrs., 11st. 8lb.

A. Nightingall 3

6 to 4 agst. Dead Level.

### BIRMINGHAM.—STEEPLECHASE MEETING.

January 28th.—The Staffordshire Handicap Hurdle Race of 171 sovs. ; two miles.  
Mr. Vyner's br. c. St. Mathurin, by Waterford—Belleisle, 5 yrs., 11st. 3lb. .... Mr. Gordon 1  
Mr. A. M. Kirker's b. c. Killyleagh, 5 yrs., 11st. 3lb. .... Mr. Cullen 2  
Lord Cowley's ch. g. Bayreuth, 5 yrs., 12st. 7lb. .... Owner 3  
4 to 1 agst. St. Mathurin.

January 29th.—The Birmingham Grand Annual Handicap Steeplechase of 252 sovs. ; two miles.  
Lord Cowley's b. h. Morello, by Cherry Ripe—Sabine, aged, 12st. Owner 1  
Mr. M. Firth's ch. g. Slingsby, 6 yrs., 10st. 7lb. .... A. Nightingall 2  
Mr. T. A. Motion's ch. m. Summer Lightning, 6 yrs., 12st. 1lb. H. Brown 3  
7 to 1 agst. Morello.

### GATWICK.—FEBRUARY MEETING.

February 2nd.—The Holmwood Steeplechase (Handicap) of 172 sovs. ; two miles.  
Mr. H. M. Dyas b. g. Manifesto, by Man of War—Væ Victis, by King Victor, aged, 12st. 10lb. Williamson 1  
Mr. Reeve's b. g. Ballymoney, aged, 10st. 1lb. .... Escott 2  
Mr. H. M. Cairnes' ch. m. Elfrida, aged, 12st. .... Mr. Gore 3  
4 to 1 agst. Manifesto.

The Maiden Hurdle Race of 192 sovs. ; two miles.

Mr. Reginald Ward's b. h. Regret, by Sheen—Farewell, 5 yrs., 11st. 8lb. .... Owner 1  
Mr. R. Buckworth's b. c. Ben Roe, 4 yrs., 10st. 5lb. .... Birch 2  
Mr. W. Liddell's ch. c. Wales, 4 yrs., 10st. 12lb. .... Mr. Cullen 3  
11 to 8 agst. Regret.

February 3rd.—The February Steeplechase (Handicap) of 174 sovs. ; three miles.

Mr. Audley Blyth's b. c. Elliman, by Melton—Recovery, aged, 10st. 7lb. .... Mr. G. Marsh 1  
Mr. P. Maynard's b. g. Royston Crow, aged, 11st. 11lb. .... Gourley 2  
Mr. W. C. Keeping's br. g. Fittleworth, 6 yrs., 10st. 3lb. Matthews 3  
10 to 1 agst. Elliman.

### KEMPTON PARK.—FEBRUARY MEETING.

February 5th.—The Isleworth Steeplechase of 195 sovs., for horses that have never won a steeplechase up to, or on the day of closing ; two miles.

Sir H. de Trafford's ch. f. Lafayette by Strathmore—Ocean Wave, 4 yrs., 10st. 3lb. .... Dollery 1  
Mr. F. Alexander's ch. g. Bob White, 5 yrs., 11st. 8lb. Freemantle 2  
Captain W. Dougall's ch. g. Gaffer Green, 5 yrs., 11st. 8lb. E. Matthews 3  
11 to 2 agst. Lafayette.

The February Steeplechase (Handicap) of 175 sovs. ; two miles.  
Mr. Parr's b. g. White Hill, by Ascetic, dam by Umpire—Nightfall, aged, 10st. 6lb. .... W. Taylor 1  
Mr. A. Yates' br. g. Melton Constable, 6 yrs., 10st. 3lb. .... Dollery 2  
Mr. Reid Waker's ch. g. Owick, aged, 10st. 4lb. .... G. Williamson 3  
3 to 1 agst. White Hill.

### NOTTINGHAM.—FEBRUARY MEETING.

February 7th.—The Nottinghamshire Handicap Steeplechase of 252 sovs. ; two miles.

Mr. E. J. Percy's ch. g. Cestus, by Ringleader—Nova Scotia, aged, 11st. 2lb. .... Mr. G. S. Davies 1  
Mr. W. T. Roden's ch. g. Donner, 6 yrs., 11st. 3lb. .... A. Nightingall 2  
Mr. J. H. Nicholas's b. g. Syndic, aged, 10st. 6lb. (car. 10st. 8lb.) Mr. J. Cheney 3  
9 to 2 agst. Cestus.

February 8th.—The Harrington Handicap Hurdle Race of 172 sovs. ; second receives 20 sovs. ; two miles.

Mr. E. More O'Ferrall's ch. m. Rinvanny, by Kendal—Deception, 5 yrs., 11st. 10lb. .... Hogan 1  
Mr. A. C. Richardson's ch. c. Shandon, 4 yrs., 11st. 1lb. .... Harrison 2  
Lord Cowley's b. h. Knife Boy, 5 yrs., 12st. 3lb. .... Owner 3  
6 to 1 agst. Rinvanny.

### LEICESTER.—FEBRUARY MEETING.

February 10th.—February Handicap Hurdle Race Plate of 135 sovs. ; two miles.

Mr. M. Firth's b. h. Anchovy, by St. Michael—Sauce, aged, 11st. 10lb. .... Williamson 1  
Lord Cowley's ch. g. Carsethorpe, 5 yrs., 10st. 11lb. .... Hassall 2  
Mr. V. Marske's b. or br. f. Virginian Rose, 4 yrs., 10st. 2lb. Makepeace 3  
3 to 1 agst. Anchovy.

# SANDOWN PARK.—FIRST SPRING MEETING.

February 11th.—The St. James's Steeplechase of 183 sovs.; two miles.

Mr. R. Gore's b. h. Exodos, by Exile II.—Specula, aged, 12st. 3lb.....	Owner	1
Mr. Reginald Ward's br. g. Romeo, aged, 12st. 3lb.....	Owner	2
Mr. W. H. Moore's Luischen, 4 yrs., 10st. 10lb. ....	Freemantle	3
7 to 1 agst. Exodos.		

The Prince of Wales' Steeplechase (Handicap) of 182 sovs.; three miles and a half.

Mr. R. Thirlwell's b. g. Seaport II., by Ocean Wave (dam's ped. unknown), aged, 10st. 5lb. Acres		1
Mr. G. Hamilton's b. h. Dead Level, 11st. 5lb. (inc. 10lb. ex.)	Mr. G. S. Davies	2
Lord W. Beresford's ch. g. Shaker, 5 yrs., 10st. 2lb. ....	Anthony	3
100 to 14 agst. Seaport II.		

February 12th.—The February four-year-old Steeplechase of 168 sovs.; two miles.

Mr. Dennehy's b. c. Windfall, by Hackler—Miss Emily (h. b.), 11st. 3lb. ....	Dowling	1
Mr. F. Bibby's ch. f. Terpsichore II., 11st.....	Mr. G. S. Davies	2
Mr. J. Fitzgerald's b. g. Daring Thief, 11st. ....	Nolan	3
5 to 1 agst. Windfall.		

The Sandown Grand Prize (Handicap Hurdle Race) of 410 sovs.; winners extra; two miles.

Mr. A. M. Kirker's b. h. Kilyleagh, by Kendal—Abanico, 5 yrs., 11st.....	Mr. W. P. Cullen	1
Major Edwards' br. h. Bird on the Wing, 5 yrs., 11st. 11b. ....	Nolan	2
Mr. E. J. Percy's ch. g. Cestus, 11st. 11lb.....	Mr. G. S. Davies	3
10 to 1 agst. Kilyleagh.		

# MANCHESTER.—FEBRUARY STEEPLECHASES.

February 14th.—The Manchester Handicap Steeplechase of 194 sovs.; three miles and a half.

Captain R. W. Ethelston's b. m. Lotus Lily, by Lotus II.—Skip-away, aged, 10st. 13lb.		
Mr. Wood	1	
Mr. R. Thirlwell's b. g. Seaport II., aged, 10st. 13lb. (5lb. ex.) Acres		2
Mr. J. S. Forbes's b. g. Prince Albert, aged, 12st. 7lb.		
Mr. G. S. Davies	3	
7 to 1 agst. Lotus Lily.		

February 15th.—The Trafford Park Handicap Steeplechase of 137 sovs.; two miles.

Lord Cowley's b. h. Morello, by Cherry Ripe—The Sabine, aged, 12st. 7lb. ....	Owner	1
Mr. J. Horton's b. g. Perth Lad, aged, 10st. 12lb.....	Mr. Hunt	2
Mr. G. Allen's b. f. Flood, 5 yrs., 11st. 3lb.....	Acres	3
5 to 4 agst. Morello.		

The February Hurdle Race of 169 sovs.; two miles.

Lord Cowley's ch. g. Bayreuth, by Tristan—Applause II., 5 yrs., 12st. 2lb. ....	Owner	1
Mr. W. Liddell's ch. c. Wales, 4 yrs., 10st. 7lb.....	Mr. Cullen	2
Captain Eustace Loder's b. g. Lahore, 5 yrs., 11st. 3lb.		
Anthony	3	
2 to 1 agst. Bayreuth.		

# FOOTBALL.

Jan. 22nd.—At Cambridge, the University v. United Hospitals, former won by 7 goals to 2.†

Jan. 22nd.—At Richmond, Richmond v. Blackheath, drawn, 1 goal each.\*

Jan. 22nd.—At Richmond, Old Merchant Taylors v. Harlequins, latter won by 1 goal to 1 try.\*

Jan. 26th.—At Oxford, the University v. Oxfordshire, former won by 2 goals to 0.†

Jan. 26th.—At Cambridge, the University v. Kensington, former won by 5 goals 5 tries (40 points) to 0.\*

Jan. 26th.—At Portsmouth, Hampshire v. Dorsetshire, former won by 2 goals to 0.†

Jan. 29th.—At Oxford, the University v. Casuals, latter won by 4 goals to 3.†

Jan. 29th.—At Oxford, the University v. Moseley, drawn, no score.\*

Jan. 29th.—At Blackheath, Blackheath v. Coventry, former won by 4 goals 2 tries to 0.\*

Jan. 29th.—At Leyton, Old Etonians v. Cambridge University, latter won by 10 goals to 3.†

Jan. 29th.—At Richmond, Richmond v. Cambridge University, latter won by 4 goals (1 penalty) and 1 try (21 points) to 0.\*

Jan. 31st.—At Oxford, the University v. Mr. W. L. Jackson's XI., former won by 5 goals to 1.†

Feb. 2nd.—At Oxford, the University v. Old Westminster, former won by 3 goals to 0.†

- Feb. 2nd.—At Cambridge, the University v. Norfolk, former won by 3 goals to 1.†
- Feb. 5th.—At Richmond, England v. Ireland, latter won by a penalty goal and 2 tries (9 points) to a penalty goal and 1 try (6 points).\*
- Feb. 12th.—At Oxford, the University v. Croydon, former won by 1 goal 3 tries to 3 tries (11 points to 9).\*
- Feb. 12th.—At Cambridge, the University v. Old Carthusians, former won by 2 goals to 1.†
- Feb. 12th.—At Yeovil, Somersetshire v. Devonshire, former won by 3 goals to 0.†
- Feb. 12th.—At Queen's Club, Corinthians v. St. Bernard's, latter won by 2 goals to 0.†
- Feb. 12th.—At Blackheath, Blackheath v. Cambridge University, former won by 8 points to 3.\*
- Feb. 14th.—At Queen's Club, Cambridge University v. Mr. Jackson's XI., latter won by 2 goals to 1.†
- Feb. 19th.—At Queen's Club, Oxford v. Cambridge, latter won by 1 goal to 0.†
- Feb. 19th.—At Belfast, Ireland v. Scotland, latter won by 1 goal 1 try (9 points) to 0.\*
- Feb. 19th.—At Llandudno, Wales v. Ireland, latter won by 1 goal to 0.†

\* Under Rugby Rules.

† Under Association Rules.

### COURSING.

- Feb. 18th.—(E) Mr. J. Trevor n. s. Mr. H. Hardy's f. w. b. Wild Night by Freshman—Fine Night beat (E) Duke of Leeds bk. d. Lang Syne by Boss o' the Shanty—Belle of Soham in the deciding course and won the Waterloo Cup.
- Feb. 18th.—(S) Mr. J. Russell's w. bk. d. p. Real Turk by Falconer—Real Lace and (E) Mr. J. Coke's w. r. b. p. Cissy Smith by Falconer—Mrs. Mac, divided the Waterloo Purse.

- Feb. 18th.—(E) Mr. T. Baxter's n. s. Mr. D. Graham's bd. b. Genetive by Norway—Glenetive beat (I) Mr. R. W. Jewel (Mr. H. F. Simmonds's) w. bk. d. Silver Lace (l. Roscommon) by Restorer—Real Lace in the deciding course, and won the Waterloo Plate.

### SKATING.

- Feb. 15th.—At the National Skating Palace, London, H. Grenader won the World's Amateur Championship of Figure Skating.

### HOCKEY.

- Jan. 22nd.—At Bristol, Gloucestershire v. Somersetshire, former won by 7 goals to 1.
- Jan. 26th.—At Edgbaston, Midlands v. North of England, latter won by 3 goals to 2.
- Feb. 2nd.—At Surbiton, Surrey v. Kent, latter won by 6 goals to 5.
- Feb. 5th.—At Cambridge, the University v. Croydon, former won by 14 goals to 0.
- Feb. 5th.—At Aigburth, Lancashire v. Middlesex, former won by 4 goals to 1.
- Feb. 16th.—At Bromley, Kent v. Middlesex, former won by 5 goals to 2.
- Feb. 19th.—At Llandudno, Wales v. Ireland, latter won by 10 goals to 0.

### SHOOTING.

- Jan. 29th.—Mr. Curling killed all twelve birds, and won the Grand Prize du Casino at Monte Carlo.

### CRICKET.

- Feb. 1st.—At Melbourne, Australia v. Mr. A. E. Stoddart's XI., former won by 8 wickets. Scores: Australia, 323 & 115 for 2 wickets; Mr. Stoddart's XI., 174 & 263.
- Feb. 11th.—At Sydney, New South Wales v. Mr. A. E. Stoddart's XI., former won by 239 runs. Scores: New South Wales, 415 & 574; Mr. Stoddart's XI., 387 & 363.



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# BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS and PASTIMES

APRIL, 1898.

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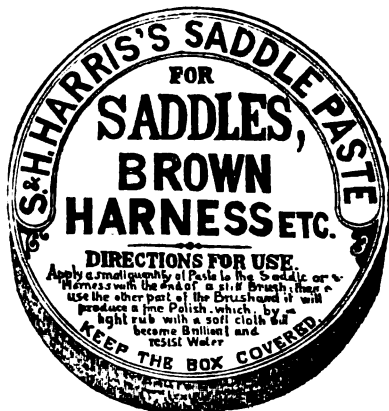
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WITH

Steel engraved Portrait of MR. THOMAS BUTT MILLER.

Portraits of MEMBERS OF THE TATTERSALL FAMILY.

Engravings:—MAIL COACH, and Portrait of TOM WHITEMORE.

## Mr. Thomas Butt Miller.

MR. THOMAS BUTT MILLER was born in 1859 and was educated at Eton and Cambridge. The training of a public school and a university is probably the best that can be given for any position in life, but it is certainly unsurpassed for a future master of hounds. At our public schools, and perhaps more particularly at Eton, the taste for sport is implanted, while at the universities are found ample means of gratifying the predilections which we have acquired at school. Cambridge, although its

opportunities for hunting are not equal to those which Lord Cottenham, Mr. Brassey, or Mr. Swindell offer to the undergraduates of Oxford, yet has produced some noted masters of hounds and many keen lovers of hunting. Indeed we are not sure that in some way Cambridge has not the best of it, for a man's keenness is tested by the difficulties in his way, which are only natural ones at Cambridge, the authorities being, it must be confessed, of wider minds and

more disposed to leave a man's reasonable tastes alone, so long as he is neither idle nor vicious, than their contemporaries at Oxford. Then the obstacles in the way of enjoying hunting have a tendency to make the university drag a flourishing institution on the banks of the Cam. We hardly know if the Oxford drag exists at all now, but it is certain that the Cambridge men had a capitally managed hunt not many years ago under the Duke of Marlborough's mastership.

A drag teaches men to ride hard and straight, and Mr. Butt Miller took his share of this sport as well as the more legitimate pleasure to be found with the Fitzwilliam Hunt. No lover of hunting could possibly pursue the fox with this pack and not acquire a love for hound work. The celebrated Fitzwilliam hounds have to work for every fox brought to hand. They can nearly always hunt, but are seldom able to run over their country with the pace of the packs which hunt on the grass. Mr. Miller would, however, tell you that if he learned his hard riding with the drag, and something of hound work with the Fitzwilliam, the greater part of all he knows was taught him by that grand old veteran of the hunting field, Mr. John Lawrence, of the Llangibby, who is not only keen himself, but the cause of keenness in others. He seems, says Mr. Miller, to have the power of imparting his enthusiasm to his pupils in the noble science. At all events this was so in Mr. Miller's case, for Mr. Lawrence gave him that insight into the management of hounds and the pleasures to be found on the flags as well as in the field. To love the hound as well as the horse, and to understand something of the meaning of the working of a pack is to add

tenfold to the pleasures of hunting. To watch in the field the hound you have bred and entered yourself, and which has learned his business under your own eye, is the greatest of the many delights which hunting can give. It was natural then that with these tastes and the means of gratifying them, Mr. Miller should look forward some day to carrying the horn with his own hounds. But it was no less natural that, trained in such a school, he should see the necessity of further experience. A master of hounds should have hunted in many countries, and Mr. Butt Miller, after some experiences elsewhere, settled in Lord Fitzhardinge's for three seasons. Although less known than many others, there is no country in England where such a good average of sport is enjoyed, and certainly no one could visit the kennels at Berkeley without picking up a good deal of hound lore.

The late Lord Fitzhardinge, though for some years latterly he had not been able to ride, took the greatest interest in the pack. Everything comes to him who waits, if he has the time to spare and the power to seize his opportunity, and Mr. Butt Miller's came to him when Mr. Arkwright's death left vacant the Oakley country with its famous pack, which had been built up during twenty-six years of careful and thoughtful breeding. Mr. Butt Miller then became Master of the Oakley during the seasons 1885-1888, and for the last part of his reign hunted the dog pack in the more open part of the country. Throughout the whole period of his Mastership Tom Whitemore was huntsman, and in charge of the kennels. Yet good as the Oakley pack is, Mr. Miller, who is a hard rider, longed for



a more open country. The plough and woodland, which make up the bulk of the Oakley territory, carry only a moderate scent as a rule, and when hounds can really run it often happens that the going is too heavy for horses to live with them.

Now, there is no better country out of the shires than the V.W.H. Nay, the sport there is as good as any in England, and the present writer, after three seasons in Leicestershire, looks back with unmixed pleasure on bygone days with the V.W.H. So when Mr. Hoare retired from the Cricklade section of that country, Mr. Miller saw that this was his chance, and to the fortunes of the celebrated Vale pack his energies have been devoted ever since. Mr. Miller carries the horn himself on the three days that his hounds take the field, and has done so since he first had the country. On off days he is often to be seen in the front rank with the neighbouring hunts, Lord Bathurst's (V.W.H.) and the Badminton. In the portrait, indeed, we are glad to see his face, but we have more than once been very glad to accept the lead of the red coat and the chestnut horse, and very glad we were if we could retain a good view of his back. During Mr. Miller's

mastership of the V.W.H. sport has steadily improved, and the supply of foxes has increased, while wire need not be mentioned, for there is practically none.

Of course, after what has been written above, it is not necessary to say that Mr. Miller's favourite sport and chief interest so far as the amusements of life are concerned is hunting. Yet, like other sportsmen, he turns sometimes to other sports in their season, and has generally had a few useful flat racers and chasers in training with Joseph Cannon. Mr. Miller thinks that the best steeple-chaser he ever owned was Bellona, twice winner of the International Hurdle Race at Croydon in 1886-1887. On the flat, Linkboy won the Windsor Castle Stakes at Ascot, and Ariette the Somerville Stakes at Newmarket, for Mr. Miller. But though other sports may fill up spare moments, nothing will ever equal the pleasure of carrying the horn with a good pack of one's own. Other sports give us up or we give them up; but hunting, to the man who cares for the science as well as for the excitement, for the hound as well as for the horse, is a pleasure which will only cease with life itself.

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## Is Not Steeplechasing Deteriorating ?

Is it not true that many of us, as we grow older, are apt to have our ideas warped on certain subjects that have long been in our thoughts, and that thus we are led to give vent to these thoughts from a less expansive view than we should do? To guard against such dangerous conclusions as these, I find myself continually on the struggle. The old weakness of *laudator temporis acti* is so abundant in all of us, that it is easy to fancy ourselves in the right when we compare the well-beloved delights of our youth with those which have descended to us in the sobered decades of after life, and without hesitation we cling to the past as the elixir of perfection. Is this true of the sport of Steeplechasing—or is it not? For the reason above given I hesitate to be too positive, and yet the inclination to speak my opinion is so strong upon me that I can no longer refrain from writing upon it, and if in doing so there is offence to its votaries of to-day, let us plead for forgiveness on the ground of good intentions, and an utter absence of hostility to sport in which we have so long been a partaker.

If we go back thirty years and compare the advance that has been made in every department of racing under Newmarket Rules as compared with that of steeplechasing under National Hunt Rules, are we not bound to admit that the latter suffer dreadfully by the comparison? There are still a large number of steeplechase meetings got through between October and May (nearly 100 of them), the majority in enclosed areas, otherwise designated as gate-money meetings. The courses are of one type only—

artificial obstacles, not fences—and the prizes, with few exceptions, £50 or £40 plates, or under, whilst, intermixed with steeplechases (mostly selling ones), are some hurdle races (the majority also selling ones). The quondam condition that hunters should be excluded from handicaps has been erased, and with it has gone the last vestige of genuine hunters in steeplechasing as distinct from genuine racing steeplechasers, if we may so express it. Now we find them all of one class—a likely horse for Grand National honours is pulled out for a £50 plate, and perhaps beaten, whilst, curious though it may seem, his status in the big race is scarcely affected thereby. In fact, since the 1st of January in this year, there is scarcely a fancied candidate for the Grand National, unless it be Manifesto, who has not been ignominiously beaten in minor contests, and yet appears as regularly as before in the weekly betting quotations on this race, which stands out as a single grand exception to the general decadence of the sport.

It is hardly fair to generalise on the in and out running of horses under National Hunt Rules, because we dare not particularise. Nevertheless, it is no use blinking the facts, which are the common talk of sporting men—only occasionally, I regret to say, held in check by a few independent stewards, who recognise their true duties. How sickening it is to the handicappers in gauging form we well know. As for selling-plate form it is too egregiously embarrassing for contemplation. If the National Hunt Committee were to care to have it tabulated, there would, I should think, be a clean

sweep of owners, trainers, and jockeys from this branch of the sport.

Do you wonder that hunting and steeplechasing are each year becoming more and more dissociated? And that hunting men have so far revolted successfully as to have established, almost in spite of the ruling powers of steeplechases, local meetings which, under the name of Point-to-Point Races, are fast becoming the revival of old hunt meetings, yet without their old prestige and hemmed in by absurd conditions: This began with unflagged courses, and riders in hunting costume. Go now to the Army Point-to-Point races, which are being run to-day as I am writing, near Buckingham. There you will see twenty or thirty good men turned out in faultless racing costume to ride over a well-flagged course of natural fences (not steeplechase obstacles), a ten times more stirring and interesting sight, although called a Point-to-Point race, than even the so-called Grand National Hunt Steeplechase at Gatwick, where every horse in the race, barring four or five, fell, and where the second horse in the race (only beaten a head by the winner) was sold by auction the next day for 270 guineas! "Oh," exclaimed a friend, "they all fell because they had not been sufficiently schooled." Yes, and does half the racing world know what this schooling means? It means the risking of boys' necks day after day and week after week in regular circus-like performances, and even then how different it is jumping a horse with one or two others at exercise, to having to ride him in a field of horses with all the noise and excitement of a racecourse about him. He soon gets to know his home course; away

from it he is all abroad—he jumps sideways, and is either knocked down or knocks something else down. Here, too, is the secret of so much cross running. Experienced steeplechase trainers well know that home schooling is unreliable, and therefore they send their horses to be schooled in public. Of course they are unbacked and beaten, until in the fulness of time their practice is sufficiently perfect, and the handicappers sufficiently hoodwinked, to allow them to appear in their true colours. As for hurdle-racing, I am perhaps hardly qualified to write on it, so cordially do I hate it; and as for its being a nursery for steeplechasing, I believe that more horses are spoilt for steeplechasing by beginning their career as hurdle-racers than otherwise. The cases are rare of good hurdle-racers becoming good steeplechasers, although I admit that sometimes, after seasons of continuous falling, a poor hurdle-racer learns the wisdom of not chancing his fences, and rising in time at the open ditch. Individually, the N. H. Committee are a most estimable body of gentlemen, quite as well qualified in their standing as the Jockey Club to control the sport of which they are the appointed guardians, but as a body they seem rather effete. They fail to realize that, under present circumstances, although there are plenty of horses to compete for the most paltry of their prizes, the sport itself is losing caste sadly, and is surely becoming purely professional. In fact, the very word "Hunt" that brought them into existence, is becoming obsolete in their midst.

Is there no means of remedying this evil? No way of arresting what all the old school of steeple-

chase men declaim against as rank deterioration, and even the young school, the Rehoboams of sport, cannot wholly stand up for?

You cannot kill gate-money meetings. They attract the multitude, as do the circus and the hippodrome, but you can undo the evil of undefining the hunter, tossing him in with the handicap horses, whose game is filthy lucre, and nothing less. You can open once again your doors to natural courses and *bonâ fide* hunting men, who are now obliged to hide their diminished heads in the hybrid amusement of so-called "point to points." You can popularise genuine steeplechasing. You can discourage selling hurdle races. You can oblige gate-money meetings to have no steeplechases of less than the value of 100 sovs., following the example of the Jockey Club, thus making the genuine local races and their courses (minus, if they chose, the artificial break-back open ditch) the nursery for the Grand National, or big events at Sandown, Kempton, Gatwick, or Manchester. Would you not thus improve the standard of steeplechasing both in horse and man? I am fain to believe that you would, and I speak from the experience of something like forty years, and having seen and carefully watched the early days and teachings (we did not call it schooling in those days) of some of our greatest steeplechasers.

It was not then a question of whether a horse could stand up over the Liverpool course—we could trust him to do that, bar accidents—but whether he could outlive his opponents in that last mile and a quarter, which is the true test of stamina; and we certainly turned out a finer stamp of horse than that of to-day.

When we cast back to horses of the type of The Colonel (1869-70), The Lamb (1868-71), Salamander (1866), Cortolvin (1867), Disturbance (1873), Huntsman (1862), Regal (1876), and Emblem (1863), all which notable horses beat large fields when the course was not nearly so much cut down as it is now, we cannot but come to the conclusion that there is a want of high class about our later aspirants for Grand National honours. Nor have the value of our steeplechases increased in the same ratio as flat racers. There is, I believe, except the Grand National, only one steeplechase—at Manchester—of the value of 1,000 sovs. to the winner, and not more than four others of a clear value of 500 sovs., and does not this prove that the interest in the sport is waning, and that it does not draw to the same extent as it used to do twenty-five years ago? And yet we are annually breeding more and more finely bred horses, a large number of them well fitted for steeplechasing; but somehow or other they do not go to swell the ranks of genuine chasers. Perhaps it is that owners do not like to risk valuable horses by having them schooled over the obstacles that have to be raced over nowadays. Some sporting men I have heard declare that they do not like seeing "their money so often in the air!" and the Grand National is the only race of the kind in the year that attracts them. Do they give a thought to the fact that to win a Grand National entails immense practice, and that this practice should be gained over every diversity of course? A horse that can safely jump the Sandown, Kempton, or Manchester courses is anything but a sure investment at Liverpool. And here I come back to my

contention that the encouragement of natural courses is the true way to teach a young horse to jump a country. Here he can begin his career without being unnecessarily hurried; he learns to measure his ground or to husband his powers in jumping, and he is less likely to refuse natural fences, before being called on for greater efforts. Here also is a finer field for teaching the young idea how to ride than by the practise they now get over artificial courses at racing speed. I believe that many a fine young horse would find his way into the steeplechase arena by this means, as was the case 30 years ago, which now is relegated to the hunting field or hurdle racing.

So long as the National Hunt Committee hold the field, reform in this section of sport is impossible. They have, as I have said, alienated the hunting element from steeplechasing, and driven it into "point-to-point" racing, which as at present sanctioned is a poor, hybrid amusement, not to be compared to the hunt steeplechases of old days. Only this week I witnessed a "point-to-point," where in the line within 200 yards of the winning-post was a bog, into which three horses rolled, and one was killed. Let them, before it is too late, retrace their steps and take counsel with the leading hunting men of the country, through M.F.H.'s. A carefully-worded circular, putting forward several leading questions to be answered by each country in conclave would, I doubt not, pave

the way for some wholesome new rules, which would open up new ideas and extended facilities for genuine hunt racing.

Perhaps I am Utopian in my notions on this subject, and perhaps the National Hunt Committee may prove immovable in the matter; nevertheless, there must be a big screw loose with steeplechasing as now carried on, otherwise one half the complaints that are now buzzed about must be without foundation, a thing we cannot bring ourselves to believe. An old sporting writer in BAILY'S MAGAZINE of 1864, writing of "Hunters' Stakes: their Use and Abuse," says: "The amount of interest in Hunters' and Farmers' races at country meetings is always great, and they deserve encouragement. They are the means of bringing to light many a good horse which would otherwise be overlooked, and a winner of them is immediately looked after and snapped up. But if racing hunters are admitted, the *bona fide* hunters are driven out of the field; the race becomes a merely speculative affair, and very soon, as has been shown over and over again, dwindles away, no one wishing for or caring for its renewal." What the author of thirty-four years ago foresaw has come to pass, and the ruling powers of steeplechasing have hastened its accomplishment.

Can nothing be done ere this eventful century closes to rectify this wrong-doing and to save a noble sport from further deterioration?

BORDERER.

## The Coming Polo Season.

THERE will probably be a considerable gathering of polo players at Messrs. Millers' sale on April 2nd, and could we look forward we should be able to forecast the men who will be found among the recruits for the new season, as well as to exchange greetings with the many well-tried players who are sure to gather to look on or to bid according to the state of their stables or their pockets.

That at Hurlingham they expect a good season may be seen from the preparations being made. Polo at the Senior Club is always looked forward to long beforehand, and every effort is made to bring the ground to a state of perfection as to its turf. A few changes and improvements will be found in the pavilion, which have suggested themselves to the experience of Sir Walter Smythe. Of some of the more important events the dates have already been published in the *Field*. We are to have an early Inter-regimental tournament this year on account of the military manoeuvres. The fine team of the Inniskillings, who are the holders, will, it is hoped, be able to come over from Ireland. They should be in first-rate condition, for I hear that they have been showing marvellous sport with their harriers and getting a reputation for hard riding in Ireland. The Royal Horse Guards will probably have the same team as last year, and they certainly are in a vein of good fortune. Mr. Ward's successes must have pleased all polo-players, none of whom would be likely to forget his dashing play at No. 2. Mr. Ernest Rose, who has I hear joined the committee of the Eden Park Club, has had the luck to see some service in India, but

will no doubt return by the time old Yellowman is fit to go.

It is not quite plain at present where the opposition for the Champion Cup will come from. Rugby are just now the strongest team in England, and as both Captain Renton and Mr. "Jack" Drybrough are living in the neighbourhood, Mr. Miller will have a very powerful hand to play.

If, as seems likely, the Freebooters should not have the services of Mr. Hardy this season, they will want a player to make up their team, supposing Mr. Buckmaster, Mr. Rawlinson and Mr. Rose to be all able and willing to play. Not, indeed, that there is any lack of good players coming on. Mr. Freake's name will suggest itself to everyone.

The correspondence in the *Field*, on facilities for witnessing Polo and the fine new pavilion at Ranelagh must have combined to remind us of the immense growth of polo in public favour. Nothing draws at Hurlingham and Ranelagh, like a really good polo match, and probably the Ranelagh Committee and the Messrs. Miller will not find their fine new pavilion a whit too large for the spectators who crowd to that delightful club on Saturday afternoon. This pavilion, with its fine roof, its comfortable tea-rooms and its attractive appearance, will no doubt be much appreciated by members and their friends. I have not yet heard what the programme is to be for the season, but this at least I can say with confidence, that it will not fall behind the last in attractiveness and interest. There are two young clubs which prospered greatly last year, and which both

proved to supply a vacant place in the ring of polo clubs with which London is surrounded. I refer to Eden Park and the North Middlesex. The latter has obtained a new ground, the original one, in spite of its beautiful situation, being not altogether suitable as regards evenness. This very enterprising young club has secured a piece of land about a mile from the Harrow, Metropolitan and North Western Stations. They will be able to have a full-sized ground, and with a good programme of matches for the season should take a place among polo clubs. Mr. G. B. Games, of Harrow Weald, is the secretary. "Eden Park," writes a friend, "are looking forward to great developments this season." From Dublin the news is very good indeed. Canterng games will begin on the nine Heres probably about the first week in April. The Curragh will, however, be another great centre of polo, for they have a good ground and a polo-loving garrison.

The Dublin garrison has three good polo regiments—the 13th Hussars, Rifle Brigade, and West Kent. There seems, however, to be rather a lack of young blood among the civilian players. Those now playing Mr. Jameson, Captain B. Daly and Captain Steeds are fine players, and seem to have some good ponies. But one would like to hear of some new recruits coming on to follow such good examples.

If we turn again to the Curragh, the 14th Hussars and R.H.A. both mean to play regularly. The 17th Lancers are expected, and the Inniskillings will be there for some six weeks' drill, so that the other regiments will have a chance of trying their mettle against that celebrated team. If we turn from military polo to that of the coun-

ties, most English polo men will be inclined to be envious, for the well-organised county matches of the Sister Island are interesting contests and beneficial to polo. The existence of this tournament undoubtedly encourages the local clubs and raises the standard of play. From Carlow and Sligo come not only good players but some of the best polo ponies in Great Britain. Westmeath, the champion county, seems not unlikely to remain so; there are probably few teams in England, if we put aside the Freebooters and Rugby, which could beat them. Kilkenny is to have a polo club, and I can conceive no soil where the game is more likely to take root than that of Kilkenny, "the land of the chase." In Kildare, polo has a powerful supporter in Colonel de Robeck, the M.F.H. Lord Huntingdon is taking a great interest in the King's County Club, where every encouragement is given to farmers to play.

I confess that, until I read of it in a letter from a friend, I did not know of the forthcoming Polo Pony Show at Balls Bridge, which is to take place on April 17th, so I think it not impossible that others may be in the same state of ignorance. A good many people will probably be there, and I hear that some very good ponies may be picked up by those who are enterprising enough to go over. About ponies in Ireland a friend, than whom there is no better judge, writes:—

"From what I can see, there are any quantity of ponies in Ireland, the best being by such sires as Loved One (since sold to England for £1,000 in consequence of the success of Dinna Forget), Buckshot (but his stock are often bad-tempered), and Watchspring and many others."

With such blood in their veins, the Irish ponies ought to stay and gallop, and there are, no doubt, more Dynamites and Wigs and Skittles to come to the lucky ones. No pony can now hold its own without blood, and the effect of the younger clubs all making full-sized grounds, must tend to increase the pace of the game.

There is a point to which the attention of polo managers might be directed, and that is to the training and bringing on of the younger players. This can only be done by taking considerable pains about the ordinary members' game. The latter are better for several reasons than second-rate matches. In these it is necessary to put players of equal skill together, which, though it may be interesting, is not particularly improving.

Matches must be pre-arranged, and it not seldom happens that one man will be unable to come, and that no suitable substitute can be found. The distracted manager gets hold of anyone at the last moment, and the match is a failure: because the sides are no longer even. Now, if a manager of experience has eight names on a slate before him he will generally be able to make up a good game, and as the names are taken in the order of arrival, inferior players get a chance of improving themselves by playing with, or better still against, a first class man. To a lover of the game what could be more interesting to watch than one of the Hurlingham members' games in 1893-1894. Matches are well enough, and should be arranged for players of all grades, but three or four a week is quite enough to see, and plenty to arrange for satisfactorily.

There is nothing about which I have been more criticised than about my views as to the

moderate expense of polo. Polo is not and need not be an expensive game, and I have collected some figures from friends with the result that I find the calculations which I put forward in "The Game of Polo" last year are rather over than under the mark for play at Hurlingham or Ranelagh, and that they might be reduced by one third for other clubs near London, and by one half or more for players in country clubs.

But I regret to say that a new danger has arisen to polo. A lady's paper has discovered it is cruel—as cruel as stag-hunting! But the funniest thing in a really quaint paragraph, is where the writer becomes quite shrill, assuring the poor ignorant males that the antiquity of the game is no excuse for its cruelty. Whoever said it was, my dear madam? That is purely ladies' logic. If the antiquity of a sin were an excuse for wrong-doing, where would the Ten Commandments come in? If the writer would come and see a game, at all events she will no longer accuse us of beating our ponies *with polo sticks*!

The Hurlingham Committee have seriously taken up the burning question of the County Cup. One suggestion has been made to cancel Rule 2 and substitute "That no one should be allowed to represent a team for the county who has not played regularly throughout the season for that club, and kept at least two playing ponies within ten miles of the club ground."

To this I would add that to the Rule which includes Hurlingham and Ranelagh the following clubs should be added:—Aldershot, Rugby, Woolwich and all regimental teams, as such. Then perhaps we may be able to rival the Irish County Tournament.

T. F. D.







*From a painting by J. L. Agassiz.*

## MAIL COACH.

# Animal Painters.

L.—JACQUES LAURENT AGASSE.

BY SIR WALTER GILBEY, BART.

JACQUES LAURENT AGASSE was a Swiss by birth, having been born in Geneva about the year 1780; he was, however, an Englishman by adoption, as he came to this country in 1800 and, so far as can be ascertained, never left these shores from that date until his death forty-six years later. Of his early life we know nothing beyond the fact that he studied for some years in the Art schools of Paris. Why he forsook the continent so entirely can only be a matter of conjecture; he may have had some powerful incentive for crossing the Channel in search of a refuge, but from the circumstance that one of the first pictures he painted and exhibited in London was a *Portrait of a Horse*, it is at least permissible to suppose that he came to England in the certainty of finding here a more congenial atmosphere and wider scope for the exercise of his talents as an animal painter.

In 1801 we find him, through the medium of the Royal Academy Catalogue, residing at 8, Church Lane, Kensington, then, it need hardly be remarked, an outlying suburb of London. From this address he sent to the Exhibition the equine portrait mentioned. The horse was the property of J. Abbott, Esq. He was not long in England before he became intimate with the

eminent engraver, Charles Turner, a native of Woodstock, near Oxford. Their friendship was evidently based on mutual admiration for each other's ability, for in 1802 they executed two racing pictures — *The Hunters' Stakes*, run for on Port Meadow, Oxford. Turner undertook the landscape and accessories and incidents of the racecourse, Agasse painting the portraits of the horses. These pictures were engraved by Turner and were also published by him on 6th August, 1802, at 56, Warren Street, Fitzroy Square, London. Had Agasse been an Englishman born and bred, his affection for portraying animals and scenes of country life could hardly have been more marked; his bent in these directions was naturally strong, as his Parisian art education could have done little to foster a taste for so essentially an English school of painting. His talents were speedily recognised, and he received numerous commissions from patrons of the turf and other sportsmen. That his works were appreciated and in much request is proved by the number of engravings made from pictures which are to be found in mansions and country houses throughout the country.

He exhibited with a certain degree of regularity, as may be seen by the list of his Royal Academy pictures appended. Between 1801 and 1845 he contributed several works to the various London galleries; twenty-nine of his paintings were hung

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\* Under this heading will be continued monthly the series of brief articles connected with the lives of painters whose works appertain to animal life and sport and who lived between the years 1600 and 1860.

at the Royal Academy; seven were exhibited at the British Institution; five at the exhibitions of the Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street, and two at those of the old Water Colour Society.

In 1810 he painted and exhibited at the British Institution *Evening: Leverets Feeding*, a study from Nature, a canvas 4 ft. 5 in. by 5 ft. 3 in.; also *Returning from Market*, a companion work of equal size.

In the following year he was represented at the British Institution Gallery by another work entitled *Returning from Market*, a canvas of the same size as its predecessor, and by *Hold Fast*, 4ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 8 in.

In 1819 he painted a picture which served to show his mastery of animal portraiture; this was *A Country Fair*, in which appear cattle, sheep and pigs, while the foreground is occupied by a powerful black Shire stallion led by an attendant. The size of this work is 3 ft. by 2 ft. 3 in.

*A Mail Coach* laden with passengers and drawn by four horses and coming at a trot down hill, deserves special mention by reason of the wonderfully clever foreshortening of a subject particularly difficult to handle; the coach is "coming into London," and almost directly towards the spectator. Had the artist never painted anything else the skill of his drawing in this work would alone suffice to prove his talent. The canvas measures 2 ft. 3 in. by 2 ft. 1 in., and was engraved by Charles G. Lewis, the size of the plate being 15 in. by 12 in. The print was published in 1819, and some of the engravings were done in colour.

*A Stage Waggon*, drawn by eight horses, laden with goods and conveying a few country

people, is a companion picture to the *Stage Coach*, and shows admirably the tedious mode of travel available to the poorer classes in pre-railway days. The team of sturdy horses, better adapted for draught than speed, is driven by a man armed with a long whip who rides alongside on a pony and keeps the leading pairs up to the collar. In this work, again we have a fine example of technique: the waggon is approaching along a level country road, so that the spectator looks into the cumbrous waggon almost over the ears of the leaders. This picture was also engraved by Charles G. Lewis, and was published in 1819; the size of the plate was 15 in. by 12 in. As in the case of the *Stage Coach*, some of these engravings were painted in colours. *Old Smithfield Market* is another work which deserves special notice. This is a view of the market at the busiest hour: the great square enclosed by houses, including St. Bartholomew's Hospital, is thronged with men gathered about the cattle pens; horses of all descriptions figure prominently in the foreground, the central group consisting of a big grey Shire horse, which the owner is obviously trying to sell to a gentleman. The possible buyer is evidently a brewer, for a drayman in leather apron is closely examining the horse's legs. This picture was painted in 1826, and was engraved by C. G. Lewis; the plate, which measures 21 in. by 15 in., compares favourably with that of the *Hunters at Grass*, which Lewis engraved for Sir Edwin Landseer.

A letter written by Charles G. Lewis to Messrs. Vokins, which is in the possession of the writer, has interest in this connection, Mr. Lewis writes from Bog-

nor, Sussex, on 16th January, 1880, with reference to engravings.

"The *Old Smithfield Market* was engraved by me for my father, as I was under age, in a style of engraving hardly ever used now, viz., *aquatinta*; it was done for a Mr. Moore who lived somewhere near Seven Dials, fifty-four years ago, when I was 18 years old, and was from a painting by one Agasse, a Swiss. Some time before, my late excellent father engraved in the same style from the same painter a plate of *The Royal Mail*, with four horses coming down a steep hill. The foreshortening of the horses was wonderfully well done."

"*The Royal Mail*" is no doubt the name by which Mr. Lewis remembers the picture referred to above as "*A Stage Coach*," his slight but discriminating description of it applying with great justice. Mr. Lewis comments upon the unfitness of an individual whose name he gives to carry on the task of compiling "that celebrated catalogue of painters and engravers," published by Mr. Böhn; his unfitness for the task being proved by his omission to make any mention of "this clever painter and 35 others of note." Similar omissions in kindred works have called for remark with some frequency in the course of this series; but to revert to Mr. Lewis' letter, which gives a glimpse of the artist as a man of kindly and helpful disposition, "Agasse would commonly assist painters in equestrian portraits because he said they could not 'put the man on the horse.'" An artist's technical knowledge of horsemanship is perhaps more crucially tested by the manner in which he "puts the man on the horse" than by any other part of his drawing; and certain it is that the Swiss was well competent to lend the assistance which Mr. Lewis tells us was commonly at the disposal of less gifted brother

artists. Agasse "lived in a plain manner in Cleveland Square, near to where John Linnell met with his wife, and where Mulready lodged when he first married—close to you. I can now see Agasse taking his snuff!" In regard to the "close to you," it should be added that the letter from which quotation is made was addressed to Messrs. J. and W. Vokins at the premises they occupied in 1880 in Great Portland Street. Though hardly germane to the subject it is not possible to refrain from calling attention to the excellence of the engraving of *The Old Smithfield Market*; it is truly a marvellous piece of work to have been accomplished by a young man of eighteen years of age. It would appear from the phrasing of the letter that the work had been entrusted to Lewis senior, who deputed his son to execute the plate; but however that may be, the artist received full measure of justice at the hands of the younger man. It is noteworthy that Mr. Chas. G. Lewis should, after the lapse of over half a century, recall the most conspicuous merit of *A Stage Coach* picture, namely, the remarkably clever foreshortening of the team.

Like many other artists who are best known for their presentments of animal life or of sporting scenes, Agasse excelled also as a portrait painter. Several of his Royal Academy pictures were likenesses, and some of his best known works are portraits of prominent men, with favourite horses or dogs.

*Lord Rivers* (George Pitt, 4th Baron) is a good example of its kind. His lordship is represented on horseback, accompanied by another gentleman, also in the saddle; in the near background are a brace of greyhounds and a shepherd with his sheep-dog. The

size of the canvas is 2 feet 5 inches by 3 feet.

*Lord Rivers* forms the central figure in another picture of coursing interest. This is a portrait of his lordship clad in old-fashioned dress, tall hat, long sparrow-tailed coat, breeches and top-boots with spurs; he carries a walking-cane under his arm, and is represented standing in a park with a brace of greyhounds, one stretched on the grass, the other standing by his side. This picture was engraved by J. Porter, the size of plate being 13 inches by 16 inches; the print was published by M. Colnaghi, 23, Cockspur Street, Charing Cross.

*Hares and Leverets*, another of the artist's studies from Nature, was engraved in mezzotint by C. Turner, the size of the plate being 24 inches by 18 inches.

*Preparing to Start and Coming In*, companion works, were also engraved in mezzotint by C. Turner, the plates measuring 24 inches by 16 inches.

*The Wellesley Arabian* formed the subject of one of Agasse's most successful horse portraits. This beautiful picture shows the horse in the subdued light of the stable, and against the dark background the grey horse stands out, perfect in outline and modelling. It will be remembered that this horse was one of two, the Wellesley Grey and Chestnut Arabians which were brought to this country from India in 1803 by the brother of the Marquis of Wellesley. A note on the two in Vol. I. of the General Stud Book says they were "evidently not Arabians, but Gulf, *i.e.*, Persians;

the former was a horse of good shape, with the size and substance of an English hunter." The horse, as painted by Agasse, has not the characteristics of the typical high caste Arab; he lacks something of the fulness of barrel, and his tail is neither so thin nor set on so high: details confirming the "Stud Book" record, and proving also the artist's talent for nice perception of equine points. This work was engraved, and the plate measures 22 inches by 18 inches.

List of 29 Pictures exhibited in the Royal Academy by Jacques Laurent Agasse, 8, Church Lane, Kensington:—

- Year.  
 1801 (2) A Disagreeable Situation—Portrait of a Horse, the property of J. Abbot, Esq.  
 1802 (2) Portrait of Gaylass—The Resting Place.  
 1803 Landscape and Cattle.  
 1804 Inside View of an Ale-house Stable.  
 1805 The Horse-dealer.  
 1806 A Race-ground.  
 1807 The Rustic Repast.  
 1808 Portrait of a Lady.  
 1810 Portrait of an Arabian Horse, the property of the Right Hon. Lord Heathfield.  
 1811 Portrait of a Gentleman on Horseback.  
 1812 The Break.  
 1817 Market Day.  
 1818 Landing at Westminster Bridge.  
 1819 Portrait of Lord Rivers.  
 1820 A Snowy Morning.  
 1821 (2) Portraits—The Hard Word.  
 1822 The Romping Girl.  
 1823 The Flower Cart.  
 1824 Portrait of a Lady.  
 1829 The Contrast.  
 1832 Portrait of a Gentleman.  
 1833 Portrait of a Lady.  
 1842 A Fishmonger's Shop.  
 1843 Making the Most of their Pen'orth.  
 1844 "No More for Sale on this Land"—Scene in a Zoological Garden.  
 1845 The Important Secret.

## Rosemary.\*

BRED at the Quorn, and so true to her breeding,  
Light in her colour of lemon and white,  
Rosy's fair daughter is eagerly leading  
The pack through the covert and guiding them right.

True to the blood, could you doubt it with Clasper,  
Clasper of Warwickshire fame for her sire?  
Boring her way through the fence. Such a rasper!  
Look, she is still full of courage and fire.

Varied the line, ever twisting and turning  
Over the fallow, so heartless and cold,  
Rosemary leads, look at Rosemary learning  
The way of her fox on the cold scenting wold.

Sharp and decisive her note, you can hear her  
Speak through the blended and varying cry,  
Every hound trusts her, and strives to get near her,  
Hark to it, Rosemary! Rosemary, try!

Steady. Who-whoop. Gone to ground. How they scramble  
Yes, they have hunted each yard of the way,  
Yonder the earth is, just under the bramble,  
Leave it. The vixen has cubs, I should say.

After at night, in my dreams I am riding  
Still by the side of the hounds as they stream  
Faster and faster, the chestnut is striding,  
Gaining on most of the field, it would seem.

Faster and faster, I hear the dull thunder  
Of the roll of the gallop come over the plain,  
Hark! am I sleeping or waking? I wonder,  
Rosemary opens again and again.

W. PHILLPOTTS WILLIAMS,  
Author of "Over the Open."

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\* A bound in the Wilton Foxhound Kennels.

## The Early Trout.

To the majority of sportsmen the approach of spring, with "they stinkin vilets," is far indeed from being regarded with feelings such as those of which the poets write so gushingly. If "the young man's fancy" does "lightly turn to thoughts of love," it is because the hunting and shooting being over, he has nothing else to do.

The young bachelor, then, who confines his attention to winter sports is hardly prudent. Let him learn betimes to tempt the early trout. By next spring he will have learned to mourn less deeply the advent of the violet, and perhaps his sensations will be almost those now felt by the veteran fly-fisher who has been trying to console himself with grayling through the winter months.

Fly-fisher's fever! As I write the words the symptoms all appear. An itching elbow, hands that long to clasp the rod once more, and an inner eye that sees strange visions of certain favourite bends in some familiar river, dotted by rings and dimples. As the disease develops one can almost hear the well known stream-side sounds. Loudest are the rooks, as, home returning to their new hatched nestlings, each gives a satisfied "caw, caw," while settling for the night. Fainter is the sound, so dear to angler's ears, of the "plop, plop" of rising trout, and following this perhaps, the music of the reel, as the first victim fights his stubborn battle, to be concluded by a landing net.

And this fever is contagious, and a fishing club the very place to catch it; yet no true angler shuns his club in spring-time. Not the most severely calm, and

almost apathetic looking man, the dry-fly master, can keep quite clear of such a catching malady as this, for I well remember the last letter that I had from such a man; and in it he complained (not bitterly I own) that all the symptoms were appearing then.

Not the wet-fly fisher. He is fairly mad to fish when March begins, and if a free man, is soon flying south. And the men who like both methods, in their place and time, are equally excited, though some may carefully conceal it. But let us not divide our ranks, like Eton "men," into dry-bobs and wet, for every year I think the methods tend to fuse, and each "practitioner" begins to see more in his rival's way of "killing" than at first appeared.

Talking of the doctors, it really seems to me that no profession musters quite so strongly by the trout stream as the medical. The parsons doubtless run them close, but some few of these still think the occupation which their founders followed "cruel," whereas a doctor—well, he thinks nothing of sticking his knife into *you* if necessary, and what is a hook to a fish?

Pleasant it is to fish in company like this. Recklessly you can cast with more flies than one, and if a hook prefers your finger to a fish's nose, what matters? Does it not make the doctor quite cheerful to have an interesting case (though if it is an eyed-hook with the barb buried in your thumb you will not share his humour, as I know from grim experience) and does he not make short work of any little trouble of that sort?

Next to doctors come, I think,



the lawyers as fishing chums, in spite of all sinister stories of their origin. They do not try to get the better of you by the river-side.

Returning to our more immediate subject—at this early season the angler will do well to take a trip to Devon, or to Wales. South Devonshire is the earliest of all districts for the trout, and of its rivers certainly the Otter is the first in which the fish are in condition. I went once in April and was told that I was "late." March is said to be the best month here, and for taking heavy baskets it may be, but the condition of the trout cannot, of course, be what it is in May and June.

In the home counties April is the opening month, and even then the fishing to be had is of a different nature from that obtainable in summer weather. On the Darent, wet-fly methods will now prove useful, though in the summer it is, in most parts, a genuine dry-fly river. To put up a tiny olive and fish it dry, and only over rising fish, would now be tedious work indeed, for only now and then in sheltered corners, and about high noon, will you find a fish on steady feeding bent.

Rather than depend on a rare chance like this, most anglers in the early spring will mount a pair of flies—say March-brown and Soldier-palmer—and these, attached to a length of "fine undrawn," will dance upon the ripples where lusty trout now lurk, invisible to any but the sharpest eyes. When, on calm and sunny afternoons, you find this method does not answer, the dry fly should at once be substituted, and you can stalk your fish once more in true artistic fashion.

On the moors of course the chances for dry-fly are few and

far between; and the rough and ready method carries all before it, at least in spring.

While admitting the superior skill and science which the dry-fly man can fairly claim, I think that few sensations can be finer than that of issuing forth on a bright breezy morning, with a chosen companion, from some little inn far up the hills, and fishing all the sweet spring day, remote from haunts of men, and taking, with but little pains, good store of mountain trout. If the basket-strap does cut your shoulder as you wend your homeward way over the springy turf, you will not complain, unless indeed, as I have once experienced, a biggish stone has been slyly added to the trout by your somewhat too high-spirited companion.

One great advantage these spring outings have. Given decent weather, you are sure of sport, and even failing conspicuous success your day is bound to charm, if only you can use your eyes and ears; for are not all the birds in brilliant courting plumage and in full strength of song?

In late summer and in autumn all this is wanting, and though the ousel may still flit in front of you from stone to stone, as he flirts his tail and shows his snowy waistcoat, his song is mute. It is true the birds will now and then make love in autumn, and I have seen a pair of kingfishers, in September, zig-zagging up and down a stream in quite a spring-like way, and looking splendid in their livery of blue.

However, scenery and birds may be all very well, you say; but after all it is sport of which we want to hear.

Let us go then a little into detail. The fish, not only in Axe and Otter and Exe, but also in the Dart, and even further west, are now

getting strong and sportive; and by early May there are records in my diary of fair all-round sport both there and in the Test.

As early as April 2nd I see also a note of good trout from Darenth; one was well over the pound, and took a Soldier-palmer in grand style and was in fair condition, though some other fish, I remember, seemed to have put their bellies into mourning, and one or two I put back to recover.

As April wanes and May comes on, of course the angler's tactics alter, and the patient, gentle ways of the confirmed dry-flyer become once more effective; and by the end of May no self-respecting angler will appear without his little bottle (not of whisky) from

the contents of which he gives his flies to drink, and—makes them “dry.”

The early angler has but little need of “parollin,” and will perhaps almost regret the changing season that compels such change of methods. If so, his course is clear. By flying northwards he can prolong his spring, for in Scotch burns I have had the most amusing sport well into June (with flies both wet and numerous), and those outings are not the least enchanting of the memories of spring adventures with a fishing-rod which haunt my memory. May this season bring to me, and all my brother anglers, just such merry sport.

J. PAUL TAYLOR.

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## Hounds on the Show Bench.

It is a curious fact that the “Kennel Club,” which of late has done much good work for the kennel world in general, and which can boast of bringing together at its autumn show the very cream of almost all known breeds, should yet so utterly fail to attract representatives of our chief English sports, that “Foxhound,” “Harrier” and “Otter-hound” classes are now not even offered.

The numerous foreign visitors always attracted to the great Crystal Palace exhibition, may search the building over and be unable to find even one English Foxhound.

Why is this? The usual answer is:—The hound show at Peterborough provides for foxhounds and harriers, and the true otter-hound is almost extinct,

being beaten at his own work by the all-absorbing foxhound.

The answer does not bear examination. Many a breed further gone and much less interesting than the true otter-hound has been resuscitated by careful breeders helped by the Kennel Club, and hundreds of shows provide for other breeds which are yet well to the front at the Palace. If the competition list at Peterborough be examined, it will be found that very few kennels are really represented there, a mere handful when compared with the hunting establishments maintained in this country, while the results are emphatically produced by the numerous skilled and enthusiastic breeders who devote their time and attention to hound-breeding.

Peterborough is, in fact considered, rightly or wrongly, too close a borough for this democratic age, and it is alleged restrictions limit competition more than is desirable.

It is sometimes said, the prize money offered by the Kennel Club is totally insufficient to attract. Yet the owners of Pointers, Setters, and Retrievers are liberal supporters of the Show, and it is difficult to believe that Masters of Hounds more carefully scan the possible balance-sheet than the owners of other breeds who find indirect compensation for what certainly appears to be a very small profit, even if complete success crowns the venture. Besides, hound-breeders could by combination, as is done by others, offer extremely valuable additions to the official prize list. It seems clear the true answer has not yet been given.

I believe the real obstacle exists in the circumstances under which hounds would be shown and judged. If these could be changed, and I think I shall be able to show but a slight change would be necessary at the Kennel Club exhibition, I can see no possible reason why we should not have as fine a show of all our English hounds as any Englishman could desire to see or any foreigner interested to observe.

The place of meeting is most central, and the time most suitable, for the serious business of the hunting season has not commenced. What a school it would be for young Masters or future Masters, who perhaps have seldom or never closely examined hounds outside their own packs. Here we might have the best representatives of the leading kennels. It would be seen which are home-bred. Who has got a real strain, and what are its char-

acteristics in appearance. Who depends upon purchases to maintain a reputation. Which kennel is strong in any particular point that may be desired, and which is weak. What an assistance this would be when seeking fresh blood. Stud-hounds can be inspected, and useful drafts sold or bought without the misunderstandings which so often arise from a written correspondence and description. The intelligent foreigner would know where to seek the stamp of hound he most admires, and the rich man, to whom money is of little object if he gets what he pays for, but who has too much sense to pay for what does not suit him, has an opportunity of seeing the very hound he needs, perhaps belonging to a poorer man who can be tempted to part by an offer which is big to the one and of no consequence to the other. Then what an opportunity such a meeting would afford for comparing of notes and discussing different points in the presence of the specimens. The man of fifty years ago meets the man of to-day, and of course mourns over the departed glory of the past. The man of to-day discounts some of the wonders of old time, but learns perhaps a wholesome lesson respecting type, and lays to heart an admonition regarding a tendency to depart from true type in order to breed in or out some particular point.

Upon the whole, the advantages of an annual hound show at a time and place when all canine lovers meet together are so obvious, it is clear that the objections felt must be really serious.

Let us consider them.

The very first question asked by any breeder really interested in his hounds is, "Who is to judge?" Upon the reply to that question really everything depends.

That a judge is honest and has an excellent general idea of what a good hound should be like, is not sufficient to attract entries from sporting kennels. Owners are invited to take much trouble, spend much money, more time, and run some risk. They will not in any number do it for an honest opinion from a capable man, but it is quite a different story if their hounds are to come before an acknowledged expert whose opinion is of real value, who has his heart in the breed, knows all its characteristics, breeds them, owns them, hunts them, or has done so himself, and who would go straight in his decisions, not for the sake of "honesty" or "policy," but because he loves them too well to regard for a moment who is at "the other end of the chain."

Such a judge may make, in the opinion of other men, a mistake (there will always be room for and sure to be criticism), but it will never be the result of ignorance, carelessness, or hurry, and his opinion will always be valued by those who are interested in their hounds apart from the profit to be derived from them.

How necessary it is that the judge should be one of the highest authorities upon the breed on which he is to adjudicate, and known to be such, is shown by recent experiences. A very few years ago one of the oldest English breeds, "the beagle," was seldom to be seen at a show. Admirers of the breed watched with anxiety the gradual disappearance of the real type and the substitution of dwarf hounds of any type. Peterborough, the only show at which beagles appeared in any number was doing real harm. The mania for pace had seized the present generation of

owners, their hounds must be larger, more foxhound like. The true harrier had been practically lost in the medium sized foxhound years ago, and the beagle seemed destined to become merely a smaller variety of the same breed. The *Field* and the *Stock Keeper* newspapers struck emphatic notes of warning; the latter in one report on Peterborough Show stating, "nothing found favour with the judges but large specimens of the harrier type, small hounds not standing the ghost of a chance. . . . The introduction of harrier blood was plainly visible."

In the face of such a danger as this many beagle breeders formed themselves into a club for the preservation of the old English beagle. The Kennel Club was approached and gave a willing consent to a proper classification at their great show; the value of the prizes was materially increased, and others offered for "teams" and "couples." The result was a rapid increase in beagle entries and beagle popularity; but one year came a mistake which went dangerously near undoing the very object with which this show has been so liberally supported by breeders. The Kennel Club invited a gentleman to judge beagles who has had considerable hound experience, but it so happened that his liking for this particular breed was—well, limited; evidently bounded on one side by a love of harriers, on another by an all-devouring passion for bull-dogs, and elsewhere by irritation against the special prizes he had to award. This judge's published report to the Kennel Club disclosed the fact that "he had gone for a harrier type of beagle, although quite aware the others more resemble the original beagle," but

the legs and feet of the harrier type he considered better for real work. The Club competitions, which included those for "couples" and "teams" (the most interesting of all to hound lovers), were denounced as "those awful specials," and no secret was made of a burning anxiety to escape from the beagles and embrace the bull dog classes which came next on his list.

Now, such a report produced in lovers of the real beagle, much the same feeling as we can imagine would arise in the breast of a Master of Foxhounds or Harriers, should a Kennel Club judge report that he had judged foxhounds on "bloodhound lines," although he knew they were not true foxhounds, yet he had found their scenting powers more acute; or a fox terrier on Irish terrier lines, because he had found such were quicker at their work and had more dash.

Of course, every man is fully entitled to his own opinion, and to breed for his own use whatever pleases him best, but clearly exhibitors interested in the purity of a breed will not spend money and time unless the Kennel Club can secure the services as judge of one who is equally interested as well as specially capable.

The next point is that when the judge has been secured, he does not get a fair opportunity of doing his work correctly. That this objection is in too many instances well founded, every one who has watched the proceedings in a judging ring must be aware. How on earth can a large class of hounds be properly judged crowded up together in a small ring closely pressed by strangers and strange hounds? Those which are young and those naturally nervous can be seen cowering behind each other and seeking

shelter behind the legs of their only friend; from this they are in turn pulled out "for inspection."

To judge a hound, we need to see him at all events comparatively free, we must watch him move, observe his shoulders, his action, carriage of stern, note his "expression," and the numberless little things which go to make up type and quality.

Is it not absurd to suppose that all these points can be correctly noted concerning an unfortunate hound pulled at the end of a chain through a crowd of people into a crowd of strange hounds, and then personally conducted a distance of at the most five yards out and five back again in order to display form and action!!

Yet such are the conditions under which hounds would be judged to-day and are indeed judged when they venture to put in an appearance. At the recent Earl's Court Show both foxhounds and harriers were judged in a corner absolutely too small for the swinging of the proverbial cat.

The remedy, so far as the Kennel Club is concerned, appears very simple. The Show is held at the Crystal Palace, attached to which are acres of splendid grounds where hounds could be seen at their best, and terraces innumerable on which they and those interested could meet and have ample freedom for display. The numberless "courts" and "galleries" within the Palace would always provide an alternative in unfavourable weather.

A third objection is, that a three day show is too long for a hound totally unaccustomed to being tied up by the neck, involving as it does his absence from kennel for five days. This difficulty could without much trouble be met by extending to hounds

drawn from a pack the rule which allows all dogs under 12 months to be removed at the end of the second day. If care were taken to locate all hound classes near the grounds "exit" where "the toys" were placed during the last show, then hounds would be a section by themselves and no confusion could arise.

The last objection which I propose to examine is a very serious one. It is often stated, that whatever the reason may be, shows have been injurious rather than helpful to many breeds. Now, this is a fact. The danger of too much showing is well displayed in the Basset hound of to-day, for very soon after its introduction to this country as a working hound, it became popular as a show dog, and a large class of Basset hounds is a feature of most important shows; but mark the result. Every characteristic has been grossly exaggerated, and a hound which originally had precious few points about it which an Englishman likes to see in a hound, is to-day often a hopeless blind cripple not even able to stand on his feet in a show ring. Skilled "showers" can be seen by the careful observer holding their "exhibits" so short on the chain that their fore-feet do not really rest on the ground, and when in an unguarded moment the chain is relaxed then the Basset is quickly on his joints.

The Basset Hound Club lately made an effort to remedy this by passing a rule that all prize-winners must be *capable* of working. That such a rule should have become necessary speaks volumes, but a leading breeder and judge at shows writes to the Press strongly objecting to such a rule, and says "no one at a show can tell this"; exactly, but under different conditions they

could, and the Kennel Club, which provides all sorts of field trials for pointers and setters, might at least give their hound judges an opportunity of deciding if a hound is capable of work. The same writer and judge warns breeders that they are breeding hounds too long in the leg, and considers three to four inches of leg amply sufficient; comment on a very long, big-bodied, heavy hound with three-inch legs appears unnecessary from a sporting point of view. As a sporting dog he must be practically useless, and dog show judges are responsible. It is a curious fact that these gentlemen *will* so often encourage exaggerations which eventually spoil a breed. For instance, if the published standard of perfection says "ears long," a specimen is one day introduced with ears of abnormal length; the ordinary judge seems to say, "Marvellous ears, wonderful!" Now, these really are "long ears," they must be encouraged, and the prize card does encourage every other exhibitor to try and get into the money by breeding similar ears.

Yet "the standard of perfection" said nothing about extreme length, and such may really be as much a fault in one direction as a short ear would be in the other. The specimen might be of great value for crossing with others deficient in ear, but in himself should not be encouraged by a strong judge unless other points carried him to the head of affairs. Again, when judging beagles, great stress is very properly laid upon "legs and feet," but unless closely watched we shall lose type in order to get an excess of bone; already, as has been pointed out, one judge has practically proclaimed, "Give me legs and perish type." What madness! a beagle is a hound over which we shoot,

perhaps hunt a hare once or even twice a week for a few hours, more often rabbits or a drag. He should have little, hard, straight legs sufficiently good for the work he has to do, no more is necessary or even advisable, for the beagle is on too small a scale for anything superfluous. I cannot but think that much of the demand for extra boned legs arises from a desire to copy foxhounds, and the talk of a foxhound kennel; it seems to be overlooked that a wide difference exists between the work to be performed by the two breeds. The foxhound has often eight or nine miles of road work before hunting begins, then some hours of tedious drawing or hard galloping over ground of every kind and description, then many weary miles of road home again, and a big heavy body to be carried through it all. Immense bone and power is here absolutely essential, and a foxhound would be useless without it. Obviously for the sake of appearances a beagle should have nice straight legs with sufficient bone for strength and durability; but, as a matter of fact, he can do his usual work right well with very inferior looking legs, as any master of beagles can testify. The sacrifice of type in order to secure "foxhound" or "harrier" legs should be resisted by everyone having the interest of the breed as a breed at heart.

Another very pregnant example is the fox-terrier, originally a good working hard bitten sort, able and ready to do his work underground and far from all assistance, to-day a fashionable show dog. The judges must have strong straight legs on these terriers, certainly, and they have got them, strong, straight, *and* long enough to carry a dog three times the correct size for a work-

ing terrier. The fox-terrier to-day is on stilts, and show-goers are so accustomed to the sight, and the process has been so gradual, the absurdity of the thing does not seem to occur to them. Lately the demand has been for a longer head, and competition has produced fox-terriers with heads as long as a street; absurd and useless, for it is too often length without power, and we find paper-faced brutes all "points," doubtless, but with the terrier devil effectually exorcised, leaving them apparently most desirable occupants for a "happy family cage."

The British bull-dog is yet another instance in point, but a few years ago full of hard muscle and activity, a neat whip tail, ready in spirit and able in body to go anywhere and do anything, with intellect enough to be an intelligent, interesting companion. To-day he is a hideous deformity, barely capable of walking any distance, in many cases a rank coward, often a semi-idiot, and the possessor of a short, thick, twisted tail which would have made the old breeders shudder. There are brilliant exceptions, of course, but it must be remembered the ordinary amateur dealer and showman breeds what the judges go for; he may know it is wrong, but he is not going to offer self-sacrifice upon the altar of type and character. To remunerate himself he must at all risks keep at the top of the tree, for the ignorant public always follow the awards. Thus the faults of one decade become the fashion of the next.

Such is the case against "showing," but strong as it is, it will be seen that in reality most of these evils come from over showing and constantly bringing dogs before the same judges. There is nothing which need frighten us from a great open annual English

hound show which would be both interesting and beneficial. It will come, and sooner rather than later, either by the independent effort of those interested or by Peterborough bringing itself up to date and meeting modern requirements. The Kennel Club is, however, surely the proper body to undertake it in conjunction with

their autumn show. Given

- (1) Reasonable and considerate regulations,
  - (2) Proper accommodation, and
  - (3) An acknowledged expert to judge each variety,
- then success would be found quickly following upon the effort.

WALTER R. CROFTON.

## “Desire.”

(A MEMORY.)

I saw her at “four” running loose in a field  
 As free as a bird in the air;  
 I saw her launch high over five feet of rails,  
 A beautiful young chestnut mare;  
 Long, low to the ground standing close on “16,”  
 Thoroughbred—in the “book” Dam and Sire;  
 I bought her, I schooled her, I taught her “the trick,”  
 And I called my new chestnut “Desire.”

I called her “Desire,” a vain name at best,  
 The desire “of the moth for the star,”—  
 The desire to do—what *no* other could do,  
 To stand out alone and afar  
 From the rest of the ruck. To take her own place  
 To distance the speedy and fast,  
 To “show them the way” to “cut out the work”  
 And *lead*—from the first to the last.

I called her “Desire”—the desire to excel,  
 To sail on serenely in front,  
 To rival the falcon in dash—for a start  
 And squander the pick of the hunt,  
 To clear without effort the boundary fence,  
 To “arch” o’er the high post and rail,  
 To fling far behind her the bank swoll’n brook  
 In the maddening rush o’er the vale.

Desire! Desire! she was all that I wished,  
 She was *all* that I ever desired;  
 How she shook her lean head, how she “laid herself down”  
 And jumped, till the rest were all tired.  
 She did two days a week and she trotted home sound  
 Tho’ sodden with rain was the ‘shire,  
 And she won the “Hunt Cup” in the commonest trot,  
 My beautiful fancy—“Desire.”



Desire! Desire! the fault was my own,  
I should not have tried you *too* high,  
The "take off" was rotten, I ought to have known  
It could *not* be done at a "fly."  
But I loosed her down at it, she took the bit free,  
And covered the lot in her stride,  
Ditch—fence—ditch and rail—'twas the last leap for her—  
And for me—the last glad joyous ride.

For—over extended—she slipped on the turf  
All hard underneath from the frost,  
Pecked—stumbled—recovered—went down—broke her neck,  
And I—I lie here to my cost!—  
Crushed, crippled and helpless—the day closing fast,  
Alone with the flickering fire,  
Yet the time seems to shorten—the pain seems to pass—  
As I dream of my buried "Desire."

H. C. BENTLEY.

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## Staghounds at Bath and Cheltenham.

TIME was, it is no longer ago than 1825, when the Berkeley hounds hunted not only the district over which they now show such excellent sport, but over what are now the Cotswold, North Cotswold, and I think Croome countries as well, or at any rate a portion of it, consequently they travelled about a good deal and a man located in one place was able to enjoy comparatively little hunting unless he was prepared to go very long distances—which in these days would be considered prohibitive without the railway. In the absence of the foxhounds, which only hunted round Cheltenham for a month at the time then, harriers were welcomed and Dr. Townshend of Cleeve, a fine old sportsman, and a good man to hounds, kept a very excellent pack which afforded much acceptable sport to the residents in and around Cheltenham. There was always a tinge of fashion about Cheltenham. People used to go

there partly for its gaiety, partly for the waters, and partly for the hunting.

In due course, however, the worthy Dr. Townshend began to suffer from *Anno Domini*; he did not care to keep up the hounds any longer, so he made a present of them to the Cheltenham people who forthwith established the Cheltenham Harriers in 1825, making it a subscription pack under a Committee, who at once passed a resolution that every hare killed should be sent to the occupier of the farm on which the kill took place; they begged the landowners and farmers to come out with them, and—how history repeats itself—they begged their field to be careful to commit no unnecessary damage. Before the season began the inevitable dinner was held at the Plough Hotel, once a very favourite resort of hunting men, Lord Dunally presiding over a large company, of which over forty subscribed to the hounds.

For something like a dozen years the Cheltenham harriers showed excellent sport, and amused those living in and around Cheltenham. One fine evening, after a day with Lord Fitzhardinge's hounds, half-a-dozen hunting men were dining together at the Plough Hotel, one of the company being a new arrival. He had seen something of stag-hunting on Exmoor, and had enjoyed a few days with the King's Stag-hounds and the Surrey pack. Hunting "shop" was talked *ad lib.*, as may be supposed, when the new chum said, "Why don't you fellows turn your harriers into stag-hounds; you're nearly sure of a run and you won't potter about round about a dozen fields." The idea was taken up at once, and so in consequence of the feeling in favour of stag-hunting, a meeting of the subscribers was held at Cheltenham in January (Captain the Hon. Craven Berkeley in the chair), and it was resolved that the harriers should be converted into stag-hounds, while it was announced that Lord Seagrave would supply the deer. In the following week the stag-hound project approached somewhat towards completion. The town subscription was stated to be about £300, while in a short time the hunting fraternity had subscribed between £200 and £300; there was therefore every chance of the £500 required for starting capital being raised, while Captain the Hon. Craven Berkeley had agreed to accept the post of Master of the new pack.

How long Captain Craven Berkeley remained Master of the pack I do not quite know; but I think that, after about four or five years of mastership, the Captain resigned in favour of a Committee, who carried on the hunt for some time. At any rate, in 1843, there

was a meeting at the Assembly Rooms, Cheltenham, for the purpose of considering how the hunt was in future to be carried on. The hunting men said that if the town would find £200 a year, a pack would be continued in an efficient state and the tradesmen at once guaranteed the above amount.

The sport shown by the pack appears all along to have been of the best description and from the many records of runs I clip this one. In mid-December, 1845, Elkstone was the fixture, a vale meet, when the weather was as balmy as on any spring day, but on the Cotswold Hills the wind was chilly, and, on the pack being laid on, scent was not of the best. Miss Hampton was the hind uncartered, and she went away at once in the direction of Beach Pike, and when pointing for Winstone, which she scarcely reached she turned for Daglingworth, reached Cotswold House and running thence to Badington Village made her way to Cerney over Barrett's Brook, which like all open water stopped a good many of the field. After the brook the deer went close to Cirencester, crossed the Northleach Road, in the Stone-wall country, and going through Barnsley Village went to the Ready Token, and then crossed the Bibury Brook, which stopped some more of the field. After soiling in the brook the deer went away as fresh as paint for Williamstrip Park, then as now the residence of the Beach family, ran close to Bibury racecourse—that was before the Bibury races were held at Stockbridge. It then appeared as though the hind were making for Burford, but she turned for Bradwell Grove, one of the favourite Heythrop meets and was eventually taken on Williamstrip Common. This excellent run

extended into four counties, Gloucestershire, Wiltshire, Oxfordshire and Berkshire, and eleven parishes were crossed, the whole taking place over a fine hunting country. The distance was estimated at 24 miles, and although not the longest run of the Cheltenham Staghounds, was certainly one of the best, the distance having been covered in less than two hours and a half, it is said. Out of a field of a hundred four only saw the finish.

In the month of October, 1846, when Mr. Robinson, who had been in office for a year or two, was Master, another meeting was held at the Cheltenham Assembly Rooms, at which a large number of hunting men and tradesmen were present. Lord Dunally, who had well supported the pack, was in the chair. The Master spoke at great length, describing the operations of the pack and strongly urged that, in the interests of all, the hunt should be kept up efficiently. From the secretary's statement it appeared that the year's expenditure exceeded the receipts by £120; but the stock in hand was an important set-off against this deficiency. Several speakers made suggestions for putting the hunt on a better footing, and arrangements were agreed to for holding the opening meet of the season in front of the Queen's Hotel on the 12th November. When, however, the Berkeley hounds hunted the Cheltenham—now the Cotswold—country, the staghounds were out once a week only; but when they were located in other districts they were out twice a week. Mr. Robinson's stable contained some first-rate horses for himself and huntsman.

In 1847, Mr. Theobald, who came from near Abingdon, in Berkshire, succeeded Mr. A.

Robinson as Master; the town guarantee of £200 was almost made up, while the hunting brotherhood having guaranteed their proportion of the £700 required by Mr. Theobald, the commercial side of the Cheltenham and Cotswold staghounds was considered fairly satisfactory. By agreement the hounds were to be out once a week while the Berkeley pack was in the Cheltenham country, and thrice in a week when it was in distant places. In the second week of October Mr. Theobald made his entry into Cheltenham with hounds, horses, men, and a deer-cart, and was met at the Plough Hotel by a large concourse of spectators. The stud numbered sixteen horses, and there were 25 couples of hounds. Mr. Theobald arrived on the Wednesday before the "Mop Fair," which was held on the Thursday, so the Master strolled abroad and took the opportunity of making the acquaintance of some of the Cotswold farmers, all of whom promised him a "turn out" whenever he liked. The 22nd of October saw the opening day, when his huntsman, Sam Ritler, two whippers-in, and second horsemen, came to the Queen's Hotel. Mr. Theobald was met by one of the largest fields ever seen in Cheltenham, while a number of people in carriages and on foot were present. On being uncarted the deer went away for the Leckhampton hills, and was not retaken until after a long run.

At this point there arises a little difficulty. Both Mr. Charles Palk Collyns, the author of "The Chase of the Wild Red Deer," and the Hon. John Fortescue in "Hunting on Exmoor," say that in the year 1849 recourse was had, for the purpose of obtaining a Master for the Devon and

Somerset Staghouuds, to a "foreigner"—*i.e.*, some one who was not a native of the West Country. Mr. Collyns says that at the request of the subscribers Mr. Theobald brought into the field a fine pack of hounds, which had been hunting the carted deer, in the Cheltenham country. Mr. Theobald entertained the idea that a wild deer which was not regularly trained and exercised would fall an easy prey to a pack able to run up to a paddock-fed deer or "stall-fed calf," as Mr. Collyns prefers to phrase it, with some of that intolerance which so often characterises men who like one phase of sport and do not care about another. Mr. Theobald, however, after a two months' stay in the Devon and Somerset country, in the course of which he killed three deer only, retired, admitting that his estimate of the powers of the wild red deer had been wrong.

Now in July, 1850, we find Mr. Theobald attending an adjourned meeting of the subscribers of the Cheltenham and Cotswold Staghouuds. Mr. Hulbert and Mr. Humphreys had been appointed to wait upon Lord Fitzhardinge, who had expressed the pleasure it would give him to supply the deer for the forthcoming season; but they reported that Mr. Theobald declined to any longer act as Master of the Staghouuds, so a Committee of Management, consisting of hunting men and Cheltenham tradesmen, was formed for the purpose of procuring a pack of staghouuds and obtaining other requisites for the hunting of the country, and to open books for subscriptions towards the maintenance of the pack. It may, therefore, very well be that Mr. Theobald may have declined the Cheltenham Staghouuds in favour of the Devon

and Somerset, and have taken his pack with him in July or August, and thereby left the Cheltenham country without hounds; hence the need for obtaining a fresh pack.

In the year 1850 the Cheltenham and Cotswold Staghouuds appear to have collapsed, but a meeting was held in July, 1851, at which a successful attempt to resuscitate the pack was made. Mr. Shillicorne, a good sportsman and an enthusiastic follower of hounds, took the chair and announced that Mr. Arthur Edwin Way, who I fancy hailed from the Hereford district, but who lived in Cheltenham for some time, came forward with an offer to hunt the country in "credit-able" style, on being guaranteed £300 a year from the hunting and trading classes, as he was given to understand that in previous years Lord Fitzhardinge had found the deer, and he thought that at the present crisis his lordship might again do the same kindly act; but that in the event of that arrangement falling through he (Mr. Way) thought that he would experience no difficulty in procuring deer elsewhere. He would hunt the country as his predecessors had done, once a week while Lord Fitzhardinge was in the neighbourhood, and twice a week, with an occasional bye-day, when the foxhounds were away. Mr. Way's statement met with a very cordial reception; but somehow or other there were more hunting men than subscribers. Still, on the whole, both the hunting men and the townspeople kept their word, and Mr. Way was well supported during the two years he had the hounds, and when he resigned at the end of the season 1852-53, he had a very fair surplus to hand over to anyone who might feel

inclined to succeed him, while he said that he would present the new Master with the hounds. About £500 paid the hunting expenses, but the subscriptions amounted to £700 in one year of Mr. Way's mastership, and to nearly £800 in the next.

Captain West, who, like Mr. Theobald, had had a short spell as Master of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds, became Mr. Way's successor, and the season 1855-56 was productive of a great deal of excellent sport, the Captain being an excellent sportsman and endowed with great energy. The deer presented by Lord Fitzhardinge had all run well, and among other brilliant runs may be mentioned one which finished the season 1855-56. Hounds met on the 15th of March at the Seven Springs, the source of the Thames, more than a couple of hundred horsemen turning out. Before the deer was uncarterd the hat was carried round for the benefit of old Sam Ritler, the huntsman, and for the remainder of the day he rode with his pockets stuffed full of the coin of the realm, just as once the huntsman of Lord Derby's staghounds had to perform his day's work with about £20 in silver about him; but as he explained when he reached home, "I never lost a shilling of it."

Well, the famous deer, Isaac Day, was uncarterd. On gaining his liberty, he first steered towards Chatcain coverts, over Leckhampton Hill, going down *vid* the Air Balloon, and after racing down the precipitous hill known as Crickley Rocks, entered the Vale, crossing the Hatherly Brook, and pointing for Norton Hill; but turning to the Severn, he swam across; a few of the field managed to find a ferry-boat.

The deer meantime proceeded to Corn Hill and Lawn, in what is now the Ledbury country, and went on to Firley, where Charles Allen, the ex-huntsman, safely took him after a run of over three hours, the distance being computed at nearly thirty miles.

There were some difficulties in the way of Captain West keeping on the mastership; but these difficulties were removed by September, 1856, when the Captain agreed to carry on the hounds for the forthcoming season. Some people wanted to go back to the original harriers, but the farmers, who liked a good gallop, objected, alleging that they sustained far more damage from harriers, which hovered about the place all day, than they did from staghounds, which generally crossed a holding but once and then went away. A committee was appointed to collect subscriptions, and it was resolved *pour encourager les autres* that the names of the subscribers should be published in the local journals.

On the last Sunday in September, 1856, some miscreant pulled down some of the palings of the deer paddock, thereby allowing nine of the stags lately presented by Lord Fitzhardinge to Captain West, to escape. The discovery was not made until morning, when Allen, the deer keeper, telegraphed to Captain West, who was at Plymouth, where the hounds were apparently being summered, for he arrived with the pack on the following Tuesday and at once began a sort of hunting tour in search of the missing deer. Three of the best were soon taken, but others stayed out for a long time, but eventually all were taken. Captain West offered a substantial reward for the discovery of the man who broke the palings, but I do not

think that he was successful in discovering the perpetrator of this unsportsmanlike act. These "outliers" curiously enough afforded some of the best runs ever known in the Cheltenham country. The last deer of all was found close to Tewkesbury, and went pretty straight to Eastnor Park, near Ledbury, and then the residence of Lord Somers, and as the quarry joined the fallow deer Captain West stopped his hounds. On a subsequent day the hounds met at the Somers' Arms, where a number of the Ledbury men came out to see what was to them a new sport. The Eastnor keeper begged Captain West not to take his hounds into the park for fear of disturbing the fallow deer, and proposed to drive out the other one by assistants on horseback and on foot. He was successful in so doing, and the red deer cleared the park wall at a bound; the hounds were laid on, and he was taken at Mathon after a very fast forty minutes. For his good services to stag-hunting Captain West was entertained at dinner, and in announcing his intention of giving up the country, said that when he began stag-hunting he had no family, and that £200 or £300 a year was not of much account; then, however, he had several children, and could no longer afford to hunt regularly. "As you fill the nursery," says the old maxim, "you empty the stable."

Lord Fitzhardinge's support of the Cheltenham staghounds was by no means of a half-hearted nature, as, in addition to a money subscription, he gave the hunt in 1857, when Mr. W. H. White, of Cheshunt, succeeded Captain West, fourteen red deer, a handsome present indeed; but Mr. White's first meet was rather a fiasco. He had been urged to

give a town meet on a Saturday. The deer cart was mobbed and the stag driven into the town, where it ran into a *cul de sac* and was taken; the second deer likewise ran into the town and no sport resulted.

The end of the Cheltenham Staghounds came in 1858. The Cotswold country was carved out of that of the Berkeley, and the well-known Mr. Cregoe Colmore was the Cotswold's first and very popular master, and as the country round about Cheltenham would then be hunted regularly, the staghounds were regarded as superfluous and they were known no more. They, however, answered their purpose, for they attracted a goodly number of people and Cheltenham was quite gay.

The Bath Staghounds had a much shorter and on the whole less brilliant life than those at Cheltenham. A good many private packs had been given up, and hunting from Bath depended solely upon some chance meets of the Duke of Beaufort's, unless "the best covert pack in England" as Mr. Jorrocks called the train, were utilised. Bath, however, wanted something nearer home, and no doubt struck by the success which had attended the Cheltenham pack, proposed to start a pack of staghounds of its own, and this became an established fact in 1850, in which year Captain West became Master of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds for a season, in succession to Mr. Theobald, who was the first Master of the Bath pack, while Captain West had a second spell of mastership with the Devon and Somerset, showing good sport on each occasion. Good luck attended Mr. Theobald, as his stags ran well; but if he had red deer, he hunted fallow deer as well, one of these little fellows





*Thos. Fall, 9, Baker St., W., photo.]*

EDMUND TATTERSALL.



affording a capital run early in December, 1850. Then in February, 1851, another good run took place. The hounds met at Westbury on the day after the steeple-chases. The cart was driven on quietly in the direction of Warminster, and the deer was uncartered before any of the field came up. The hounds were trotted up and laid on, and the deer made an eighteen mile point, being taken at Horsington, where the Compton Stud Company now hold their annual show. As hounds ran, the distance, says the chronicler of

the time, could not have been much under thirty miles—an exaggeration perhaps, as hounds were running for three hours and a half. At the end of the season there appeared a notice in the paper that the Bath Stag hounds and ten red deer were to be sold. They were started again in 1852 or 1853 by Captain West, who appears to have surmounted the difficulty of his increasing family; but they lasted only a season or two longer, and then flickered out for want of support.

W. C. A. B.

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## The Late Mr. Edmund Tattersall.

WITH the death of the much-esteemed gentleman whose name stands at the head of this notice there has passed away one of the best-known figures of London. His innumerable good qualities had endeared him to a wide circle of friends and acquaintances, who will sympathise most sincerely in the bereavement which the family sustained on Saturday, March 5th, on which day Mr. Tattersall passed away at his house, Colherne Court, South Kensington. It had been for some time obvious to those who knew him that Mr. Tattersall had aged considerably, and before he went to the Houghton meeting at Newmarket, in 1896, he was not by any means what he was a year previously. At Newmarket he was stricken with illness in the presence of his old friend, Mr. Joseph Osborne—who, as "Beacon," has long been known as one of the greatest authorities on horse-breeding. From that day to this he never really rallied, and had been a confirmed invalid ever since, being

confined to his house, and for the most part, to his bed.

Curiously enough, neither the late Mr. Edmund Tattersall nor his father, Mr. George Tattersall, had any early connection with the great business now carried on at Albert Gate. Mr. George Tattersall never had anything at all to do with it, and it was not until 1852 that the late Mr. Edmund Tattersall was called upon to join it. The original Tattersall's stood at the south-eastern corner of the present St. George's Hospital, where Grosvenor Crescent now is, the building occupying a portion of the grounds of Londesborough House. The business was founded about the year 1766 by Richard Tattersall, the famous "Old Tatt" as we shall occasionally call him to distinguish him from other Richards.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that the Tattersalls have been self-made men, in the sense, at least, in which the term is commonly used. They came from Lancashire, and as long ago as

1402, they were Squires of Hurstwood Ridge, near Burnley, the names of John and Richard Tattersall appearing in the charter of Blackburn in 1402. Unlike the Vicar of Bray, the Tattersalls had fixed opinions to which they tenaciously clung. They were devoted Royalists, espoused the cause of the Stuarts so far as lay in their power, and not declining to be mixed up with the rebellion of 1715, were forced to quit their old Norman home at Hurstwood, so that, by the time "Old Tatt" came to years of discretion, he found that he must do something for a living. He appears to have always been an ardent sportsman, so it was not strange that he should, like so many young men of good family of to-day, desire some appointment in which the horse played a part.

On coming to London he gravitated towards St. Martin's Lane, and became the superintendent of the newly-established horse repository there, which was founded in 1753, thirteen years before Tattersall's came into existence. It was then owned by either Beevor or Aldridge. Here Mr. Richard Tattersall, though not perhaps quite in his element, soon became a marked man. He was quickly discovered to be very unlike the "horse jockey" of the period, and he made many friends among the aristocracy. Among them was the Duke of Kingston, who, finding him to be a man of family and education, offered to make him his Master of the Horse, a post which he readily accepted; but he could not have remained long at the repository or with the Duke of Kingston as, in 1766, having, no doubt, by his experience in St. Martin's Lane, found out what was likely to be the future of a well-conducted repository, concluded with the then

Lord Grosvenor a ninety-nine years' lease of the ground next to St. George's Hospital. That he was a man of good family is clear from the fact that he married Miss Somerville, a grand-daughter of the twelfth Lord Somerville, and daughter of a clergyman in Lancashire. The success of the new undertaking was assured from the first, for he had made a number of influential friends, among them Fox, Wyndham, and the Prince of Wales. From Lord Bolingbroke he bought the famous racehorse Highflyer, for the then large price of £2,500, and out of the money won by that famous steed he built his residence, which he named Highflyer Hall, in honour of the horse; while after the horse's death, he erected in the grounds a monument to his memory, on which was an inscription setting forth his qualities and those of his "wonderful offspring, by whom Mr. Tattersall acquired a noble fortune, but was not ashamed to acknowledge it," and at every dinner which he gave the toast of the evening was "the hammer and Highflyer."

Mr. Richard Tattersall the first, "Old Tatt," died in 1795, when the business passed into the hands of his son Edmund, who died suddenly in 1810, and then came Richard Tattersall the second, who was perhaps a more famous man than his grandfather, the first Richard Tattersall. When the Prince of Wales became George IV. he sent for Mr. Richard Tattersall the second, and said, "Tattersall, you know all the men I have known, whenever any of them are in trouble let me know," and whenever Mr. Tattersall did as the King requested, the latter never failed to afford what help he could, and the King had no greater admirer than Mr.

Richard Tattersall, who did much to extend the already large business at "The Corner." He was a man of the most scrupulous integrity, was a good coachman, a capital boxer, and considering that he had an affection of one of his knees, an excellent horseman, and he went very straight to hounds.

As already mentioned, the late Mr. Tattersall did not join the firm until about 1852, when he came up from Norfolk, where he had been in business, to assist his uncle, Richard. Mr. Richard Tattersall, dying in 1859, the business passed into the hands of his son Richard and his nephew, the late Mr. Edmund Tattersall, who was the son of Mr. George Tattersall.

The late Mr. Edmund Tattersall soon became the sole proprietor of the business, and on the falling in of the Grosvenor lease secured the land on which the premises now stand, and they are close to one of the "plague pits," in which were buried those who died of the plague in London.

Mr. Tattersall, it must be mentioned, was born in Norfolk on a farm which his father rented from Sir Jacob Astley, afterwards Lord Hastings, and who was himself a great hunting man. Mr. Edmund Tattersall began to ride at the age of seven, and had hunted with the Norfolk, Suffolk, East Essex, and H.H. Hounds, while on coming to London was a frequent follower of the Queen's Hounds when Charles Davis carried the horn and showed such wonderful sport; he was a capital judge of a hunter, too, and many a man has picked up a useful horse at Albert Gate by acting on Mr. Edmund Tattersall's advice. Horses of all sorts came through the hands of his firm. Some of the best known studs of hunters have been sold at Albert Gate or Rugby, the latter estab-

lishment, it is believed, being the idea of the late Mr. Pain, who was associated with the firm, and was once a Master of Hounds in Wiltshire; but the project, we fancy, never commended itself to Mr. Tattersall, who we think seldom went there during Mr. Pain's lifetime. Rugby, however, is a favourite mart for hunters used in the Midlands, while it is commonly the scene of the sale of whatever hounds may be in the market.

It is, however, in connection with the thoroughbred that the late Mr. Tattersall was so widely known. Comparatively few race-horses came to Albert Gate—none practically in recent years. The Doncaster sales and those of the July meetings are quite institutions of the year. When Mr. Tattersall determined to start the July sales he was told that they were doomed to failure; but he had reliance on his own judgment; he bought the Park Paddocks, fitted them up with convenient boxes and started the July sales, which have proved such an eminent success. His next idea was the winter sales, inaugurated at a comparatively recent date, and as there are always buyers and sellers of blood stock, these, too, have proved successful.

Tattersall's Subscription Room is a very old institution, yet none of the Tattersalls have ever been known to bet largely. Richard Tattersall, the grandson of "Old Tatt," had an aversion to betting, save on quite a small scale; he would have a trifle on the Derby and St. Leger; but otherwise he left betting severely alone. When the late Mr. Tattersall first joined the firm, the dinner on the Monday before the Derby was always given at "The Corner," but afterwards Mr. Edmund Tattersall gave it at his London residence, a house replete with objects of

interest, and these dinners were attended by all the best supporters of the turf, including men like the Duke of Portland. To run through the list of blood stock sales held by the firm would almost be to read through the history of the British Turf. All the yearlings from the principal studs, in fact one might say 999 out of every 1,000 which have come to the hammer, have been sold by the firm of Messrs. Tattersall. Studs which have been broken up have been dispersed by them, and when new ones, which had taken their place, have been abandoned, the same firm has been called upon to

officiate, while to Messrs. Tattersall has the task been entrusted of selling Mr. Wilfred Blunt's Arabs and the horses at the Hunters' Improvement Society's Show.

Although the late Mr. Tattersall has not lately been seen in our midst he was by no means forgotten, for his individuality was strongly remembered by all who had the privilege of his acquaintance. Genial and hospitable to an eminent extent, and possessed of as kind a heart as ever beat under a man's waistcoat, his death will be regretted by a large circle of people, although he had reached a ripe old age.

## THE TATTERSALL FAMILY.

ANOTHER contributor sends the following notes on the Tattersall family:—

"The name of Tattersall is a household word, not only in sporting circles at home, but all over the world; there is scarcely anybody in an English-speaking country but has heard of Tattersall's." So writes Mr. James Rice, in his "History of the British Turf," and although there is some exaggeration in his statement as to the almost universal knowledge of the name of Tattersall, which prevails in English-speaking countries, it is certain that as a rule readers of BAILY will be of one mind with Admiral Rous, when he said that "he did not care to associate with persons to whom Tattersall and Weatherby were unfamiliar sounds."

Conservative as England is, there are not many commercial

firms to be found in London which have remained in the possession of one family for nearly a century and a half, and have flourished all the time. The first Richard Tattersall, who founded the firm in 1766, was the great-grandfather of Mr. Edmund Tattersall, who died last month, and was in many respects his analogue or prototype. When the founder of that famous institution, which, first at Hyde Park Corner, and then at Albert Gate, has played so large a part in the social life of the metropolis, passed away in 1795, an epitaph, composed by one of his admirers, appeared, according to the fashion of that day, in the *Morning Post*, a few mornings after his death. It was not, of course, designed to be imprinted upon his tombstone, but was rather the expression of its writer's views as to the character of the departed. It ran thus:—



OLD TATT.  
FOUNDER OF FIRM.



Sacred to the ashes of  
 RICHARD TATTERSALL,  
 Late of Hyde Park Corner, in the county  
 of Middlesex, Esq.,  
 who  
 By his indefatigable Industry,  
 His irreproachable Character,  
 And unassuming Manners.  
 Raised himself  
 From a humble though respectable origin  
 To Independence and Affluence.  
 By his inflexible Integrity  
 He justly acquired  
 The exalted appellation of "Honest Man,"  
 And continued uncorrupted by riches.  
 Thus universally respected  
 And beloved by all who knew him  
 He lived, and died  
 On the 21st day of February,  
 1795,  
 In the seventy-first year of his age.  
 Though his perishable part, together with  
 This frail tribute, shall decay,  
 Yet as long as the recollection of  
 Honest Worth,  
 Sociable Manners,  
 And Unbounded Hospitality  
 Shall be dear to Man,  
 The remembrance of him shall live,  
 Surviving the proud Pyramid,  
 The boasted durability of Brass,  
 and  
 The Wreck of Ages.

It would be presumptuous to say that the memory even of a Homer, a Shakespeare, or a Voltaire would survive "the wreck of ages;" but it was customary during the last century to write these extravagantly laudatory epitaphs upon men, women and horses, and from the specimen now before us, it may be inferred that the original "Old Tatt" greatly resembled his great-grandson, who has just passed away. Before devoting our attention to the latter, it may be interesting to our readers if we say something of the times in which "Tattersall's" first sprang into existence, and of the patrons to whom its founder was chiefly indebted for his subsequent success.

Excepting the fact that Richard Tattersall made his way to London about the middle of last century, we know little more about him

than that he is said to have found employment in the first instance, at Beevor's Horse Repository in St. Martin's Lane, and that he soon got into the good graces of the second and last Duke of Kingston, the brother of that celebrated authoress and letter-writer, Lady Mary Pierrepont, who by marriage became Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. She lives even more in Pope's spiteful lines than in her own piquant letters from Constantinople and the East, or in the books and anecdotes about her, of which there is an exhaustive collection at Wortley Park, the Yorkshire seat of the Earl of Wharnccliffe, her husband's lineal descendant.

Richard Tattersall's rise must have been remarkably rapid, as in 1766, he had attained a sufficiently commanding position to be able to secure from the first Earl Grosvenor, a ninety-nine years' lease of the valuable piece of ground close to Hyde Park Corner, on which he built the house, stables, and premises with which every sporting Englishman was familiar from 1766 to 1865, when the lease expired, and "Tattersall's" was moved from "The Corner" to its present site at Albert Gate. The first edition of John Lawrence's "History and Derivation of the Horse in all his Varieties," was published in 1809, fourteen years after the death of Richard Tattersall, and thirty years before that of its author, who lived till he was 86 years old, and passed away in 1839. The late Mr. Samuel Sidney, who wrote the best "Book of the Horse" that has ever appeared in these islands, makes some very pertinent remarks upon his predecessor.

"Lawrence," he writes, "is an authority upon his own times, for he was an enthusiast and a gossip, and seems to have spared no

pains to obtain authentic portraits of those horses which laid the foundations of the best qualities of the English thoroughbred. His remarks upon the famous sires and racehorses mentioned by Weatherby in his miscellaneous list become most interesting, because he tells us that in 1778 he was frequently in the habit of visiting Eclipse at the stables of his owner, Colonel Denis O'Kelly, at Epsom." Beyond doubt John Lawrence must also have seen Highflyer on many occasions, and it is to be regretted that he has not told us more about "Old Tatt" than is contained in the following brief description:—

"I first knew Mr. Richard Tattersall in 1773. He was a shrewd, assiduous, and observant man, precisely one of those qualified by nature to be *faber fortune*—the architect of his own fortune—which he achieved by becoming the founder of an opulent and flourishing house."

We know from other sources that the first Richard Tattersall was a man of engaging manners, and had a directness of face, eye, and speech eminently calculated to inspire confidence. The three powerful noblemen whose patronage he succeeded in obtaining at the outset of his successful career, were, the last Duke of Kingston, the second Viscount Bolingbroke, and the first Earl Grosvenor. The last is the most interesting of the three, and as Mr. Richard Tattersall owed more to him than to either of the others, the history of one of the most enthusiastic patrons that the Turf ever knew may not be out of place.

Richard, first Earl Grosvenor, born in 1731, was the eldest son of Sir Robert Grosvenor, Bart., of Eaton Hall, near Chester, whom he succeeded at the age of twenty-four, in 1755. In 1761,

on the Coronation of George III., he became the first Peer of his family, having been created Baron Grosvenor in that year. Mr. Pitt, of whom he was an ardent supporter, advanced him to an Earldom in 1784; but between his elevation to these two grades of the Peerage occurred the most disastrous episode of his life. In 1764, he married Henrietta, the daughter of Mr. Thomas Vernon, of Staffordshire, and of his wife, a daughter of Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford. Within two years of their marriage, and after the birth of one child, a son, who succeeded his father in 1802 as second Earl Grosvenor, and became Marquis of Westminster in 1831, on the Coronation of William IV., Lady Grosvenor conceived an ardent attachment for the young Duke of Cumberland, her junior by some years, and a brother of his Majesty George III. The scandal became so notorious that Lord Grosvenor commenced an action for damages against his Royal Highness, fixing the sum at one hundred thousand pounds. On July 5th, 1770, the trial came on before Lord Mansfield, in the Court of King's Bench. At the close of the examination of a large number of witnesses, and when the clock had struck 7 p.m., Lord Mansfield summed up at great length, and with an obviously unfavourable bias towards the Royal co-respondent. At the conclusion of his Lordship's deliverance, he followed the customary usage of those times and adjourned the court to his private house in Bloomsbury Square. The "Annual Register" adds: "Exactly at 10 p.m. the jury left the hall, and proceeded to his Lordship's house, where they gave a verdict for the plaintiff (Lord Grosvenor) with £10,000 damages." It was that very same house which the





**RICHARD TATTERSALL.**

**HEAD OF FIRM FOR MANY YEARS.**

**A bold rider, a good boxer—had he not been lame he would have been champion of England. Very popular and witty.**



London mob burnt to the ground a few years later during the Lord George Gordon riots; the result being that Lord Mansfield's valuable library was destroyed, exposing that great legal luminary to the audacious sarcasm of the Attorney-General (Wedderburn, afterwards Lord Loughborough), who, dissatisfied with his Lordship's ruling on a point of law, insinuated that if he had not lost his law books his ruling would have been very different.

His Royal Highness appears to have cut loose with the least possible delay, from the lady who had cost him so much. Next year, that is to say, in 1771, when he was twenty-six years old, he married Lady Anne Luttrell, the lovely daughter of the Earl of Carhampton, an alliance which gave great offence to George III., and still more to Queen Charlotte, not because the lady was in any way objectionable, but from the fact that she was not of Royal blood. The Duke of Cumberland died in 1790, at the early age of forty-five, leaving no issue. It is worthy of notice that his more famous uncle, the Duke of Cumberland, better known in history as the "Butcher of Culloden," died also in his forty-fifth year, five years after the accession to the throne of his nephew, George III.

Let us return to Earl Grosvenor, whose support of Richard Tattersall at a moment when it was of considerable value to the latter, is probably the chief cause of this article now appearing. Scarcely was there an end to the trial which put Lord Grosvenor into possession of ten thousand pounds, before he set to work in earnest to obtain a divorce from his worthless wife. She, however, turned round upon him vigorously, and had no difficulty in showing that

on many occasions he also had been faithless to his marriage vow. The divorce was therefore refused, and after six unhappy years of married life they separated, never to meet again. When Earl Grosvenor died in 1802, his wife was still living. A few days later she married General Porter, and died at an extremely advanced age in 1828; three years after her great grandson, the present Duke of Westminster, was born.

It is doubtful whether a larger number of thoroughbreds ever passed through the hands of one man than those which called Earl Grosvenor their owner between 1755, when he succeeded his father, and 1802, when he died. The vast majority of them were bred by him, either at Eaton, near Chester, or at his other stud-farm, Oxcroft, near Horseheath, in Cambridgeshire. Perhaps his most successful purchase was that of Pot-8-os (or, as the name is generally printed in the Stud Book, "Potooooooooos") of whom he obtained possession in the following way:—Pot-8-os (the best of Eclipse's sons) was bred by the Earl of Abingdon in 1773, and at the First Spring Meeting at Newmarket in 1778, he was engaged in a big sweepstakes "Across the Flat," to which there were twelve subscribers at one hundred guineas each. For some time it had been noised abroad that Lord Abingdon, who was poor and generally in debt to his Berkshire neighbour, Mr. Elwes, the miser, was open to an offer for his fine chestnut colt, whom it was believed that Colonel Denis O'Kelly, the owner of Eclipse, intended to buy. Lord Grosvenor, however, contrived to get hold of Lord Abingdon in the Ditch Stables at Newmarket—that mean, barnlike old building which has probably

afforded temporary accommodation to more valuable thoroughbreds than any other stable in existence, seeing that in it nineteen-twentieths of the winners of the Two and One Thousand Guineas have been saddled, and that a host of other great horses have been put through their toilet therein. The One Hundred Guineas Sweepstakes referred to above was just about to be run when Lord Grosvenor succeeded in getting the noble owner of Pot-8-os into a dark corner of the Ditch Stables, where the horse was being saddled for the race. Nor did the rich Earl ever part from the poor Earl until the bargain was struck. Admiral Rous's version of the transaction, communicated to him by his father, Sir John Rous, afterwards first Earl of Stradbroke, was on this wise. Lord Grosvenor was to pay fifteen hundred guineas down for Pot-8-os; was to divide the stake with Lord Abingdon if the horse won; and was to back him for Lord Abingdon for £1,000 before he put on any money for himself. The result was that Lord Grosvenor got the horse for nothing, as in addition to half the stake he won a very big sum in bets, the horse's starting price being 5 to 4 on him. At the stud, Pot-8-os was the sire of Waxy, one of the greatest horses in the Stud Book.

Anyone who desires to see what an important pillar the Turf lost when Earl Grosvenor died in 1802, may turn to the *Sporting Magazine*, in the thirty-first volume of which he will find that thirteen and a half closely printed pages are devoted to an enumeration of this nobleman's high-bred racehorses. Among his stallions were included three Derby winners, Rhadamanthus, John Bull, and Dædalus; and they were

supplemented by a host of famous sires, such as Justice, Alexander, Meteor, Gimcrack, Cardinal Puff, Pot-8-os, Fortitude, Sweetbriar, Bandy, Trojan, Tripod, Dr. Pangloss, Dux, Protector, Mambrino, and Regulus. In addition, five winners of the Oaks carried Earl Grosvenor's colours, Faith, Ceres, Maid of the Oaks, Nikè, and Bellina; and from the same blood his son and successor bred Meteora, another Oaks winner, and Violante, one of the best mares that ever ran at Newmarket; each of them being particular favourites of the famous jockey, Frank Buckle, who never could make up his mind which was the better of the two.

To any good judge of the value of London property, a ninety-nine years' lease of such a piece of ground as the old "Corner" stood upon, must have seemed worth a big sum of money. Every great capital pushes onwards to the West, where its most fashionable quarters always establish themselves. There must have been a lack of foresight in Lord Grosvenor when he parted, in exchange for a comparatively small rent, with a valuable site for so long a term, unless he did so from personal partiality for his tenant.

In 1766, there was in Hyde Park Corner and its surroundings little to lead frequenters of that lonely and unsightly spot to anticipate what it would be like a century later. In the middle of last century, neither St. George's Hospital, nor Apsley House, were built or thought of; the gates and iron screen erected by Decimus Burton to shut off Hyde Park from Piccadilly were not erected until 1825; an old-fashioned turnpike road, which in wet weather was often impassable, except at a foot's pace, to stage-coaches and posting carriages, skirted the

southern side of Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park; and nearly in front of the site now occupied by the Alexandra Hotel, a massive turnpike gate stood. It was often the scene of brawls and fights, especially in electioneering times; and when a post-chaise drew up there in the middle of the night, high words often passed between the travellers inside and the sturdy custodian, who kept the chaise waiting so long that he was more than suspected of being in league with the "gentlemen of the road," of whom there was no lack upon every highway leading to the Metropolis. "Galloping Dick," "Seven-stringed Jack," "Gentleman Foster," and a score or more members of the same exciting profession, stopped everything on wheels that came within their ken, and were especially on the look-out for country gentlemen like Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, who brought their rents up to London in their own carriages twice a year, to deposit them with their London bankers. On the spot where Apsley House now stands, the "Pillars of Hercules"—a popular tavern, which received this singular name from being regarded as the last House in the West End—opened its doors wide to admit customers, as it did to Squire Western and his fair daughter in Fielding's wonderful novel, "Tom Jones," and also, it was whispered, to several crack highwaymen. Where Belgrave Square, Eaton Square, and the fashionable streets in their neighbourhood are now covered with costly aristocratic mansions, a dreary morass, frequented by wild waterfowl and snipe in winter, and called the "Five Fields," gave little presage of what it would grow into before the death of George IV.

When Tattersall's was first

opened in 1766, there is abundant evidence to show that in addition to highwaymen, the "Five Fields" afforded convenient shelter to swarms of footpads. A few years later the Prince of Wales and his brother Frederick, Duke of York, were, according to Samuel Rogers's "Table Talk," stopped at 3.0 a.m. by a gang of thieves, who had dogged their footsteps as they walked home from a ball in Grosvenor Square, and relieved them of their watches and of all the money in their pockets, after they had dogged through Berkeley Square, and were ascending Hay Hill.

Another of "Old Tatt's" early patrons was Lord Bolingbroke, who sold him in 1779 the celebrated racehorse and sire, Highflyer, who was the chief source of his last owner's big fortune. The deed or contract of purchase by which Lord Bolingbroke transferred Highflyer to Richard Tattersall, gives the price paid for him as £2,500. On the other hand Mr. John Lawrence states in his "Book of the Horse," that Lord Bolingbroke was heavily in debt to "Old Tatt," and in settling their accounts the latter agreed to take Highflyer at £800. Be that as it may, Highflyer, between 1779 and 1793 was a gold mine to his new purchaser, who admitted when the horse died that he had made £25,000 by him. A century ago that sum was worth as much as £100,000 is now, and not without good cause Mr. Tattersall named his house near Ely "Highflyer Hall," after him. At the moment when Highflyer passed into Mr. Tattersall's possession, the celebrated Eclipse had become a very uncertain foal-getter, and breeders were beginning to grow tired of sending mares to him. Highflyer at once took the place of Eclipse,

and from the first was very successful at the stud. Indeed, Thomas Stephenson, the old trainer, who died not long since at Newmarket, has often been heard to say that his grandfather repeatedly told him that Eclipse, whom he trained at Epsom, was not nearly so good as Lord Derby's Sir Peter Teazle, who won the Derby in 1787, or the Duke of Bedford's Skyscraper, who won it in 1789; both Sir Peter and Skyscraper being High-flyer's sons.

The space at our disposal makes it necessary that we should confine our remarks to those members of the Tattersall family whose portraits accompany this article. From "Old Tatt" the first we must skip to "Old Tatt" the second, the grandson of the founder of the firm. "Dick Tattersall," or "Old Tatt," as he was habitually called about sixty years ago, was a great friend of the late Sir Tatton Sykes, whom he always accompanied to the Doncaster Theatre during the St. Leger week, as is related by "The Druid" in "Scott and Sebright." The flattering terms in which "The Druid" speaks of him will be confirmed by all whose memory is long enough to reach back to 1858, when he died very suddenly in his 74th year at Dover. "He was a man," wrote "The Druid," "whom it was impossible to misunderstand, from his simple honesty and unusually straightforward decisive manner, and it has been well said of him that the best men liked him best. To rogues and dodgers he was a perfect terror, as he spoke his mind to everyone, peer and groom alike, whom he did not consider to be going straight, and always conveyed his sentiments in unmistakable terms. If the servant or any other agent of the owner bid

when the sale was without reserve, he has been known to send the whole stud away, declaring in tones like the view halloo of Squire Osbaldeston that he would tell a lie for no man alive."

To betting upon horseraces or any other subject he had the most inveterate dislike; so much so, indeed, that when young gentlemen wrote to ask him to get them elected members of Tattersall's Rooms, he would often reply that betting was sure to ruin them, and they had far better keep their two guineas (the annual subscription) in their pockets. His openly-expressed sentiments on this and many other points kept large sums out of his ledger, but it was upon the confidence of the public, not upon amassing money, that he had set his heart. At the early age of 25 he assumed sole command of "The Corner," and for some years did all the business himself, until he was joined by his brother Edmund. Dick Tattersall's lameness began when he was very young, and was attributed by him to the roughness with which the groom habitually hoisted him into the saddle upon his pony's back. He had been limping for many months before notice was taken of it, and then it was too late for him to be cured.

The lameness did not depress his spirits, or stand in the way of his hunting, which he loved far beyond racing, and there was nothing he liked better than a day with the twelfth Lord Derby's Surrey staghounds. Occasionally he hunted with Earl Fitzwilliam and the Duke of Rutland, and would ride, after his Monday's sale was over, from Hyde Park Corner to Stamford or Grantham, having sent three or four hacks forward to await him on the road. In those days highwaymen abounded on every great highway,

but they all knew "Old Tatt" by sight, and after reconnoitring him closely as they trotted by his side, would take off their hats and exclaim, "Good-night, Mr. Tattersall."

He was succeeded at "The Corner" on his death in 1858, by his two sons, Richard and Edmund Tattersall, and upon the death of Edmund, Richard was joined by his nephew, Mr. Edmund Tattersall, who passed away in his 83rd year, on the fifth of last month. The lame "Old Tatt," whom we have just described, left also a third son, named George, who commenced life as an auctioneer and land agent in Suffolk, and married the daughter of one of Mr. Coke of Norfolk's favourite tenants. From this marriage came the last Mr. Edmund Tattersall, whose recent death has been lamented by every newspaper recording it, as one of the greatest losses that the Turf, the hunting-field, and all the other manly sports which have made Englishmen what they are, could possibly have sustained. We do not believe that in the whole of the United Kingdom, a more generous and kind-hearted man than Mr. Edmund Tattersall now draws the breath of life. To purchasers of lots under his hammer he gave such easy terms, by never pressing them for payment, that, beyond all doubt, large sums due to his firm must always have been on his books. In private life the same generosity distinguished the whole of his career; and his hospitality, like that of the founder of his firm, was literally unbounded, not only at his own house at Coleherne Court, Kensington, but also at Newmarket, where his room at the "Rutland Arms" Hotel, was always crowded with his friends, which with him, was another name for guests.

The great hope of his life—that

Government should emulate the example of France, Austria, Russia, Germany and Italy, and maintain at the public expense a national stud for improving the breeds of horses—was not destined to be fulfilled. It was greatly due to his letters in the *Times* that Lord Rosebery moved for his celebrated Horse Committee in 1873, and Mr. Tattersall's evidence when examined as a witness before it, went to show that the United Kingdom was being denuded of its best half-bred mares by foreign nations, and especially by Germany, with the result that horses were becoming scarcer every year and that the price was rising.

That the value of thoroughbred stock has increased enormously in this country since Mr. Edmund Tattersall became a partner in what Mr. Samuel Sidney calls "the firm controlling the greatest horse auction mart in the world," is universally acknowledged. In the last five-and-twenty years we have become familiar with prices paid for thoroughbreds of all ages and both sexes, which would have made our predecessors open their eyes wide with astonishment. No such sum was ever paid for a stallion as a rash young Californian gave for an avowed roarer, Ormonde, from whom the Duke of Westminster declined to breed for that reason.

About thirty years ago the late Sir Henry des Væux gave 2,000 guineas for Rosa Bónheur by Touchstone (the dam of Knight of the Garter), and was generally supposed to have paid at least double the value of a mare who was then eleven years old. Down to that time it was the largest price ever paid for a brood mare, but since then vast sums have been obtained for Marie Stuart, Fraulein, Wheel of Fortune, Plaisanterie, La Flèche, and a

host of other mares, sums which must even have astonished Mr. Tattersall himself.

As regards yearlings, it is impossible to predict what sum will be paid for one before another decade of years has flown. Already we have seen Sir Blundell Maple give 6,000 guineas for a yearling colt, and Baron Hirsch 5,500 guineas for a yearling filly, and neither of these bold and adventurous purchasers had reason to regret his bargain. In the United States a yearling colt, King Thomas, by King Ban (the latter being a son of King Tom, and bred by Lord Falmouth), was sold in 1888 by public auction for 38,000 dollars, and immediately re-sold for 40,000 dollars, or 8,000 guineas.

Despite the depressed times which have long prevailed, Mr.

Edmund Tattersall leaves the market for thoroughbreds in a flourishing condition, while the Turf itself is constantly acquiring new and wealthy patrons who belong to all classes of society. To this happy state of affairs no one has contributed so greatly as the genial old English gentleman who has just passed away, and who will be succeeded in the rostrum by his eldest son, Mr. Somerville Tattersall, who promises in every respect to be as popular as his father was before him. Finally, we may all rest satisfied that no invention which the future has in store for our descendants, will ever cause thoroughbreds, hunters, hacks, carriage-horses, cobs, and polo-ponies to "resign their hallowed bays" to auto-motor cars and other products of electricity.

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## The Early Days of the Highland Regiments.

### PART I.

THE kilted Scottish regiments which now form part of the British Army are deservedly considered to be second to no troops in the world in all military qualities. They are set apart as being distinctively national, inheriting the proud traditions of a proud people, and they wear a special and picturesque garb marking them out from their comrades as *corps d'élite*, who can never be called upon in vain to maintain the honour of their country's flag under all circumstances. But though these regiments inherit traditions, dress and glory of their predecessors who bore the same designations,

they are by no means inheritors of the blood of the men who were first embodied to serve the monarch of the United Kingdom. In their ranks they have comparatively few men born north of the Highland line, their recruiting officers are well satisfied if the required numbers can be made up by men of Scottish birth, whether Highland or Lowland, and it is well known that even this is not always possible, but that many Irishmen and Englishmen find their way into the battalions, which in theory are supposed to consist of Celtic mountaineers alone. To very,



very few officers or men in the kilted regiments is the "Garb of Old Gaul" a dress to which they have been accustomed from their youth and they generally put it on for the first time when they join Her Majesty's service. But though the men in the Highland regiments may not be Highlanders, though the Highland uniform in no way resembles the clothes that they have worn in civil life, it is undoubtedly the case that the enrolled battalions have, as bodies of fighting men, absorbed something of the Highland spirit and character, they are imbued with the traditions of the past and are animated by such an *esprit de corps* in the highest sense of the expression, that they worthily maintain the Highland name and entirely justify their existence as representing the old chivalry of Scotland.

It is worth while to go back to the last century to see what was the origin of the Highland regiments, to revive the memories of some of the now too often forgotten exploits which they have performed and to examine the characteristics of the men who were the first to wear the red coat of the regular army in combination with the graceful draping of the belted plaid. Up to the beginning of the 18th century, the Highlands were an unknown land to the rest of the island kingdom. Divided by the natural features of their country into numerous septs or clans, the inhabitants of the North of Scotland paid no allegiance to any one but the chief who was the head of his family. With him every man claimed blood relationship in greater or less degree and gave him the most devoted adherence. The chief's word was law, his politics were the politics of his clansmen and, in his private

quarrels, he could count upon the support and assistance in arms of every one who bore his name. There were constant intertribal disputes and jealousies which provoked intertribal war, and every clansman, by his life and training, acquired very competent ideas of the military art, both as an individual in the use of arms and as a leader, or a part of a tactical unit, in employing numbers and resources to the best advantage.

Besides the intertribal quarrels, the mountaineers on the lowland border not unfrequently raided the rich lands which they viewed from their heights, and they thus, not without reason, were considered as freebooters and barbarians given to spoil and plunder. Wild and lawless as was their conduct, however, in the eyes of the more settled races who dwelt south of the Forth, their conduct in the year 1745 proves that they were neither a ferocious nor a cruel people, for no invading troops probably ever traversed a country which might be termed hostile, leaving fewer traces of outrage than marked the march of Prince Charles' army through England.

The Scottish Highlanders of old time were by no means stay-at-home warriors and many of them had asserted the military pride and honour of their nation in Continental wars. The ancient alliance between France and Scotland drew many brave Highlanders to the French service and the roll of the King's Archer Guard showed many northern names. Every warlike monarch in Europe was glad to secure the services of the lank youths, who, seeking their fortune, had left the grey, wild and bleak moorland homes of their ancestry; for it was well known that these raw boys would give all that could be

desired in undaunted bravery, sound fidelity and ardent devotion. As an instance of the manner in which courage was maintained as an honourable and indispensable quality in clan life, we may recount the manner in which the chief of clan Grant punished the cowardice of some men who, in a skirmish with a neighbouring clan, had sought safety in retreat. The chief might have declared the offenders to be unworthy of their race and have banished them from the bounds of the clan, but he did not wish to inflict such a crushing sentence and yet made the punishment exemplary. He himself with all the population of the district appeared at the parish church where the culprits were ordered to attend. After divine service the men who had fled were all marched three times round the church and each individual, on issuing from the door, was obliged first to draw out his tongue with his fingers and then to say "This is the poltroon who fled." They were then further sentenced to remain as a home guard whenever the clansmen should in future be called to battle. It is said that, since that day, no enemy has seen the back of any man of the Grant name.

In the early part of the 18th century, the political ideas of the greater part of the Highlanders were distinctly Jacobite. Far distant from the seat of government; imbued, as a consequence of their patriarchal manner of life, with high monarchical principles and irritated by ill-judged measures of the Hanoverian government, the most important chiefs, with the exception of the Duke of Argyll, were attached to the house of Stuart and it had always been on the Highlanders that Montrose and Claverhouse mostly relied in

their attempts to re-establish the exiled Royal family. A very narrow chance saved the House of Hanover in 1745, and then a Highland army formed the power that so nearly drove George the Second from his throne. It was a high stroke of policy, originating with the Earl of Chatham, which by establishing the Highland regiments, converted the loyalty that had been given without stint to the Stuarts into a steady and devoted service to their successors on the English throne.

Although some Highlanders had been employed by Government as early as 1725, when Marshal Wade was appointed Commander-in-Chief in Scotland, the first to be regularly embodied were the six independent companies formed in 1729 for the purpose of watching the Highland line, checking the hostilities between clans and, above all, preventing the cattle raiding and depredations committed by the mountaineers on their neighbours in the plains. These independent companies were known from the dark colour of their tartans, as the "Freicudan Dhu," or Black Watch. Many of the men who composed them were of a much higher station in society than the majority of private soldiers and they were animated with a proud feeling of responsibility for the honour of the particular families to which they belonged, besides their devotion to the country of their ancestors. Admission to the independent companies was regarded as a privilege to be eagerly sought after and every man in their ranks was a picked warrior, strong, tall, hardy and active. So superior were these men, that it was determined in 1739 to form them into a regiment of the line and, in order to give it the proper strength, four more companies were raised.

The regiment was assembled in the neighbourhood of Perth and was numbered the 43rd, though it still retained the familiar name of the Black Watch. It was not till a later date that it was renumbered and became the 42nd. The uniform was much more of the real old Highland dress than it has since become. It consisted of a scarlet jacket and waistcoat with buff facings and a plaid twelve yards long, of which the greater part was plaited round the body and secured by a broad leather belt, while the remainder was looped up to the left shoulder fastened by a brooch, ready to be thrown loose and wrapped over both shoulders in rainy weather. The head-dress was a blue bonnet with a tuft of feathers, and the arms were a musket, a bayonet and a large basket-hilted broadsword. A dirk and pistols were also slung on the belt.

The first Colonel of the Black Watch was the Earl of Crawford, but he soon made way for Lord Sempill. The Lieutenant-Colonel was Sir Robert Monro, and it was by the exertions of this distinguished soldier that the regiment, during the fifteen months that it remained in Scotland, was thoroughly drilled and trained to act as a regular battalion. There can be no doubt that the Highlanders when they were first embodied believed that there was to be no change in their duties and that they were to be always retained to maintain order in their own country. It was therefore with much surprise that they received the order to march to England, but they obeyed it cheerfully as they were given to understand that they were only going to show themselves to the King, who had never seen a Highland regiment. Some little time previously two privates had been sent to London

and had performed the broadsword and Lochaber axe exercises before the King and a number of general officers assembled in the great gallery at St. James's Palace, much to the admiration of the monarch, who gave to each of them a gratuity of one guinea. "They thought that the King had mistaken their character and condition in their country" and gave the money to the porter of the palace as they went out.

The regiment arrived in the neighbourhood of London in the spring of 1743 and was reviewed on Finchley Common before thousands of spectators to whom a Highlander in his national costume was an object of unbounded astonishment and interest. And not only were these northern warriors to be remarked for physique, garb and language, but unlike the ordinary soldiers of the time, they were gentlemen in bearing and behaviour, orderly in their conduct and with too much pride and self-respect to lower themselves by bringing discredit on their race. Such an addition to the fighting power of the Hanoverian dynasty did not pass unmarked by the Jacobite party and incendiary agents mingled with the Highlanders, insinuating malicious falsehoods to the effect that the Government had only brought them from their own country in order to ship them to the plantations and thus get rid of so many presumed disaffected and rebellious Jacobites. Alas! these evil machinations were only too effective. Strangers in a strange land, where their national characteristics not unfrequently incurred insult and ridicule from the lower classes in the neighbourhood of London, the suggestion of unfaithful treatment assumed an air of probability in the minds of men who remembered

the massacre of Glencoe and a large number of the Highlanders determined to make their way back to their mountains. There was no violence, no outbreak, but they started secretly on the long and weary march northwards. They were overtaken and surrounded near Northampton and, when they found that resistance meant shedding the blood of the King's troops, they surrendered. The whole were tried by Court-Martial and condemned, but three only suffered the last penalty for their error, while two hundred were drafted to serve in different corps on foreign stations. The men who were shot met their fate with dignity and fortitude and so far was their memory from being held in disgrace that their portraits were preserved by Lord John Murray, afterwards Colonel of their regiment.

This unfortunate and melancholy episode passed, the Highland regiment embarked for Flanders where they arrived too late for the battle of Dettingen. Two years of peaceful cantonments followed, but at Fontenoy they had for the first time an opportunity of showing the fighting qualities which have, since then, been conspicuous wherever British standards have been unfurled in battle. From the preliminary operations of the campaign, when the Highlanders covered the reconnaissance of the allied Generals, till the stubborn retreat after the hard fought battle when they had the post of honour in rear, they were always where the struggle was fiercest and, if all the troops engaged had been like them, even the ill-judged tactics of the Duke of Cumberland might have gained a victory. Commanded by the gallant Sir Robert Monro, they fought after the fashion of their ancestors. When the French

were about to give fire, they clapped down to the ground and the bullets whistled harmlessly over them. Then, suddenly rising, they poured in their volley and, slinging their muskets, charged furiously, claymore in hand. There were, in the opposing ranks, brigades of Scotsmen and the famous Irish corps of Clare, and doubts were felt when the Highlanders rushed impetuously to the front whether they were not going to join their Jacobite compatriots who served the French King. But their fealty to the Hanoverian monarch of England was true as their steel and their fiery valour was under the stern restraint of discipline. After every charge they at once reformed their ordered ranks and again offered a firm unbroken front to the foe.

No commander of the famous Black Watch has ever been more truly a leader than its first Lieutenant-Colonel, the brave Monro. A man of great corpulency, his physical drawbacks did not prevent him from accompanying his men everywhere. When a sortie was made from the trenches, he was by the men hauled out by the legs and arms and when he made his regiment lie down, he himself remained erect with the colours behind him, exposed to the fire of the enemy's line. Alas! that so good a soldier should have been lost to his country within a few months. He was transferred to the command of the 37th regiment and was killed at Falkirk where his new corps, breaking in flight before the Pretender's army, shamefully abandoned their brave Colonel on the field.

It was fortunate for the reputation of the Highland regiment that it was not called upon to serve in the campaign at home in 1745. The trial of their steady-

ness might have been too severe, if they had been forced to encounter the rebel army, whose ranks were filled with so many of their brothers, their nearest connections and friends. They remained in England in reserve and very shortly afterwards took a part in the expedition to L'Orient and here they were exposed to a curious stratagem on the part of the enemy, who, making a sally, assumed a garb resembling their own and were able to come close to the siege batteries before the ruse was detected and the attack repulsed. One may wonder in what manner the French soldiery were in any way able to assimilate their dress to the kilt and belted plaid.

Again the 43rd found itself in Flanders and bore an honourable part in the indecisive battle of Lafeldt, but this was the only great action in which they were engaged and, when peace was signed, they were moved to Ireland. ....

In 1749 the regiment was re-numbered as the 42nd, and took that place in the Army list that it has since illustrated with so much valour and devotion. A characteristic custom of the regiment must be here noticed. The greatest regularity was observed in the duties of public worship and, in the daily orders, the hour of morning prayer was fixed by the chaplain, who seems to have exercised an authority little inferior to that of the Commanding Officer; in fact many of the old soldiers were more anxious to conceal any moral peccadillo from the chaplain than from the colonel.

The 42nd were now to cross the wide Atlantic and to meet their old foes the French in the Western World. War had been declared in 1756, and an army,

despatched from England, was landed at New York. Major Grant had succeeded to the command, and when his promotion was still doubtful a remarkable instance was shown of the kindly feeling with which the Black Watch regarded the officers who had led them in battle and cared for them in peace. As soon as the men heard that the Lieutenant-Colonelcy was to be vacant, they came forward with a sum of money, subscribed among themselves, to purchase the advancement of their honoured Major. The money was not required, but regimental love and loyalty were never more emphatically proved. The battalion was completed to a strength of thirteen hundred, all Highlanders, and their officers were scions of the best families in the north, men whose names were a guarantee that national honour, national sentiment and the kindly old clan feelings were theirs. Such a battalion was indeed more of a highly organised fighting clan than a regular regiment, and never in the history of the corps has it more distinctly borne that character than it did when it took the field in North America.

The ill-conceived and bloody assault on Ticonderoga proved the mettle of the regiment and covered it with imperishable glory. That disastrous action which, ending as it did in repulse to the British army, yet showed in the brightest light the quality of British soldiers, is now well nigh forgotten. The force under General Abercromby was hurled against the strong entrenchments, held by five thousand men, the greater part of whom were French troops of the line. In vain the most heroic valour was displayed, the most devoted efforts were made to surmount the obstacles from behind which the enemy

poured a deadly fire. No artillery was present with the attackers, no scaling ladders had been provided. The men pressed forward as best they could, the Highlanders hewing their way through the abbatis with their broadswords. All to no avail. The matter was impossible and the baffled force had to fall back with terrible loss, the Highlanders alone losing in killed and wounded one half of their men and two thirds of their officers. Eight officers, nine sergeants and two hundred and ninety-seven men of the 42nd were killed. Seventeen officers, ten sergeants and three hundred and six men wounded. To the honour of the survivors be it recorded that the Highlanders covered the army's retreat and left no wounded man behind on the field.

By the heavy loss at Ticonderoga the 42nd was so much shattered that, until it was again filled up with recruits, it was unable for the time to take further part in the campaign. Its loyalty and exemplary conduct on all occasions had been recognised by the order that the regiment was to be named "Royal," and a second battalion was raised and embodied at Perth. In this second battalion a few "foreigners" were, for the first time, admitted. Eighteen Irishmen were enlisted but, as the colonel's orders were peremptory that none but Highlanders should be taken, they were made to pass muster by the change of the O in their patronymics to Mac. Thus O'Donnells, O'Lachlans and O'Briens became Macdonnells, Maclachlans and Macbriars and passed as clansmen.

This second battalion was at once despatched on active service to the West Indies. An expedition had been organised for the

attack on Martinique and Guadeloupe and the young corps, whose men a few months earlier had been herding sheep and cattle on their native hills, distinguished itself by brilliant gallantry in the capture of Guadeloupe and the other operations. Their attack with the claymore on the entrenched position on the banks of the Licorn was as formidable and effective as such efforts made by the parent battalion had ever been and the enemy yielded possession of a strong redoubt. During the operations in Guadeloupe the Royal Highlanders for the only time in their history were engaged with a force commanded by a woman. A certain Madame Ducharmey, instead of taking refuge in the inaccessible woods as the Governor and most of the inhabitants had done, armed her negroes, threw up entrenchments and kept the outposts of a British detachment in constant alarm. It became necessary to attack her position in due form and it was defended by the brave lady with a spirit that did honour to her and her garrison. Some of the Highlanders were employed on the occasion and, among their wounded, was Lieutenant Maclean, who lost his arm. The fact of his having been so ungallant as to fight against a lady does not seem to have detracted from his merit in the eyes of the French dames at Guadeloupe for it is recorded that he was subsequently much noticed by them "for his gallantry and spirit and the manner in which he wore his plaid and regimental garb."

After the capitulation of Guadeloupe, the second battalion of the 42nd was transferred to North America but there, though there was much arduous campaigning, neither the first nor second battalions took part in any great

action. It was not till 1762 that another expedition was sent against Martinique and in it the whole of the Royal Highlanders were included. Again the claymore charge carried victory with it at a critical time. The French troops made a determined attempt against the British advanced post, but were repelled and a counter attack was returned which not only drove the enemy back to their original position but swept them out of it and finally shattered their force. The whole of the Windward Islands then fell into British hands. Nor did the 42nd fail to pay a heavy blood toll for their success. Two officers, one sergeant and twelve men were killed. Ten officers, three sergeants and seventy men were wounded. The recovery of one wounded officer was so extraordinary that it must be noted. Captain James Murray received a bullet in his left side which, passing through the lung, crossed his chest and lodged under the shoulder. His case was considered desperate but, to the astonishment of everyone, he very soon quite recovered and lived for thirty-two years, though he was never afterwards able to lie down and always slept in an upright position supported by pillows. After Martinique came the capture of Havannah, and here, suffering little loss in battle, nine officers and seventy-three men of the 42nd succumbed to sickness and hardship. The second battalion was now reduced and the first was again sent to America. During the latter part of the war on that continent, the service that the 42nd performed was more remarkable for the long marches that they performed and the terrible exposure that they endured than for encounters in the field, though they had enough detached struggles to form a trying cam-

paign. The stamina of the Highlanders was especially proved by their immunity from loss by disease or fatigue during long expeditions in a wild country where they suffered sometimes the extremes of heat, sometimes an equal excess of cold.

At last their incessant warfare was over for a time and the Royal Highlanders recrossed the Atlantic. It might have been thought that they would have been sent to Scotland, but it was not till after eight years spent in Ireland that they at last revisited their native land, thirty-two years since they had quitted it on their first embodiment. Officers and men of the original battalion had long ago passed from their ranks, but there were many among them who, affronting death in all its forms, had written a new page of glory in their country's history. The hardy warriors who had passed through so many warlike trials and had given such proof of their unflinching valour "leaped on shore with enthusiasm, kissing the earth and holding it up by handfuls."

The last quarter of the 18th century was a stirring time and there was little repose for British soldiers. The American War of Independence broke out in 1776 and England put a large force in the field to coerce her rebellious colonies. The 42nd joined the army at Staten Island under Sir W. Howe. It is not now our purpose to recount in detail the events of the lamentable campaigns which followed. Sufficient to say that the Black Watch had its full share in operations which, as a rule, consisted in petty expeditions, unpleasant and fatiguing in themselves and productive of little honour or satisfaction to officer or soldier. Wherever the Highlanders were found they

acted gallantly and their military honour was never impeached. It was in the later period of the war that a great change was made in their hitherto distinctive equipment. Their claymores and pistols were returned into store and were never again issued. It was said that, when the men took the field in a forest country, the broadswords retarded them by getting entangled in the brushwood. This reasoning, however, did not apply to the pistols which, it might have been supposed, would be particularly useful in a closely wooded land where in troops were exposed to sudden surprises and attacks by a hidden enemy. The claymores, too, had been carried through many campaigns in the West Indies where the forests were dense and tangled, without being found to be any impediment to free movement. Time after time, the effect of a Highland charge, claymore in hand when a decisive blow was to be struck, had been found irresistible, even when an enemy had been able to stand unmoved against prolonged musketry fire. Of course, in our own day under modern conditions of war, the use of the claymore could not be revived for the rank and file, but it is very evident that it might have been retained much longer than was the case; probably indeed

with good effect as long as the Highland regiments were filled with pure-blooded mountaineers.

While the first battalion was serving in America a new second battalion had also been embodied, which was hurried off to an Indian war, but this, in 1786, was formed into a distinct regiment and numbered the 73rd. It was not till our own day that the two battalions were again brought together to form one territorial regiment and the 73rd resumed the kilt and plaid which they had proudly worn when they were first raised.

The history of no British regiment has been fuller of glorious incident than that of the Black Watch and, earliest formed among the kilted corps, they are rivalled by none in extent and variety of service, though all may claim equality as warriors in the eyes of their countrymen. Space is wanting here to go beyond the story of their earliest days. The record of more than a century must be omitted, during which time their colours have been borne high in Europe, India and Africa. Wherever the war clouds have gathered most gloomily there has their pibroch been heard calling them to do their duty and never calling in vain.

C. STEIN.

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## Mostly About Snakes.

It was getting late. Some of us had fished the loch and the river—the rest had been on the hill after the grouse—and now, more or less tired, we were all thinking of going to bed, when suddenly “Jim” sat up in his chair and began to talk.

What started him off we none of us knew. The wild goose shot with a “303” that morning after a protracted stalk, that we had subsequently struggled with at dinner, had possibly ruffled a some time overstrained digestion, or the mention of a dead adder, seen by the river-side, had brought back to him thoughts of other and more adventurous days spent in South Africa, where indeed he had had a turn at most things, gold mining and prospecting, hunting between whiles, when every bird or beast worth the killing had fallen to his unerring aim.

“Snakes,” he said, dreamily, for he had not quite woke up as yet. “Snakes? yes! I’ve seen plenty of *them*. All sorts of vicious venomous brutes in South Africa, ‘mambas’ and ‘cobras’—‘rhinohals’ they call them—they’re the worst of the lot, both of them will go for you, particularly the mambas, they’re perfect devils! once they strike you, and it’s all over in about twenty-five minutes, or even less.

“The cobra generally kills you in about three-quarters of an hour. You see you’re mostly bitten when you’re *alone* or unprepared, and perhaps haven’t got any ‘ammonia’ or whiskey with you. Of course, the best thing to do is to put on a tight tourniquet above the bite, and if you have *not* anything else with you, slash the wound and let it bleed, and put in a little gunpowder and fizz it off. I have known cases of people escaping like this, but it’s almost any

odds against it. With ‘cobras,’ now, you’ve more of a chance, for when you come across them, unless you tread on them, they always sit up, and so give you time to knock them over. Often when they’re sitting up on their tails their heads are level with your face. You have to look out, for they can strike their own length, and some are seven or eight feet long.

“Of course, for the most part snakes will get out of your way if they can, excepting the mambas and cobras. Cobras will dispute the right-of-way with you. I remember once walking down a narrow road when I saw an enormous cobra just before me. Directly he saw me, instead of quitting, up he got. One generally has a gun with one, but this time I only happened to have a pistol. I fired at him and missed, and by this time he was so angry his head had swelled out to about twice the size it was before, which made of course a much better target. The next bullet caught him *plomb centre* and terminated the affair.

“Of course one always kills a snake whenever there is a chance. Man, bird, and beast alike, all are against them, and a good thing too. They’d get far too numerous if it were not so. You should see a ‘secretary bird’ go for a snake, it’s a fine sight, they’re splendid chaps, and watching a fight gave me quite a tip how to tackle one if armed only with a stick. Up sits the cobra, its head swaying from side to side, the fierce, cruel eyes scintillating, and the tongue darting in and out from its mouth. The bird dances jauntily about before him, for all the world like a light-weight fighting man, using his wing feathers as a shield, on which he receives each deadly stroke, and

answering with a violent kick, which time after time sends the snake 'galley-west.' Finally, the snake gets exhausted when a blow from the strong beak ends the contest. It is a terrible offence to kill a 'secretary bird' in South Africa. If ever I have an encounter with a snake again, armed only with a stick, I should take off my coat and use it as a sort of shield.

"Eagles and pavs too are also death on the reptile. I shot an eagle once flying over camp, he disgorged a puff adder at least three feet long. Snakes frequently swallow each other too. I've seen a black snake about six feet long cut open, we wondered what he'd got inside him, he was so swollen out, and we found he was gorged with another black snake very nearly as large as he was. Yes, I've seen one or two men 'struck' by various snakes. I saw a nigger bitten by a 'cobra.' Poor devil! he knew *nothing* could save him. He died under the hour in agony, fearful stomach pains and nausea.

"Then there are other things too that are a pretty good treat besides snakes—centipedes and tarantulas. The centipede's feet are like the thorns on a rose-tree, and if he runs over you he makes a regular little track of inflammation, which sometimes produces 'erysipelas.' Tarantulas, too, give you a nasty bite. You generally get bitten by them if you happen to be asleep or put your hand on one, when they'll fly at it. Then there's another and smaller spider which always gets at you at a time when you're least prepared for it, and then there's the scorpions. It's *no catch* to be stung by them I can tell you, they fairly swarm in some parts, and you want to look out for them when you pitch your camp. I've seen two of them put in a basin

together, and then irritated to make them fight. They soon sting each other to death. If you put a bit of hot coal close to a scorpion, he'll fly at it, and if you keep on putting it close to him, he'll turn his tail right up over his head and sting himself in the back of the neck, and will die almost immediately.

" 'I shall never forget,' Jim went on, sucking at his cigar and gazing reflectively into the fire, 'a good get out' I had once. . . . There was a big diamond rush to Kamfers dam, and another chap and myself started off at once to see if, by a stroke of luck, we couldn't manage to peg off some claims. We took a wagon with us, and a very small tent. Well, we got down there and pegged out our claims and pitched our camp, then we lit a fire and had a bit of supper. Altogether we felt fairly cheerful. It was a lovely night, such a moon, and we sat and talked over our prospects, and of the chaps who'd be dead certain to be down before very long to offer us untold sums for our claims. Then we went to bed. The tent was only a very small one, and so we had to lie pretty close together. We had taken off everything except our 'pyjamas' and socks, and were soon fast asleep. In the middle of the night I awoke. As I said before there was a lovely moon, in fact it was almost as light as day, and as I looked up at the clear white canvas, about two foot above me, I saw a dozen or so of things crawling up it just over my face, and, *Good God!* they were scorpions. How I got out of that tent without being stung, I never can make out, and then I had to wake up my pal. He didn't lose any time quitting either when he heard the news, and we lit up the fire again and spent the remainder of the night sitting by it. Next

day we found we had pitched our tent in a regular nest of the devils. It's no joke being stung by one either, as besides the excruciating pain, it more or less paralyses the place and gives you a sort of St. Vitus's dance. Even now I feel quite shaky when I think of that little tent and those horrid crawling brutes all around me. The monkeys catch and eat them, they never get hurt, they're far too tricky. They catch one up, give it a pinch, and fling it down before it has time to sting them."

Here Jim paused.

"Have you had many escapes of being bitten by snakes?" one of us interrogated him.

"A few," he said, "two or three of them pretty useful.

"One day I'd gone up Pilgrim's Hill with another man to look at a broken-down water race, and we came to a place where you had to jump from one rock on to another. I went first and got over all right.

"'Heavens,' cried out my pal. 'Look there.' I'd landed right on to a black mamba's head, and there it was twisting and tying itself up into knots in the convulsions of death. Lucky for me the iron heel of my boot had crushed its head, or I should have been 'a goner.' Another day I was coming home from shooting and walking along a fig-hedge and kept reaching up my arms picking figs as I went. I felt something hit me pretty smartly on the coat pocket, and looking down I saw a large puff adder lashing about on the ground. I shot the snake and examining my coat I found one of its fangs broken off in the tough Khar-kee. I'd a dead bird too in my pocket, which stopped it penetrating, but if it had been six inches lower down, and on the leg, it might have been another affair. I had another experience, and

none too nice a one either. It was a baking hot day, and there was a nice deep pool close to camp. I never remember seeing such lovely clear water, and I couldn't resist going in and having a bathe. In I went with the devil of a splash, the wave I made washed over the bank, when out from a hole came two 'green mambas,' who took to the water and swam straight for me. I tell you, I did a record to the other side, and had not the slightest desire to go in swimming again for some time after. But the narrowest squeak of all I ever did have was with a cobra. I was stalking duck and going through reedy sort of ground on my hands and knees, pushing my gun in front of me. I had an old pointer dog out who kept close to my side, and as I stopped for a second to rest, I happened to look at him; he was quite stiff, and his upper lip curled up, snarling at something. I thought it was probably an 'iguana' (big lizard), as there were a good many about there, and was just going on again, but the dog looked so angry, I waited, when suddenly, within three feet of my face up sat a gigantic 'cobra.' For a few seconds I was utterly paralysed with funk, as he could have reached me easily. The dog was standing at one side and a little behind me. I could hear him growling, and suddenly I noticed the snake's attention was diverted from me to the dog. Slowly I reached my gun forward. I couldn't even get it to my shoulder. And then! well, I blew that cobra's head several yards.

"Good-night, boys. I'm surprised at you listening to me for so long, for when anyone mentions a 'lion' or a snake in *South Africa*, it's good enough for everybody to leave the room."

H. C. BENTLEY.

## The Thruster's Song.

You who've known the sweet enjoyment of a gallop in the vale,  
Comrades of the chase, I know, you will not deem my subject stale.  
Stand with me once more beside the blackthorn or the golden gorse,  
Don't forget to thank your stars you're mounted on a favourite horse,  
For the hounds dashed into covert with a zest that bodes a scent  
And the glass is high and rising, clouded is the firmament.  
When the ground is soaked with moisture, when the wind is in the  
East

Scent lies best, the south wind doesn't suit the thruster in the least :  
Some there are who love to see the pack with noses on the ground  
We prefer to see them flitting o'er the grass without a sound,  
We prefer the chill north-easter, ten to one the scent's breast high,  
With a south wind hounds can sometimes hunt a fox, but seldom fly.  
Hark! the whip has viewed him yonder; he's "away" upon my  
word!

If you want to steal a start, then fly the bullfinch like a bird;  
Gallop now your very hardest, turn him sharp and jump the stile,  
Trot him at it, never mind the bough—it's only smashed your tile!  
Now we're with them, see, they're tailing from the fierceness of the  
pace,

Up the hedgerow, o'er the meadow, cross the stubble see them race.  
Governor by "Belvoir Gambler," he's the hound to "run to head,"  
Tracing back to Rallywood that fifty years ago was bred  
At Brocklesby; there's Arrogant by Acrobat, and Artful too,  
Rosebud bred by Pytchley Rockwood; Crusty, likewise staunch and  
true.

Down a muddy lane in mad excitement but alas! too late  
Thunders half the field towards the portals of a friendly gate;  
Sees a dozen redcoats bobbing in the vale a mile ahead,  
Hears the huntsman's horn and longs to catch those distant bits of  
red;

But in vain; for blind the fences, here a fall and there a peck,  
Some one cries, "an awful place, sir, don't go there, you'll break  
your neck."

Not the big unbroken fences, 'tis the treacherous gaps we fear,  
"Though in front the post of honour, that of danger's in the rear."

Forrard on, then forrard onwards, o'er the pasture, o'er the lea  
Tossed about by ridge and furrow, rolling like a ship at sea;  
Stake and binders, timber, oxers, all are taken in our stride  
Better fifty minutes' racing than a dawdling five hours' ride.

I am not ashamed to own with him who loves a steeplechase,  
That to me the charm in hunting is the ecstasy of *pace*.

This is what best schools the soldier, teaches us that we are men  
Born to bear the rough and tumble, wield the sword and not the pen.  
Some there are who dub hard riders worthless and a draghunt crew  
Tailors who do all the damage, mounted on a spavined screw.  
Well, I grant you hunting men are sometimes narrow-minded fools,  
Ignorant of all worth knowing, save what's learnt in riding schools,  
Careless of the rights of others, scampering over growing crops,  
Smashing gates and making gaps and scattering wide the turnip-tops.

But I hold that out of all the hunting fields throughout the land  
I could choose for active service a lion-hearted, gallant band ;  
I could choose six hundred redcoats trained by riding in the van,  
Fit to go to Balaclava under brave Lord Cardigan.  
'Tis the finest school, the chase, to teach contempt of cannon-balls,  
If a man ride bravely onward spite of endless rattling falls.  
And to be a first-rate sportsman, not a man who merely "rides"  
Is to be a perfect gentleman, and something more besides.  
Fearing neither man nor devil, kind, unselfish, he must be,  
Born to lead when danger threatens, type of ancient chivalry.  
When you hear a "houndman" jeering at the customers in front,  
Saying they come out to ride a steeplechase and not to hunt ;  
Depend upon it, "grapes are sour," the fellow's smoked his nerve  
away.

Once he went as well as they do, "every dog will have his day,"  
Though to ride about the roads in state may do your liver good,  
You see precious little "houndwork" either there or in the wood.  
He who would observe the work of hounds must ride beside the pack,  
Choosing his own line, or follow others, if he's lost the knack.  
There is room for all out hunting, rich and poor, and great and small,  
But he who never "goes a yard" must abstain from talking "tall."  
Lookers on I grant you, often see the best part of the game,  
Still to ride the roads and live with hounds are things not quite the  
same.

Now, a word to all those gallant chaps who love a hunting day,  
In these bad times you know full well that farming does not pay ;  
Barbed wire's the cheapest kind of fence, the farmer can't afford  
To put up tempting posts and rails, he's getting rather bored ;  
Therefore if we want to ride with our old devilry and dash,  
We must put our hands in pockets deep and shovel out the cash.  
When you want to hire a shooting, you will gladly pay a "pony"  
Yet when asked to give it to the hounds you're apt to say you're  
"stony."

Ten pounds a year for every horse, is not too much to pay,  
Ten horses mean a hundred ; surely nothing out of the way  
For such a stud ; keep fewer horses, pay a big subscription  
And we shall have no wire at all, and very little friction ;  
Our wheels well oiled, fox-hunting, finest sport in all creation  
Will flourish in this land, as long as we remain a nation.

COLN ST. DENNIS.

## A Word on behalf of Umpires.

Is our National game doomed at some future date to extinction, and will the reason for its doom be the inability of those interested to invent an automatic and satisfactory umpire? We sometimes feel that there is great cause for apprehension upon this score, and from time to time circumstances arise significantly to accentuate our apprehension. Only recently a meeting of the representatives of the so-called minor counties was specially convened for the sole purpose of discussing the possibility—the advisability was universally admitted—of obtaining in matches played amongst the minor counties the services of umpires who should *primâ facie* be unbiassed to the extent that they should not officiate in a match where a county in which they were inferentially interested was concerned.

Some years ago no county cricket team was complete without two important and regular allies, the umpire and the scorer; the umpire was not always an umpire and nothing more, he was often a practical and excellent cricketer, it being the practice with some counties to take around on tour 12 cricketers, and whichever professional had upon the morning of the match to stand out of the eleven to represent the county was deputed to play a less active but more important part in the fortune of his side by standing umpire. At that time, and judged by the contemporary code of morals, there was for years no very strong feeling of distrust expressed against this system, and the proposition that a partisan can be an honest man was accepted with a grace more or less good.

We take it to be an estab-

lished fact demonstrated again and again beyond dispute that county cricket has within the last fifteen years lost much of its once honoured morality, and so, as men's minds became saturated with the suspicions aroused by a lowered standard of morals it was most natural that steps should be taken to so far as was possible ensure the neutrality, at all events, of umpires in county matches, as much for the sake of the umpires as for the players, and for the last ten years or so an umpire presumed to have no interest in either competing county has been appointed from headquarters as arbiter. What was done by the so-called first-class counties ten years ago the minor counties are seeking to do to-day.

The main difficulty, however, about umpires appears to us to be not so much a question of morality as of capability, and in imposing upon an ordinary—upon occasion a very ordinary—mortal a responsibility which might well surprise the senses and disturb the dignity of a demi-god, we are really giving a very large order. Dishonest umpires we must with sorrow confess to having met, and we think there can be no more foul or infamous thing on the face of the earth. "Who steals my purse steals trash" as often as not, but he who robs a batsman of an innings when he has got nicely in on a good wicket does him a wrong the magnitude of which can never definitely be determined, although like enough the victim would actually have been bowled neck and heels next ball. Dishonest umpires would appear to be most readily found at schools, and visiting bowlers will

not expect a too ready adoption of their views as to the "l. b. w." rule, whilst we must own to having been witness of decisions which have made our blood run cold with regard to a run-out, because the boy run out was trying for his colours, and it would in the opinion of the school umpire be bad luck to let him be out in any more complete fashion than by being clean bowled middle stump. Again, when batting against a school team whose fortunes are presided over by an umpire in whom you have no confidence, you must deal warily with balls pitched on the leg side of the wicket for fear that a careless contact with your pad—and there have even been instances where the stomach or back have served as well—should suffice to secure your dismissal as an obstructionist. They ought to be kept harnessed in the heavy roller, these creatures who betray their sacred trust, smiling guiltily the while with their lying tongue thrust into their false cheek. We would gladly persuade ourselves that dishonest umpiring is confined to school cricket, but, alas! it is not the case, and here and there from time to time the evil makes itself felt.

However, dishonesty of umpires is not going to be the ruin of cricket; cricketers generally are far too honourable and far too good sportsmen to tolerate such a blot upon the game, except in isolated instances. No, it is the incompetence of ordinary mortals to fill a very extraordinary post that makes us feel so uneasy about the future of cricket. Each year as the wickets become easier and so the value of an innings increases, so each year must the responsibility of the man whose duty it is to declare a batsman out or not out likewise increase, and we only

wish we could think of some method which would justify us in hoping that the umpires will become better and better qualified to carry out their duties as those duties become more and more onerous. A catch at the wicket is a very slight affair, and one in regard to which the parties most intimately concerned, that is to say the alleged striker and the wicket-keeper, not unfrequently express convictions directly opposed to each other, and this affair has to be decided aye or nay upon the spur of the moment without hesitation by a man standing at least twenty yards away from (to quote the words of the illustrated papers) "the spot where the occurrence took place," who is suddenly appealed to by a cry the ferocious intensity of which would appear to vary with the importance of the occasion. A country umpire, and to some of us that term conveys a world of meaning, spoke his heart once when he said, "They all holloaed together 'How's that?' and it put me in such a fluster that I felt I must say, 'Out,' and then when it was all over I said to myself, 'I'm not at all sure it was out now I come to think.'" We wonder what that unlucky batsman said to himself when it was "all over," and he for his part had plenty of time to think!

We would desire to point out to cricketers that to a certain extent it is possible for the players in a match to do something towards improving the standard of umpiring by treating the umpire with the consideration which is due to him and to his sacred calling, and by appealing to his decision in a quiet, decorous, and dignified manner and not in a shrieking and too often irresponsible chorus such as is heard with odious frequency in some county matches of to-day.

All umpires have not the mental balance of the great Robert Thoms, who in response to an adventurous scream from a bowler, replied, "Not out, young man, and I'm not deaf." Players who are anxious for justice and fair decisions are far more likely to arrive at the truth by a quiet inquiry, and we fear that the shouts sometimes heard can only be uttered with the object of influencing the decision of the umpire. A memorable county match ended in a tie a few years ago; with one run wanted to win, the last batsman played somewhere within a few inches of the ball which was subsequently taken by the wicket-keeper, standing well back, and almost before the ball was in his grasp there went up a great shout from many of the fielding side, and then there went up the umpire's hand, and the match was over, although it is very doubtful if five minutes later any one of the appellants believed in his heart that the batsman had touched the ball.

The umpire is made of ordinary clay, and so is far from infallible; he has to be in the field throughout the whole of the match, and should play be delayed by rain or bad light, he is usually held by a section of the spectators to be

personally responsible for the delay; and this opinion is frequently conveyed to him in no very delicate manner; he has to keep on counting the five balls of the over, to watch the fairness of the bowler's delivery, and also the position of his feet in the act of delivering the ball; he has to decide in a moment the most delicate matters of catches and stumpings, and perhaps, most difficult task of all, to adjudicate upon a run-out where it is a race between the bat and the ball when they are proceeding in opposite directions. His is a busy life and an anxious one, and for a conscientious man, well nigh intolerable, and the natural difficulties of the post are surely sufficiently serious to encourage those taking part in the match to actively and passively do what they can to assist the umpires to administer justice by refraining from an appeal unless there is some reason for supposing the batsman is really out, by making the appeal in a decent and civilised manner, and, "thirdly and lastly" (as a fitting conclusion to our little homily) by accepting the decision when it is adversely pronounced—as to one party it must be adverse—in a spirit of Christian resignation.

QUID.

## The Sportsman's Library.

Reprinted with additions and alterations from Part V. of "The Encyclopædia of Sport," this little volume\* is, we think, a very good six pennyworth. As we have had occasion before now to remark in these columns, the editors of "The

Encyclopædia of Sport" have so far approached no topic to which they have not done ample justice, and here in the matter of cycling, as has been the case with other sports, the writers who tender information and advice, bear names which sufficiently guarantee the value of their remarks. The book is broken up into paragraphs with comprehensive headings, so that

\* The Suffolk Sporting Series, edited by the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire. "Cycling," by H. Graves, G. Lacy Hillier, and Susan, Countess of Malmesbury. London: Lawrence & Bullen, Ltd., 16, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. 1898. 8vo, boards, 2s., paper, 6d.



he (or she) who rides may read, and there might be many more superfluous requisites included in the inventory of a touring cyclist than a copy of this little book.

This very complete little work\* is practically the fourth edition of the list of the literature of skating, compiled by an enthusiast who has himself contributed much valuable matter upon the subject. The publication is in response to a private subscription list, and as Mr. Foster very truly remarks, a work of such a purely technical character has interest for such a limited circle of readers that without this subscription its publication would not have been warranted. It is only fitting that in any work dealing with the bibliography of any sport the name of BAILY'S MAGAZINE should be associated, and we are pleased to find that upon more than one occasion are the green covers chronicled as containing particles of the literature of skating.

Mr. F. G. Afalo is a most prolific writer, and all his work that has come before us is in our opinion good. Encouraged by the success of his volume published last year upon the natural history of the Australian Colonies, he has now returned to the fauna of the British Isles,† and has succeeded in packing between the covers of an octavo volume of just under 500 pages, a most valuable and varied amount of information in regard to the natural history of the vertebrates of these islands.

The classification of the various species is very complete, and under the headings of Mammals,

Birds, Reptiles, Amphibians, Fishes, and The Lowest Vertebrates, will be found an index, by which information concerning whichever backbone - possessing creature the reader is anxious to study may immediately be obtained. In a volume of this handy size such information must of necessity be terse, but it is to the point.

A very practical work is this which deals with the two kinds of the so-called coarse fish which inhabit our fresh waters.\*

The right of Mr. Jardine to speak upon Pike and Perch with authority is undeniable, and he has wisely enough bent his mind to the task of supplying useful information, the fruit of his wide experience, as to the best methods for catching these fish and as to the best and most improved kinds of tackle to be employed.

The natural history of fishes is dealt with in the works of earlier writers, and there is little to be added to that part of the literature of angling; so we commend Mr. Jardine for adhering to the practical side of his subject, and for the able way in which he has treated it.

A good novel is rare enough, but a sporting novel really worth reading is of the rarest. Welcome therefore is Naunton Covertside's story,† full of life and incident and depending in the main on foxhunting as the paramount interest. The characters, if sometimes open to the charge of conventionality, are well and distinctly drawn, and the interest is maintained to the very last page. "The Secret of a Hollow Tree" is a capital story.

\* "A Bibliography of Skating," by Fred. W. Foster. B. W. Warburton, 15, Paulston's Square, Chelsea, London. March, 1898. Price 5s.

† "A Sketch of the Natural History Vertebrates of the British Islands," with a concise bibliography of popular works relating to the British Fauna, and a list of Field Clubs and Natural History Societies in the United Kingdom, by F. G. Afalo, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S. With illustrations. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1898. 8vo, fancy boards, 6s.

\* The Angler's Library, edited by Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., and F. G. Afalo. "Pike and Perch," by Alfred Jardine. Illustrated. London: Lawrence and Bullen, Ltd., 16, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. 1898. 8vo.

† "The Secret of a Hollow Tree," by Naunton Covertside. Digby, Long & Co.

## Tom Whitmore in Retirement.

FIRST as whipper-in, then as kennel huntsman and finally as Huntsman, Tom Whitmore was with the Oakley for twenty-seven

fox, did not notice an overhanging branch of a tree. The result was that he collided with the branch, and became uncon-



TOM WHITMORE.

years. He retired last season, a severe accident in the hunting field being the immediate cause of this step. Tom, whilst concentrating his attention on a

scious, and unhappily caused concussion of the brain. It was thought at one time that he would not recover, but a good constitution pulled him through. He now

lives at Radwell, a little village situated about ten minutes' walk from the Oakley kennels, where he spent so considerable a span of his career. But Tom has not yet given up hunting. He has been out with several packs lately. He has many friends, and they all wish to see him, and he has been pretty busily occupied visiting them. His comfortable cottage stands by the side of the Ouse, near Radwell Bridge, and

it is a house of considerable historic interest. Tom Whitemore is fortunate in possessing as a near neighbour, Mr. Harry Green (the Squire of Felmersham) who is a keen sportsman. Mr. Green and Tom are great friends, and many a pleasant shooting expedition has he enjoyed in young Mr. Green's company. We trust that he will be spared for many years to enjoy a well-earned retirement.

## "Our Van."

**Sandown Park.**—As the Grand National comes within measurable distance so do the public appearances of horses engaged in the race naturally enough increase in importance and interest. Herein does steeplechasing differ so much from flat racing. What would be said were a candidate for the Derby or Oaks seen out a fortnight before the race for the purpose of winning a £100 plate I cannot undertake to suggest, but this is quite the rule in connection with the Grand National, which seems to point to an advantage in owning jumping over flat-racing stock, by reason of getting more fun out of it. Of the probable starters at the end of February about one half were exhibiting themselves on various courses, which is precisely what the book-maker likes, for, according to the success or failure of the horse, so he is enabled to shout out a lengthening or shortening of the price, all of which is supposed to be conducive to new business. At Sandown several Grand National horses were on view on Saturday, February 26th, and Friday and Saturday, March 4th and 5th.

There had been no racing at Sandown since the first week in December, which shows that the Sandown Park executive are either very astute or very fortunate in escaping the dreariness that is associated with racing in December and January. On February 26th we saw Gauntlet fail to give Donner 10lb. in a two miles steeplechase, which is not much of a guide to a race of four and a half miles at Aintree. In the Liverpool Trial Steeplechase of three miles and a half, half the runners were, appropriately enough, Grand National horses, Wild Man from Borneo, Swan-shot, Greenhill and Hobnob, to wit, Hobnob, with the light weight of 10st. 2lb. pursuing cutting down tactics with complete success.

**The Grand Military.**—After seeing the same faces day after day for months together, the Grand Military meeting at Sandown Park comes as a delightful change. The occasion is supported by those most interested in no half-hearted manner, and the replete members' enclosure may be likened to a small Ascot, with the

ladies, who form so large a proportion of the company, doing their best, and doing it with complete success, to look charming in costumes adapted to the chills of winter. One is tired of being told each year about the riding, as if heaven-born jockeys could be found on every bush. In one or two races there was certainly an epidemic of falls; but each year we have a certain proportion of our very best steeplechase jockeys placed *hors de combat* from this cause. Everyone knows that riding means stones in steeplechasing; but, in case we were not aware of the fact, Mr. Reginald Ward gave us a very practical illustration by winning exactly half of the dozen races decided on the two days, five of them on his own horses. On Ulterior, claimed for him out of the Warren Flat race on the previous Saturday, when, ridden by his then owner, he failed to beat Hamsey with 4lb. the best of the weights, Mr. Ward won the National Hunt Flat race, beating Hamsey this time easily, on the same terms. A Selling Steeplechase Mr. Ward won on Free Fight, in a wonderful way, the horse sprawling on landing over a jump five furlongs from the finish and shooting his rider on his neck. Not in the least nonplussed, Mr. Ward was back in the saddle in a twinkling, and the pair were off again with the loss of about a dozen lengths only. By hard riding Free Fight got on terms again, and there was much cheering (for he was a good favourite) when the horse won fairly easily after all. The third win for Mr. Ward was on The Tramp, in the Past and Present Steeplechase, which carelessness at the finish nearly threw away. The race of the day, and of the meeting, that for the Grand Military Gold Cup, fell to County

Council, well ridden by Major Onslow; and Lord Cowley scored again on his useful Morello in the Sandown Open Steeplechase.

The second day Mr. Ward began by winning the United Service Steeplechase on The Tramp, and then Killyleagh gave us another taste of his high quality by winning the Open Hurdle race. Knight of Rhodes ran in this race, but he completely failed to give Killyleagh 18lbs. The Grand Military Steeplechase resulted in something of a surprise. Melton Constable has been seen out a few times, and his performances caused him to be estimated by the public very much as he appears to have been by his owner who, before the race, sold him to Major Hughes Onslow for about 200 sovs. It was a fortunate purchase, for Melton Constable, racing, as he had never raced before, won with something in hand by four lengths from Cathal, who was trying to give him 25lb. Mr. Ward then won a Selling Steeplechase on his own Romeo and a Selling Hurdle race on Mr. Brassey's Battlemount, the last race of the meeting, the Tally Ho Steeplechase being won rather luckily by Zambay, Buckthorn, beaten by a neck, being the unlucky one.

**National Hunt Meeting at Gatwick.**—That the National Hunt Committee should do something in the way of promoting sport by furnishing some races is admirable, and it is feasible enough to think it would be advantageous to a meeting to have the two National Hunt races, a steeplechase of 1,000 sovs. and another for juveniles, of 500 sovs., apportioned to it. Things are very often not what they seem, however, especially at racing, and the *cachet* conferred by holding the National Hunt races seems not to be productive of results in the

shape of hard cash, which is nowadays the test of success or failure in Turf matters. It cannot be gainsaid that the weather on the first of the two days devoted to the meeting was bitterly cold, and one never saw more fur-lined coats in March, nor were they ever more necessary. But it may be reasonably doubted whether an east wind is an absolute deterrent to people bent upon taking part in some outdoor function. But the National Hunt races, whatever useful purpose they may serve, possess no charm for the average race-goer, and no reason can be advanced why they should. The conditions, stipulating as they do that competitors must be maidens, preclude the possibility of horses being public favourites, and it is as rare for the winner to achieve fame subsequently as it is for a winner of the Brocklesby. The attendance at Gatwick was some hundreds below what it was at the corresponding meeting in 1897, when there was no attraction in the shape of National Hunt races. Two Irish horses shared favouritism, and though they both fell, another Irish-bred one was there to take their place. This was Real Shamrock. On the second day, in the Surrey Steeplechase, Nepcote defeated four other Grand National horses in Wild Man from Borneo, Swan-shot, Biscuit and Greenhill, but there was nothing very inspiring in the performance, successful though it was. The National Hunt Juvenile Steeplechase, for four-year-olds, all at 10st. 10lbs., was a one horse race, Ben Alder starting at evens in a field of seventeen and winning, though Albinus looked dangerous at one time near home.

The International Hurdle race of 1,000 sovs., the best race of the kind we have, fell to a good horse

in Bird on the Wing, who had run second to Killyleagh for the Sandown Grand Prize. He is a good-looking son of Bird of Freedom, but not better-looking than the second in the race, Fossicker, who has a headstrong temperament, however. Behind these was a good field of hurdlers, two or three of whom had bad luck. They included Montauk, Regret, Bravo, Bach and Stop. Everyone was of opinion that the two days' sport provided was quite of the best seen this winter.

**Kempton Park.**—The Kempton Park March Meeting opened very quietly indeed, fields being very small in all but two hurdle races, and few people were present. The executive tried another of the two miles Welter Flat races instituted by Lord Suffolk, and Manifesto was pitted against Rampion, the winner of the corresponding race at Sandown Park. The meeting afforded an opportunity for gauging the immense difference in point of speed that there is between flat-racers and steeplechasers, for Manifesto could never go fast enough, though the relative rate of speed at which the Grand National course is covered is tremendous. To see such odds as 5 to 1 laid on an ordinary horse like Rampion with last year's winner of the Grand National in the field, is something of an eye-opener. The conditions of these races are open to plenty of improvement. It was argued from the first that they were at the mercy of any ordinary stayer on the flat whom it was thought worth while to keep in training in the winter; but this could easily be obviated by the imposition of penalties for winning such races. The curious thing is that the Kempton conditions provided for the infliction of a 7lb. penalty on any winner of 150 sovs. under

National Hunt or Irish National Hunt rules, but the Suffolk and Berkshire flat race was open to "horses, &c., that have never won under the recognised rules of flat racing, in any country, a race value 200 sovs., of the advertised distance of over one mile." Had Rampion been penalised say, 7lbs. for his Sandown win, one can say with knowledge that as many as nineteen of the twenty-three horses on the card would not have been absentees.

On the second day the first noticeable item was the falling of Ebor (the first time in public, so far as memory serves) in the Stand Steeplechase. Ebor had just previously been sold for 1,200 guineas. The next was the phenomenal resuscitating of Yorker as a hurdle racer, he winning the Kingston Hurdle Handicap of 500 sovs. in splendid style. Yorker has been such a dreadful take-in on so many occasions that the crowd would have nothing to do with him. The handicapper had by no means let him in on the strength of a first appearance, giving him 12st. 2lb. to the 12st. 7lb. of Fossicker and Regret and the 12st. 5lb. of Harold and Full Armour. He jumped beautifully, and being with the leaders at the last hurdle, it was of course all over from that point. The stable were understood not to have backed him, but somebody was diligent in picking up all the stray long prices on offer. It was bad luck for Fossicker, who was second, to fall foul of this successful *débutante*.

**Diamio.**—It is only right that regret should be experienced at the failure of Diamio to reproduce the fine form which led to the very sporting determination to send him to England as a representative Australian steeplechaser. Diamio had won the Australian equivalent

for our Grand National with 13st., and his owners at once decided to send him to England. He made a first appearance at Lingfield where he was much admired, but though he was several times out during the course of two seasons, he never showed to the least advantage, always being beaten half-a-mile from the finish and it is clear that he never became acclimatised. The case emphasises the natural difficulties that stand in the way of international sport, for the trouble of acclimatisation affects human beings as well as horses, and perhaps to a more marked extent.

**Racing Regulations.**—A matter that now and then causes the greatest inconvenience is the practice of permitting the withdrawal of the numbers of horses that have been for some time displayed on the number board. Those interested in a horse should be able to make up their minds previous to weighing out the jockey whether the horse is in a fit state to run or not. Nothing can possibly be more unfair than to withdraw a horse's number after betting has been going on for several minutes. If stewards take upon themselves to permit the practice, they should go a step further and declare all the betting on the race, on the course, null and void, and the wagering could begin again. It is all very well to pretend that betting is a mere excrescence of racing and not to be officially recognised, but where would racing be without it? And if we cannot get on without it, by all means let us protect it from avoidable abuse.

**The late George Barrett.**—For the past two years or so the lingering of George Barrett, month after month on the very brink of the grave, without a hope of rescue therefrom, was an unflinching

theme of visitors to Newmarket, who each day going to and from the course had to pass the neat grey brick house in which the always dying man lay. But a little while ago no figure was more familiar on a racecourse than his, for it was in 1894 that his health was such as to incapacitate him from following his old calling. Born in 1863, he began in the usual way as apprentice to Manser of Newmarket; rode three winners at fourteen years of age, which he had increased to sixty-two in his eighteenth year, his victories including the Wokingham Stakes at Ascot, and the Steward's Cup at Goodwood. The magic "century" he first reached in 1885, and, except in 1888, when 95 was the total, he repeated this every year till 1893 inclusive, his 154 in 1892 being his best. In classic events he scored first in 1886, when he won the Two Thousand Guineas on Ormonde, whom Fred Archer had given up out of preference for Saraband. In 1891 the success of Common in all three classic races placed Barrett on that very small and enviable scroll of jockeys who have won those three races in the same year—necessarily on the same horse. The other three jockeys to whom this rare honour has fallen it may be mentioned, are Frank Butler, on West Australian in 1853, Harry Grimshaw, on Gladiateur in 1865, and Charles Wood on Galtie More in 1897. In the very next year Barrett came very near doing much the same sort of thing on La Flèche, for together they won the One Thousand Guineas, the Oaks, and the St. Leger, to say nothing of other races, including the Lancashire Plate, and, crowning success of all, the Cambridge-shire, carrying 8st. 10lb., a tremendous weight for a three-year-

old of by no means Herculean build. Barrett was often enough blamed for his bad judgment in riding races, but on this occasion he covered himself with glory. The Derby he missed on La Flèche by a short head, which would have made an almost unsurpassable year of it. Barrett was seen at his best on round courses, the more fraught with risk to horse and jockey, the better.

**The late Earl of Bradford.**—When a man has lived nearly eighty years, and has spent the active portion of that long life in ardent pursuit of the field sports of England, he may go to his eternal rest with a contented mind. The third Earl of Bradford, who, deeply regretted, departed this life on March 9th last, partook of his favourite sports in a manner that conduced to their enjoyment in the highest and noblest form. In the hunting-field he combined intrepidity and judgment in a marked manner; whilst such was his opinion of the Turf as a pastime for gentlemen, that he never entertained the suggestion that there was roguery about. That the Turf can do with a few more patrons of this way of thinking need not be said. The deceased Earl was a breeder of bloodstock first and a racing man next, and he had gained the necessary worldly experience before embarking upon either venture. His colours were not registered until he was forty years of age, but it was not for a long while after that that they were seen out at all regularly, though he bred Salpinctes, the three-year-old who won the Cesarewitch in 1865 for Captain King. From 1872 upwards, Lord Bradford owned a number of horses, the first to make any great mark being Chippendale, who made the

year 1879 a notable one for his owner. Chippendale was not in the classics, and he was not raced as a two-year-old. In his third year he won, amongst other races, the Ascot, Derby and the Hardwicke Stakes, beating in the last-named race, Silvio. These performances he capped by winning the Cesarewitch with 7st. 5lb., and altogether won about £7,000. In 1880 Chippendale won the Jockey Club Cup and the Great Metropolitan Stakes. In 1888 Lord Bradford had hard luck in not winning the St. Leger with Chillington, a son of Chippendale, the horse breaking down when winning. In 1892 came Sir Hugo, out of his lordship's own mare Manœuvre, and, if he did nothing else as a three-year-old, he won for his owner the blue riband of the Turf, the Derby. This was a success which none could begrudge so thorough a patron of the sport, and it certainly went no farther than to counterbalance the large amount of ill-luck that was the Earl's ordinary racing lot. If Chippendale and Sir Hugo will be long remembered, as they will be, for their successes, it is certain that the memory of Cuttlestone will not be easily effaced from the mind as a perfect sample of a double-dyed impostor, whom the public never seemed to find out, but backed him again and again with a pertinacity that was absolutely inexplicable.

**The Wild Red Deer.**—There has seldom been a better hind-hunting season than this. The Devon and Somerset have killed fifty-six hinds up to date, and Mr. Ian Amory has had a good proportion in his smaller country. Not only can the herds well spare this number, but it is absolutely a benefit to hunting to reduce the number of deer. Haddon last

month stood three consecutive days' hunting, supplying sport on each occasion. Yet with two packs at work it is difficult to keep the herds within bounds.

**Hunting the Carted Deer.**—Probably at the very time that Mr. Bryden was correcting the proofs for that otherwise excellent article in the *Fortnightly* on the "Future of Hunting," Mr. Rawle was providing the best possible refutation of the accusation that "stag hunting is a manufactured sport," and not at all superior in sport-giving qualities to the drag. On February 16th the Berkhamstead Pack had a run, the extreme points of which must be thirteen or fourteen miles apart. The V.D. knows every inch of the country hunted over. It provided every variety of soil and tested the qualities of hounds and huntsmen very highly. There was pace at times, then again there was patient hunting, and times the stag set the pack puzzles to work out which only a very wily and, I may add, a wild animal could have thought of. A Devonshire friend from Exmoor who was there writes: "I could not have believed it possible I should confess this, but truth obliges me to state that in the incidents of the hunt and even in the wild country crossed, I could not have told that I was not after a wild deer. I saw the stag beat up a river and again soil in a lake (Shardeloes), and breaking soil start fresh strong. The stag had been left out once, and evidently meant to stay out again." Surely there can be no offence in the fact that the stag was safely retaken without a scratch.

**The Essex Stag hounds.**—The members of this hunt have raised the guarantee to their Master by £150, and Captain the Hon. W. D. Cairns has undertaken, amid



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[P.T.O.]

general approval, the duties of Honorary Secretary to the hunt. Mr. Neave, the Master, who is a well-known hard rider, has shown wonderful sport during his period of office. Mr. Harrison, the retiring Hon. Sec., to whom the hunt owes a debt of gratitude, received a most hearty vote of thanks from the meeting. Immediately after the business of the meeting an untried hind was uncarted near Mr. Ritchie's house. For a field or two hounds hunted slowly and steadily, and then settled down to run hard to Writtle Mill. Here she soiled in the river, and then went back to Roxwell over the road to Chigwell. She was safely taken not far from Little Waltham.

Besides the above packs, the Queen's and the Warnham have had wonderful sport during the month, and Mr. Hamilton of Iping had a capital day after the wild roe in Sussex with his harriers.

**The Quorn.**—It was something of the irony of fate that the Quorn should have had their great run on a day when it was difficult to ride to hounds at all, impossible to ride to them with pleasure.

The circumstances of the day, excepting only the weather, were all in favour of an historic run. Most of the best of the Quorn field were out, and a special train had brought a number of Warwickshire and Pytchley folk.

The drawback was the weather, it was one of those tantalising mornings when there is just enough frost to make one afraid to ride, not enough to make one unwilling to hunt. It was quite one o'clock when Lord Lonsdale trotted off to draw Gartree Hill. Foxes were at home in plenty, and hounds came out after one, and for a field or two it seemed as if hounds could only work out the

line steadily, and that shirking and skirting would be the best way to ride to the pack. But when hounds touched the grass the indescribable thrill ran through the pack which tells us that hounds mean to run, and as the fox swung round for Burrough Hill Wood they went on at a sharp pace, seeming to go faster as the ground grew worse. By the time we reached the covert several people had pulled up, and Mr. Henry Chaplin and Miss Naylor had injured their horses. With a much diminished following Lord Lonsdale came out of the covert. Hounds were now running towards the Cottesmore Vale, past Knossington, and into and through little Owston Wood. This was the most rideable and the pleasantest part of the journey. More of the remaining pursuers stopped when hounds turned towards Launde, between which and Owston there are some two miles of rough country. From Launde the fox ran into the valley between Prior's Coppice and Ridlington, and then turned sharp back into the former covert. The point where he turned was the "point" of the run, about nine miles. In Prior's Coppice foxes always hang, and this one was no exception, for it was some time before he led us all back to Owston Wood. A fresh fox from Mr. Palmer's celebrated covert ran to Wadboro' hill top, where Lord Lonsdale stopped hounds two hours and forty minutes, as nearly as possible, from the find. How many foxes were hunted I do not know, my impression is that hounds changed in Launde and again in Owston the second time.

**The Cottesmore.**—If the Quorn hounds have had a great run, the Cottesmores last month had one that was even greater. It is usual to esteem those runs most highly

in which hounds beat their field, and the hounds had the last part of their great run all to themselves. Great pace, and deep and difficult country, finishing up with that Skeffington Vale, over which the best man on his best horse can only cross safely when both are fresh. Nor always then. The gathering at Cole's Lodge in the morning had numbered amongst those present some of the pick of the Quorn and Mr. Fernie's men, besides a number of distinguished visitors, including Colonel and Lady Julia Follett, the Duchess of Newcastle, and Mrs. Asquith.

Mr. Tailby headed his old followers. Captain Gage (14th Hussars), Sir Samuel Scott, M.P., represented the army present and past. Nothing particular happened though two or three foxes were found, till Owston Wood was reached. Here hounds undoubtedly dropped on an "old customer" from Mr. Fernie's country. The hounds kept swinging to the left till Wadboro' hill top was reached. Leaving Tilton Wood, the fox went away past Tilton Village until he reached the hills over Lowesby. Then he ran along the hill top nearly to Lord Morton's Gorse, which he skirted, when almost at the Coplow he came back to Skeffington and crossed the road not far from Mr. Tailby's house. Here hounds came to a check for the first time, and with the field fairly beaten went on almost alone till we struggled up to them baying over a drain. It was an extraordinary line, as any one may see who will look at a map. The hills, the big fences, and the deep going were all against horses, and two at least died afterwards. Of course there were many people who did not get even as far as Skeffington.

**Mr. Fernie's.**—Separated from the two foregoing runs by some

distance of time, was Mr. Fernie's run in the first week of March. There was indeed nothing like the point of the Quorn or Cottesmore gallops, but it was a very great day's sport. Great Glen was the meeting place, and there was a large crowd, a special having brought a number of people from Melton, and various means of conveyance, some neighbours from over the border of the Pytchley country. Some familiar faces were missing, the Duchess of Hamilton and Mr. Foster having gone over to Ireland on a visit to Mr. Bourke.

A good fox started on the Stackley side of Glen Gorse, fast or slow you cannot have a bad ride in this direction; his point proved to be Thurnby Gorse. There is not room, however, in this nice little covert for fox and hounds at the same time, and they went in and out again turning for Stoughton, which gave some of the riders time for a pull. There is some ground near Stoughton which never seems to carry a scent, and here they lost their fox altogether. Charles Isaac took hounds back to Norton which the morning fox had considerably left untouched, and here they found a bold, straight-going fox, which ran directly up the Ashlands Vale into the dreaded Skeffington Vale, and was caught in a hedgerow (where he had lain down) and killed fairly some two fields short of the Coplow. The pace and line of country were about as good as can be, and thus Mr. Fernie added one more to the good days of this season.

**Lord Harrington's Hounds.**—Bingham, where the South Notts Hounds met on March 5th, is a point where three countries meet—the Belvoir, the Quorn, and Lord Harrington. Bingham is also noted for the great hare pre-

serve belonging to Lord Carnarvon, where 1,500 hares may be and sometimes are shot in a day. This part of the country is not remarkable for the number of foxes. Accordingly hounds drew on without finding until they reached Colston Bassett, where lives Mr. R. M. Knowles, who with his son, Mr. A. M. Knowles, is a keen pursuer of the fox, and a staunch supporter of the sport of kings in these parts. In one of the Colston coverts a fox was found which gave a good gallop of twenty-five minutes to Hurley. There was one short check, but otherwise the pace and country were perfect, and not a yard of wire in the whole line. Lord Harrington's keenness and popularity were shown the other day when a most enthusiastic meeting of his followers met at Elvaston to present their M.F.H. with a portrait of himself and of Lady Harrington; the picture was a most successful likeness, and there was a characteristic touch in the speech with which the Master acknowledged the gift. He said that the happiest hours of his life were enjoyed when he could show his followers a good gallop. Lord Harrington's desire to promote the sport of others, whether at polo or in the hunting-field, is a trait which all who know him will recognise at once.

**The Badminton.**—That the Duke of Beaufort should receive a testimonial of regard from the members of the hunt which he carried on for so many years in a princely fashion is only right. Only the V.D. is half-inclined to think that it should have been a national rather than a local expression of feeling, the position of the Duke as an authority not only on hunting but on every sort of sport is so well established. His writings as well as his prac-

tical knowledge have so much more than a local fame and local acceptance, that it would not have been unsuitable had the hunting, coaching, racing, and shooting men of England joined in a mark of gratitude and respect to one who has been for many years one of the leading figures in the world of sport. The names of those who joined in the gift are many of them most distinguished followers of the Duke's hunt, as even now we can hardly help calling it. The V.D. had at one time the pleasure of hunting with the Badminton, and no subsequent sport has extinguished the memory of those days.

**The Puckeridge.**—Mr. Edward Barclay (whose portrait had the honoured position of last BAILY) has again promised to hunt the Puckeridge country, with the same subscription as previously given him.

**Essex Hunt.**—From the report of the annual meeting held at Harlow on Wednesday, the 9th ult., it appears that Messrs. Bowlby and Arkwright have again consented to carry on the Hounds on the same arrangements as last season.

**The Meynell.**—The resignation of Mr. Hamar Bass and Charles Leedham, who for so many seasons has hunted these hounds, has been followed by a really fine run, which has come at the close of a season which has been full of sport of good but not extraordinary quality. "The fixture was at Radbourne where, by the way, Mr. Chandos Pole's new private pack is kennelled. The Parsons was the first covert in which hounds spoke. The fox broke unseen by the field, and many never got a start at all. When we did get round hounds had a good lead, and as they ran for nearly three quarters of an

hour and never checked, besides crossing two brooks, you may imagine they were not pressed on much. I had good luck at the brook, jumping in where the bottom was sound, and finding a practicable place to scramble out by. At Radbourne Buff I have no doubt we changed foxes, two fresh ones were viewed. We had, however, no time to inquire, for hounds ran right on, driving through the covert without hesitation, and working round left-handed for Lord Scarsdale's Park at Kedleston. Here hounds came to their noses, and eventually had to give up the fox. This was a hound run, as Leedham never took hold of the pack for forty minutes. It was over a splendid country and the going good. You will note that my story is vague after Kedleston, but I had to take a back seat, my horse having had enough.

**Melton Gossip.**—The Belvoir will probably have closed their season before BAILY sees the light. Mr. Cecil Rudkin, whose horse broke his back in trying to jump a brook, is to have another presented to him. Mr. Rudkin is a farmer who is very popular in the Belvoir country. Captain and Lady Sarah Wilson have returned to Brooksby Hall, while Mr. and Mrs. Hedworth Barclay have moved to Barleythorpe. The Duchess of Hamilton and Mr. Foster are going to Ireland for good, the former having bought a place in County Galway. Mr. E. Cassel and his daughters entertained the Cottesmore Hunt at Old Dalby on Saturday the 12th. Mr. E. Cassel was warmly welcomed back from Egypt and congratulated on his success there.

Mr. Wroughton will go on at all events for another season as Master of the Pytchley. Mr. Rhodes, however, will resign the

secretaryship. There is a strong feeling here that there ought to be some arrangement about subscriptions between neighbouring hunts. It is altogether unreasonable if a man has a house on the borders of two hunts, and the one within whose boundaries he does *not* live, but which oftener runs over his land than does the other pack, demands a minimum of £25 if he hunts with them, say once a week. The writer has many letters about this. It ought to be possible so to arrange matters that the man on the border land should get his four days a week for the same subscription as the man in the centre of the hunt. In some cases it costs him twice as much. In any case I sympathise with the man who writes, "It is hard lines to pay as I do for fencing over two farms and for the — to ride over them past my door, while I have to jog off ten or fifteen miles or stay at home, or pay a subscription additional to my own hunt payments, which I can't afford." Two huntsmen have risen much in popular estimation, Bishopp of the Grafton, and Carr of the North Warwickshire, during the past season.

**The Essex Union.**—Business and pleasure probably unite more kindly in Essex, at all events for the fox-hunter, than anywhere else in England. An easy distance from town, the man who has business ties and a love of sport can choose no better county in which to live than those over which the Essex packs hunt. Indeed, it is perhaps as a sporting playground that prosperity will return to a district which has felt agricultural depression more severely than any other. Essex is, as all readers of BAILY know, a county with a hunting history, and nowhere will you find stouter

foxes, better hounds, and last but not least, keener or more scientific huntsmen. The Essex Union in parting from their present Master, Colonel Hornby, which they do with regret, will have the satisfaction of feeling that their country will be hunted by a man who brings to the task not only knowledge and love of the sport but those early associations with the hunt, and that local influence and popularity which can only belong to one who, like the new Master, Mr. E. Helme, has been born in the county and entered to hunting with the pack. Mr. Helme has shown his desire to show sport by his choice of a huntsman. Arthur Thatcher, who will carry the horn next season with the Essex Union, is a young man, but he has already given proof of high qualifications for his post. Not only did he hunt Mr. Fernie's hounds to the satisfaction of a critical field, but he did so under circumstances of peculiar difficulty at a period when both master and huntsman were unable to come out. He thus stepped from second whipper-in to huntsman at a bound. But it was not less creditable that, when Isaac returned to his work last season, Thatcher dropped back in his place and kept as first whipper-in the place in the esteem of his field he had won as huntsman. A bold horseman, a patient huntsman, lacking only experience, quick and willing to learn, he may rise to great things. It cannot but be an advantage to have as his neighbour James Bailey of the Essex, one of the best huntsmen the V.D. has ever seen. The V.D. is glad to be able to write from personal knowledge, having watched the young huntsman in the field for a whole season.

**Ireland.—The Ward.**—These

hounds are always bound to have a great run sooner or later. To follow a red deer hind with foxhound bitches over the Meath grass is probably to experience the most sustained pace in hunting to be found anywhere. It always strikes one that there must be a larger number of seasoned hunters over seven years old in Ireland than anywhere, for none others could follow these hounds over the Meath country when they really go. And go they did on February 26th, where with a stout hind and a first-rate scent the Wards led their followers for nearly two hours over the very best of the Meath country and covered perhaps fifteen miles from point to point.

**The Meath.**—My Irish correspondent, who was somewhat unwillingly forced over there by the necessities of a soldier's life, is so delighted with Irish hunting in Ireland, that he has announced his intention of settling there altogether when he leaves the service. I believe that Ireland is really a hunting man's paradise and cheaper to live in than England. "I saw two well-known Leicestershire faces at Dowdstown last week, for the Duchess of Hamilton and Mr. Foster were out and going well. (I wish he would take the Blazers.) By the way, you could have picked a smartish polo team out of the field." A curious incident marked the day's sport, and it is for the sake of this rather than because it was a great day, that I am writing to you. The second fox was found at Ardsilla. Hounds got away close on to him and he ran alongside the river up to the bridge at Bellinter. Here he ran up a tree that sloped, though steeply, to the bridge, jumped on to the parapet. You never saw hounds look such fools. As quickly as thought the

master caught hold of the pack and taking them round by the bridge laid them on him in the shrubberies of Bellinter, where after a sharp scurry they killed him near the meet. I could almost wish he had got off safe. But it was a fine bit of prompt work by the huntsmen and handiness in the hounds, and they deserved him.

**Changes.**—The South and West Wilts and Old Berkshire hunts both want masters, either were pleasant countries to hunt in the old days. Both suffer from pheasant fever now. The Croome goes on as before, Mr. Wrangham staying on. Mr. Cheriton's Otter Hounds have been taken over by a Committee, Major Winter will be master, and William Leech (now K.H.) will carry the horn. Charles Leedham as well as Mr. Bass leaves the Meynell at the close of the season. The Essex Hunt had a most cordial meeting and both masters go on as before. The Southdown practically retain Mr. Brand who will, however, carry the horn on two days only. The Committee propose to engage a professional for the other two days. It is said that Frank Gillard would like to get into harness again. As kennel huntsman his Belvoir experiences would make him invaluable.

**Harriers.**—Mrs. Pryse-Rice and Lady Gifford have all had really first-rate seasons. Mrs. Pryse-Rice has had one or two extraordinary runs with the stout little Welsh hares. Mrs. Pryse-Rice hunts the hounds herself and her husband whips-in to her. The hounds are 19 and 20 in Stud Book Harriers.

**North Middlesex Polo Club.**—We understand that the North Middlesex Polo Club, which was very successfully started last year, has been fortunate in securing a

magnificent site, about a mile from Harrow Metropolitan and North Western Railway Stations. It admits of a good level ground 300 yards by 200 yards, which has already been laid out, and will be ready for play at the beginning of the season. As the ground is a full-sized one and so easily reached from London, it will doubtless be appreciated by polo players, and the remaining vacancies will, we expect, be quickly filled up. Arrangements can be made for keeping ponies close to the ground at moderate charges. All particulars as to the club may be obtained on application to Mr. G. B. Game, Waldoes, Harrow Weald.

**The London Horse Shows.**—For three successive weeks we were bidden to repair to the Agricultural Hall to inspect horses of various types, the first being, as usual, the Shire Horses, which were on show just as the last number of BAILY was going to press. It took place, therefore, so long ago that it can be dismissed in a few words. On the whole it was quite a successful show, with its 523 entries, while no complaint could be made by the most fastidious as to the arrangements for the veterinary examination and the judging. Among the young horses the best class, after the weeding out process had been gone through, was perhaps that for two year old stallions. The rank and file perhaps were moderate, but the residue reached a good standard, whereas with three and four year old classes no one horse stood out much before his fellows. Neither the stallions under or over 16'2 were up to much, but those over ten years of age were not by any means a bad lot. The two and three year old fillies were first-rate, and the geldings were tolerably good, if ridiculously few in



numbers. One would fancy that these would be amongst the most popular classes of the show, yet they are not, if numbers count for anything. It may possibly be that they are so readily sold at home as to make it not worth while to send them to London. The feature of the show was, of course, the contests for the Champion Contests, and they resulted in a record victory for one stable—Mr. Henderson's Buscot Park Stud. His class successes gave him a competitor for every cup; and as a matter of fact his representatives carried off all four; a succession of victories never before achieved. Mr. Henderson's Lockinge Loiret prevailed over Capt. Duncombe's Boro' Royal in the young female classes; then for the elder mares Aurea beat Queen of the Shires—a result unexpected by some. The Stallion Cups were regarded almost as good as ready money for Mr. Henderson. Buscot Harold was, as everybody expected, the best of the young sires, and then the only question was whether the youngster or his father, Markeaton Royal Harold, would win the Champion Cup, and in the result, as so often is the case "the old man was beaten by the boy," and Buscot Harold, a fine two-year-old, gained the highest honours the Shire Horse Society could bestow.

The Prince of Wales, whose sale of Shire horses had taken place not long before at Sandringham, attended to present the prizes, but he had no one but Mr. Henderson to compliment, and then the victorious family were paraded round the ring, for it must be remembered that Buscot Harold is the promising son of Markeaton Royal Harold and Aurea.

In the following week, that is to say, on the 1st of March, the

Hackneys were on view. It was a very good, but a somewhat tedious show, as it dragged its length along for four days. The foreign buyers are great patrons of the Hackney Show, and they attended in fair numbers, and after the prizes were awarded, set to work to buy, and we believe that fairly good business was transacted on the two concluding days, Thursday and Friday, the 3rd and 4th of March. In the number of exhibits there were two facts which struck the spectator at once: one was the great proportion of chestnut horses which were both exhibited and returned as winners, and the other was the extent to which strong markings, that is to say, blaze faces and white stockings prevailed. All this white is a great mistake. There was a time when a well-bred chestnut with four white legs would bring a good price in Paris as a hack; but in England the prevalent taste is for whole coloured horses; and we cannot help thinking that so many white faces and stockings must militate against the value of a harness horse when he is wanted for a hack, or even when used singly: the number of white stockings at the recent show was quite remarkable.

Altogether there was a falling off in the entries, but then sixty-five horses in the riding and drawing classes which were abolished this year have to be deducted, and when the subtraction is made, this year's entries amount to 480 as against 425. Breeders who like this to be a breeders' show, were glad to see the riding and driving classes done away with, and see introduced in their stead, classes for mares and geldings, a return to the old order of things which was generally approved. The Hackney Society are not unnaturally

proud of the figures which attest the soundness of the breed over whose interests they watch, as, out of 1,995 horses and mares examined by the veterinary officials since 1870, no more than eighty-five, or not quite four per cent. have been rejected for unsoundness. This is no doubt, something to be proud of, only it must be remembered that the hackney is not called upon to knock himself about as is the racehorse and hunter. A good deal of last year's judging was turned upside down, but as this is so often the case at shows, no particular notice of it need be taken. One occasionally sees decisions which cause one to wonder what a typical hackney is, and so it was on the recent occasion. In olden days Tip Top Shot used to win some prizes; he was a handsome horse, with fine action and plenty of quality; but one never could regard him as a typical hackney, and in the two year old class this time the prize went to a very similar kind of horse, Mr. Aster's Lord Drewton by Gentleman John, a horse which appeared to show no small amount of thoroughbred blood; his action and quality were beyond reproach, but he was no more like some of the hackneys present—Rodasor, for example, than chalk is like cheese. Mr. Mitchell's Endemynag had no difficulty in securing first of all the first prize in his three year old class, and then the special cup for young stallions, while Sir Walter Gilbey's Royal Danegelt, who has on two previous occasions been reserved for the championship, on this occasion succeeded in pulling it off. Somewhat to the surprise of many of the spectators, Mr. Foster's Brunette, who won the first prize in the class for the bigger mares, was selected as the champion mare of the show.

The 8th of March saw the judging of the Queen's Premium horses; but there were too many "old choices" to make the show really interesting, for some of the premiums have been regularly farmed for some years by several of the horses, and not a few of them must have earned far more than their market value in Queen's Premiums. A good horse is always a good horse; but we should certainly like to see some more new blood come to the fore to take the place of the standing dishes to which we are so well accustomed. There is really very little to be said about the horses. Quite a number of those who won last year and on previous occasions were successful this year; a few failed to hold their positions, and a few new winners were introduced. On the whole, however, breeders have no cause to grumble at the quality of the horses placed at their disposal by the Royal Commission on Horse-breeding, and if the would-be breeders of hunters would only take care to have good-sized, roomy, and well-bred mares to mate with them, very much better young stock would be produced. It cannot fail to escape notice that most of the young horses which made their appearance on the second day of the show were bred by well-to-do owners, and not by the rank and file of breeders.

The Hunters' Improvement Society succeeded in bringing about a very good show, for all the young classes were satisfactorily filled. The three year old fillies were certainly no more than moderate, but the other classes of both sexes were good. The Cup winners were uniformly good. Sir Walter Gilbey's Ballymena, who carried off Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's special prize for the best young-

ster likely to make a good hunter sire, shows every sign of becoming a good horse; while a word of praise is not out of place in connection with Mr. Ingledew's Raby, who gained the special prize as the best colt or gelding in the young classes, while the Messrs. Johnson's Lady Grace, the best of the fillies, looks like improving with years. She and Raby met for Sir Walter Gilbey's Cup, which was won by Raby, a fine upstanding colt.

#### **Miss Nellie Farren's Benefit.**

—Accustomed as "Our Nellie Farren" must be to stage triumphs, she may well have broken down when at the conclusion of an Entertainment which lasted from half past twelve to six o'clock, she tried to say something. When Mr. John Hollingshead kept burning the "sacred lamp of burlesque" at the Gaiety Theatre, Nellie Farren was the central figure of each production. She managed to introduce originality into some characters which bordered on the commonplace. One of the best testimonials to the regard the playgoing public entertained for the *bénéficiaire*, was the fact that candidates for the unreserved seats assembled over night to push their way in as soon as the doors were opened. From Royalty, in the person of Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, playgoers of all grades helped to swell the takings. The profession surpassed itself in its efforts to do honour to one of its old and afflicted members, and nothing bigger has ever been seen on the stage. Every actor and actress of note, either as a prominent character or a super., figured on Drury's Stage, while actresses who could find no duty behind the footlights took to selling programmes and photographs. The £6,000 realised would, it has been ascertained,

purchase an annuity of £360 a year, but Messrs. Rothschild have, with characteristic liberality, guaranteed to pay this sum yearly to Miss Farren, leaving the principal untouched, and of that she can dispose of two-thirds by will, the remainder going to two specified objects. It was a great benefit and a scene never to be forgotten, while its result will be to keep in comfortable circumstances one who not so long ago delighted London, and then overcome by affliction was compelled to withdraw from a calling in which she had met with such singular success.

**The "Empire."**—Unless our memory plays us false, it was in the fall of 1891 that we witnessed a play known as "The Country Fair," at Boston, U.S.A. There was introduced into this performance a very realistic race in which three horses galloped in the middle of the stage, but continued to remain in full view of the audience owing to a most ingenious contrivance of rapidly-revolving endless bands upon which the horses stepped, so that, after the method of the more prosaic treadmill, rapid motion was necessary to counteract a retrograde movement. A rapidly shifting panorama of rails and the usual surroundings of a race-course heightened the effect, and the whole arrangement appeared more real than one would have thought lay within the possibilities of a stage race. On February 9th, 1898, this same system of revolving endless bands was utilised at the "Empire," and although upon the first night an accident to a fuse limited the number of starters in "The Race" to but two horses, the experiment worked fairly well. It is unfortunate that, in order to show a horse-race upon the

stage, it should be considered necessary to introduce a sort of story or plot which requires two introductory scenes for its development; for, with all deference to the artistes who played the parts of Lady Kempton, Mr. Noblett, and Gossamer, it seemed rather tiresome. The former manages her racing account so casually that, even where she stands to be ruined over one race, she does not know for certain which horse she is on; Mr. Noblett carries in his pocket ready for use a drug which will "make the horse sleepy for a little while, but he will be better than ever afterwards"; and Gossamer, the jockey, unlike most of the riders of favourites nowadays, is apparently in no better circumstances than the ordinary peasant, and in mortal terror of Noblett, who is his landlord.

The design of Noblett to win the hand of Lady Kempton by saving her book on White Wings by the simple process of compelling Gossamer to drug the favourite, Fly by Night, fails, owing to a severe attack of conscience which leads Gossamer to risk the raising of his mother's rent, and even drives him to the length of compelling Noblett to consume the powder he has provided for the consumption of the favourite.

Just before the start Lady Kempton's commission agent, who appears to have her authority to back whatever he pleases on her behalf, wires to say she stands to win on Fly by Night, and so that distinguished thoroughbred is appropriately steered to victory by the poor but honest Gossamer. The audience on the first night did not appear to take the story very seriously, but we fear that just as there is "no rose without a thorn," so there can be no stage race without a plot.

### Sport at the Universities.—

Light and Dark Blues are now in the very thick of Inter-Varsity fray. Since our last, very many representative battles have been decided, with results—it is gratifying to say—exactly as predicted in BAILY from time to time. The Association Football Match attracted a large and fashionable crowd to Queen's Club, a stubborn fight throughout ending in victory for Cambridge by 1 goal 0. This—their first success for three years—was hailed with general enthusiasm, and was chiefly remarkable for the superb defence of W. Campbell, the Light Blue custodian. A week later the representative hockey teams brought off their annual fixture at Richmond, the Cantabs again winning handsomely and easily by 4 goals 0. It is but just to say that the Oxonians had experienced a spell of wretched luck during final practice, in the way of accidents, &c. On March 7th and 8th the annual Billiard Matches were played at Berry's Rooms, Cambridge, when Oxford repeated their 1897 victory in both Doubles and Singles. R. B. Bosanquet (Oxford) beat N. Heap (Cambridge) in the Single Match by 75, whilst Bosanquet and E. W. Walker (Oxford) had very little difficulty in disposing of their Cantab rivals by 156 points in the four-handed game. Next year it is confidently hoped to play these matches on a neutral table, in London for choice. Immense enthusiasm was evinced in the second annual Inter-Varsity Boxing and Fencing contests, a very representative audience—including several "Dons," &c.—completely filling the University Gymnasium at Oxford. The Dark Blues won even easier than last year; in fact, the Cantabs were only saved from utter rout

by the fine boxing of Ambrose (Queen's), who carried off the Middle-Weight competition in fine style. All the other events—Feather, Light, and Heavy-Weight Boxing, and the Fencing bouts went to Oxford exponents, whose prowess was of very high order. Judging from the remarkable enthusiasm displayed both last year and this, there is no doubt that these competitions will become increasingly popular as time rolls on. Ere these remarks reach our readers, the Golf, Athletic Sports, Chess, Boat Race, &c., events will also have been decided, special comment on each and all of which shall be given next month. Above and beyond these, an International cable chess match between Oxford and Cambridge and the leading American Universities will probably be decided shortly after Easter, by teams of eight a side. Further international athletic tussles have been declined by Oxford and Cambridge, as (in their opinion) the student and amateur status of athletic representatives of American colleges is not yet sufficiently clearly defined. We may add that this view is also held by most of the leading English and American athletes, papers, &c.

Outside Inter-'Varsity fray, any amount of sporting fervour has been evinced at both Oxford and Cambridge proper. The "Lents" and "Torpids" races on Cam and Isis created the usual *furor*, and conclusively showed that both Light and Dark Blues are nourishing a fine race of rowing men. At Cambridge, "First" once more regained premier honours, but Lady Margaret descended three places. Queen's were the heroes of the week; as, by bumping on all four nights, they gained their oars—a very coveted distinction! For the rest, Caius,

Emmanuel, Christ's, First Trinity III., Sydney, Clare, &c., all materially improved their positions. At Oxford, Balliol had no difficulty in retaining their proud position, whilst their second boat ascended five places. Brasenose, New Coll. III., Lincoln, Pembroke University, &c., also did doughty deeds, and we may justly state that the general exposition on either river was fairly average. By the way, a proposal to relegate the Oxford Summer Eights to the end of Term, as at Cambridge, was thrown out by the O.U.B.C. A sub-committee will shortly discuss the whole question. The Clinker Fours' at Cambridge were won by Trinity Hall, who created a new record by covering the course in 8 mins. 4 secs. Four crews competed for the same event at Oxford, and, after a capital race, Hertford beat Keble in the final by about a length. Such refreshing athletic fervour has not been seen at either 'Varsity for many a long year! Inter-collegiate and college meetings have been brought off almost daily since our last, in all of which some capital performances were reeled off. The respective University Sports attracted huge crowds, and—despite somewhat sorry conditions—the results were full of promise. At Cambridge H. Hunter's Mile (4 min. 26 secs.), W. H. Maundrell's Hurdles (16 min.  $\frac{1}{2}$  secs.), and the fine sprinting of W. Harrison were the chief features of the meeting. Oxford showed supremacy in six events out of the nine—is this an omen?—Adair's High Jump (5 ft. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$  in.), Snowball's Weight-Putting (38 ft. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  in.), and President Fremantle's superb distance running being the salient features. It is gratifying to know that both Light and Dark Blues will be strongly represented in the Amateur Athletic

Championships next July. The football season died hard, under both codes, and the result of the year's work is eminently satisfactory from every point of view. Both teams boast capital records, and once again have University men played a prominent part in International and "class" fray. Moreover, the outlook for 1898-9 is altogether rosy, as hundreds of capable players have been unearthed, and there is likely to be another big influx of Public School cracks next October.

Other events of current interest may be briefly summed up. It is refreshing to find that gentlemen-amateur cyclists, who may desire to compete under old-time conditions, will shortly have scope afforded them for so doing. Chiefly through the exertions of the old Oxonians, Messrs. E. B. Turner and H. Graves, a club (affiliated to the N.C.U.) will be formed almost directly to that end, with its headquarters at Sheen House. This will be a boon indeed! There still remain thousands of real amateurs who are satisfied to race for honour and *κudos* alone, without the added attractions of big prizes, &c. The Christ Church (Oxford) and Trinity Coll. (Cambridge) Beagles have had glorious sport this season, as also the various Drags, &c., pertaining to both Universities. The "House" Grind at Oxford, over the Water-Eaton course, was won this year by Mr. G. Freeman's Magpie (Mr. Hicks-Beach up). Subsequently some Open Hurdle Races were decided at Marston, Messrs. E. W. Hermon and Cecil Samuda (Christ Church) securing premier honours. A large crowd foregathered at the annual Oxford University Point to Point Races—held near Stratton Audley for this turn. Mr. T. B. Leigh was starter, and the

Earl of Cottenham judge. No fewer than thirty started for the 'Varsity Grind, won by Mr. C. P. Nickall's Shylock, with Mr. C. W. Bunbury's Experiment second, and Mr. M. Nickall's Yeoman third. Fifteen horses turned out for the Bullingdon Cup—presented by the Bullingdon Club, for ex members of the University—Mr. T. J. Longworth's Gipsy Jack finishing first, Mr. E. R. T. Coxall's Ballinose second, and Mr. E. W. Keppell's Oakham third. The usual Farmer's Race, &c., followed. "Coming events cast their shadows before"; and, thus early, it is patent to most that both Oxford and Cambridge will be uncommonly strong at cricket this season. Outside the "Old Blues," many capable Seniors and Public School cracks should assert themselves at both places. We hope to report a good deal of progress, and to discuss the issue of several important current events in the next issue of BAILY. Sportsmen all will regret the death of Bishop Selwyn (Master of Selwyn Coll., Cambridge) and Mr. Douglas Lane, of Oxford fame. The first-named was an old Cantab rowing "Blue," and the latter an amateur billiard exponent right in the front rank.

**Golf.**—After so long a spell of mere exhibition matches, it is refreshing to find that our professionals have taken again to the good old-fashioned practice of issuing challenges and putting down money. Like everything else it is not without faults, but faults included, it is at once interesting and stimulating to the onlooker, and it very often paves the way for genuine and exciting matches. Such we may expect to be the arrangement between Ben Sayers and Archie Simpson on the one hand, and Andrew

Kirkcaldy and Alexander Herd on the other. Twelve or fifteen years ago the Simpson family were more heard of than now, but those who have seen Archie, the youngest of the brothers, play at Aberdeen recently, say he is in splendid form, and certain to give a good account of himself even amongst this company of giants. He is still exceptionally strong in his driving, so that he should make a very useful partner to Ben Sayers, who, if he has a weakness at all, has it in this department of the game. There was some little difficulty in arranging which should be the two greens for the match, on account of Simpson and Sayers hailing from different quarters, but short of neutral greens, the choice of Aberdeen and St. Andrews is perhaps the best that could have been made. Simpson is at home at the former place, and it is notorious of Sayers that he can make himself so anywhere, and if the two of them can get a little way ahead in the first part of the match, there should be a grand struggle in the second part at St. Andrews. It seems likely that the winners will have to face Taylor and Braid, and in that event we may assure ourselves of a still more interesting match.

The many golfers in all parts of the world who know the links at Machrihanish, and have enjoyed the hospitality of the Pañs Hotel, will have learned with regret of the disastrous fire at that establishment. In these later years it rose to the dignity of an establishment, though in the early days of golf at Machrihanish, the Pañs could only be described as a country inn of very little pretension, but crowded to the door with comfort. It was the new portion of the place, built as it was almost wholly of wood, that suffered

most from the fire, and it is to be feared that during the present season at any rate, many of those who go to Machrihanish for golf will have to be content with indifferent accommodation.

The Committee for the Parliamentary Tournament this year consists of Mr. Hayes Fisher, M.P., Mr. Seton Karr, M.P., the Hon. T. W. Legh, M.P., Mr. H. W. Forster, M.P., Mr. J. P. Croal, and Mr. Felix Skene. They have arranged as before that competitors shall be free to play off their ties on any ground mutually agreed upon, but failing such agreement, on Furzedown, the private links of the Tooting Bec Golf Club, which have been made available for the purpose. Play begins at once, but it is not expected that the Final Round will be reached until the summer is well advanced. Last year's winner, Mr. A. J. Balfour, has become the President of the Tooting Bec Club in succession to Lord Balfour of Burleigh, and Mr. Hayes Fisher, M.P., Captain in succession to Mr. Herbert Gladstone, M.P.

The new course and club-house of the Lytham and St. Anne's Club are now in full use by the members. The club-house cost over £10,000, and is a very magnificent place, with billiard room and other attractions not always associated with the game of golf. It was formally opened by the Marquis of Lorne, who on the occasion delivered a very bright and interesting speech. As to the course, it is almost as long as St. Andrews. It stands in 150 acres of the Clifton estate, and having been laid out by practical golfers, is everything one can desire in the way of design. The turf is of the much-sought golfing kind, short, fine, and springy. The Club has about 250 lady

members, and for their special use there is provided a nine-hole course.

The young golfer, Mr. A. J. T. Allan, who won the Amateur Championship at Muirfield last summer, has been removed by the hand of Death. His golfing career was quite a remarkable one. He never handled a club until he was seventeen—that was in 1892, and when he did he practised the game in his own way, heedless of the hints and diagrams in the text books. This was on the Braid Hills, Edinburgh, where very soon he became known as an improving player, and not long afterwards as the pick of the flock. Keeping to his own style of play, which was effective rather than graceful, he engaged in matches whenever they came his way, and showed in them all great resource, as well as a remarkably cool temperament. Even during the Final at Muirfield he exhibited not the slightest trace of excitement. It was greatly regretted at the time that Mr. Allan did not see his way to go to Hoylake and take part in the Open Championship.

**Rearing Racehorses.**—Some of our readers may be interested in the following paragraph which we quote from a local paper:—“A general meeting of the Hurstmonceux Farmers' Club was held at the 'Wool Pack,' Gardner Street, when the chair was taken by Mr. Herbert Curteis, J.P. A letter was read from Dr. Garman expressing regret that he was not able to attend to read the paper that was down on the agenda. He stated that if it was the wish of the company he would give it at the next monthly meeting. Mr. Curteis said he had the current number of BAILY'S MAGAZINE OF SPORTS AND PASTIMES with him, in which there was an article on “Rearing Racehorses,”

by Sir Walter Gilbey, which he (Mr. Curteis) would read by consent of the meeting by way of filling up the gap. After Mr. Curteis had read the paper there followed an interesting discussion, opened by Mr. Snodgrass, who said he could follow Sir Walter in many things, but did not think the average Sussex farmers would care to go to the expense of breeding racehorses. He was of opinion that the hunter could be profitably bred by the farmer. He then went on to state that his experience of horse-breeding proved that there were many disappointments, young blood often not taking the qualities notable in their sire or dam. He said that some time since he saw shipped to America three Clydesdale horses at £300 each. He thoroughly agreed with Sir Walter Gilbey in allowing plenty of pasture run for horses. Messrs. G. Mercer, sen., Wallis, M.R.C.V.S., and J. Cornford also took part in the discussion. The subject of different kinds of litter being started, Mr. Wallis spoke strongly against the use of moss litter for stable or paddock. Mr. Haviland humorously remarked that he had no share in any peat moss company, but he certainly had used a good deal of it, and had formed a very favourable opinion of it. In proposing a vote of thanks to Mr. Curteis for the reading of Sir Walter's paper, Mr. Heaven said that there had been a better discussion than he had ever had the pleasure of listening to since he had attended the meetings. Mr. Wadman seconded the vote of thanks, and Mr. Curteis briefly replied.”

**Polo Ponies at the Royal Show at Birmingham.**—There is again a liberal classification for Polo ponies at the Show of the Royal Agricultural Society, to be held at Birmingham, from June 20th to



24th. Ten classes are given, with prizes of £20, £10, and £5; £15, £10, and £5; £10, £7 and £3. We trust that those classes will be well supported by all Polo pony breeders and Polo players. Entries should be sent to the Secretary of R.A.S.E., Sir Ernest Clarke, 13, Hanover Square, London, W.

"**Who's Who.**"—The Editor and publishers of this well-known

Annual are to be congratulated on the production of such a useful and handsome volume as is the 1898 edition, with the issuing of which the publication attains its jubilee. Wonderfully complete in its brief biographies, it is full of interest from cover to cover. Some new features have been added and altogether the book is one which deserves and will no doubt command a wide popularity.

## Correspondence.

### SIZE OF ARAB HORSES.

*To the Editor of "BAILY'S MAGAZINE."*

SIR,—With reference to the paper in your March number on the size of Arab horses, it may be interesting to give the dimensions of an Arab horse who performed one of the greatest feats of endurance ever recorded, especially as the said feat has never been published in BAILY before, and, as far as I know, has never been excelled by any horse for the same distance. The following are the particulars of the race in question. Ferozepore Meeting (N.W.P. India), December, 1852 :—

The ten mile race for all horses not in a training stable. Six times round the course, being 10 miles and 520 yards. Winner to be sold for 1,000 rupees. Weight 11st. 7lb., and 5lb. allowed for every 100 rupees less. Gentlemen riders.

B.A.H.—The Buffer, 10st. 6lb.

Sir C. Oakeley 1

C.N.S.W.H.—M.P., 11st. 7lb.

Mr. H. Madocks 2

B.C.B.M.—Beeswing, 9st. 10lb.

Mr. Moffat 0

B.A.H.—The Unknown, 9st. 5lb.

Mr. C. Gough 0

G.A.H.—Tej Singh, 8st. 9lb.

Mr. Tucker 0

Won by 200 yards, only M.P. saving his distance. Time, 25 min., 35 secs.

#### DESCRIPTION OF WINNER.

A dark bay Arab horse, standing 14 hands, 2½ inches, and aged 10 years. He has a deep wide jawl, very thick strong neck, good oblique shoulders and deep chest. Good depth of girth, large ribs well barreled, immense bone and muscle in the thighs and quarters, with very large lean hocks. He has very short, sound, and clean legs, and good tough feet. He is altogether a good specimen of a powerful, compact, weight-carrying Arab.

#### MEASUREMENTS.

From root of ear to root of tail...72½ in.

Length of head ... .. 22 "

Girth ... .. 65 "

Round arm ... .. 20½ "

" cannon bone ... .. 7½ "

" thigh ... .. 16½ "

" hock ... .. 16 "

I may add that "The Buffer" was not at all distressed after his race.

CHARLES W. A. OAKELEY.

## Sporting Intelligence.

[During February—March, 1898.]

AT the Rutland Assizes, held at Oakham on February 19th, Mr. Justice Hawkins gave an amusing charge to the Grand Jury, several of whom appeared in hunting dress. Oakham, said the learned judge, was not a popular meet with lawyers, for the very good reason that they seldom "found" there, and that accounted for the absence of anyone who even looked like a lawyer. He asked them to diligently draw the "covert" close by which belonged to that district, and if they did not "find" to inform him, and he would tell them what to do. Entering into the spirit of the thing, the Right Hon. Gerard Noel, the foreman of the jury, on their return into court, told the judge that the jury had "drawn their covert blank," whereupon his lordship, in discharging them, said they might go to "fresh fields and pastures new," where he hoped they would have a "find."

An interesting function in connection with the Earl of Harrington's Foxhounds took place on February 22nd. Hounds met at Elvaston Castle and the opportunity was taken to present the noble Master with a portrait of the Countess and himself, painted by Mr. Cope and Mr. John Charlton. The presentation was made by Lord Newark. Lord Harrington, in reply, said his fifteen years' Mastership had been a labour he delighted in and referred to the farmers as the most important part of the hunting community. He had been singularly fortunate with the farmers, and had hardly ever had a cross word with them.

The accident sustained by Captain John Oswald Trotter, the popular Field Master of the Worcestershire Foxhounds, on February 14th, complicated by influenza and pneumonia, terminated fatally on February 21st. Captain Trotter, who had only been married early this year, was about fifty-two years of age.

Mr. Edward Weatherley, a member of the well-known firm in Old Burlington Street, met with an accident while hunting on February 24th, and dislocated his left shoulder.

George Barrett, who was for a number of years a successful jockey, died at Newmarket on February 25th, in his thirty-fifth year. His name first appeared with winning mounts in 1877 and he continued

to ride until 1896. Among some of the more celebrated horses Barrett won with, may be mentioned Ormonde, Orme, La Flèche, Common and Signorina.

The Hon. W. R. Wyndham, of the 17th Lancers, stationed at Ballincollig, met with a serious accident while hunting on February 25th.

The well known greyhound bitch, Black Veil, the property of Sir Thomas Brocklebank died on February 26th.

While hunting on February 26th, the Lord Chief Justice of Ireland met with an accident during a run from Cullen's Gorse to Oak Park, Celbridge. Sir Peter O'Brien's horse put his foot into a rabbit hole and turned over, causing his rider a severe shaking.

Dr. A. J. Travers Allan, who won the Amateur Golf Championship last year, died in Edinburgh on March 3rd. Dr. Allan was only twenty-one years of age.

A curious accident, resulting in the death of Mr. W. Paterson's greyhound Mar-moset, occurred at the North of England Coursing Meeting at Ripon on March 3rd, when the dog ran against a carriage with such violence as to cause his death.

While hunting with the Warwickshire on March 4th, Lord North met with an accident which rendered him insensible. His horse reared and fell back causing internal injuries. Lord North will be remembered as Master of the Warwickshire and also of the Bicester Hounds.

Writing to the *Field* of March 5th, Mr. C. K. Poulter (of Langport) gives the following curious experience:—"A very curious thing happened to me last Saturday, of which it may perhaps be of interest to some of your readers to hear. I had been out in the wet moors here to look for snipe, and, strolling quietly home across some arable land, was getting what shelter I could from the wind by walking some four or five yards on the lee side of a highish hedge. Suddenly, and without the least warning, I received a very violent blow just behind and below my right ear, the shock of which brought me at once to my knees, and for a moment quite scattered my wits. On pulling myself together a bit I was surprised to find a cock partridge lying dead beside me, and almost at the same moment noticed a kestrel hovering directly overhead. Whether the hawk

was in pursuit of the partridge when the latter struck me I cannot say, and I regret to have to confess that in the irritation of the moment I accorded him an ounce of No. 8 instead of the benefit of the doubt. That I was not struck in the face I must be devoutly thankful, for the bird came with terrific force, the lower mandible of the beak being broken, and my neck badly bruised by the impact, while on the following day I suffered from constant attacks of giddiness decidedly suggestive of concussion. Taken altogether, it was a curious experience, and one I should not care to undergo a second time."

His Grace the Duke of Beaufort was presented with his portrait in oils, on March 5th. Over one thousand members and friends of the Badminton Hunt subscribed.

A large gathering of the followers of the Gogerddau Foxhounds took place on March 7th, when Mr. Pryse-Pryse, the Master, was presented with his portrait and a map of the hunt. The presentation was made by Captain Williams.

On March 9th, the third Earl of Bradford died at Weston Park, Shifnal, being nearly eighty years of age. As a young man the deceased nobleman was a keen man with hounds, and from the early fifties he was well known upon the Turf, usually running horses of his own breeding. He won the Derby with Sir Hugo in 1892. Lord Bradford was a steward of the Jockey Club for about thirty-four years.

The capture of a big pike is reported from the Lea. Mr. Walter G. Gannatt, Walton Lodge, Hertford, took a fish weighing 24lbs. and measuring 40½ inches long, on March 11th.

Mr. George Robson, who was for many years well known with the York and Ainsty Hounds, and also as an agriculturist in Yorkshire, died during the week ending March 12th, at Shire House, Easingwold, after a long illness, in the fifty-ninth year of his age.

On March 14th, Mr. Woolf Joel, who was in South Africa on business, was shot in his office at Johannesburg. Mr. Joel, who commenced racing only three years since, had had a considerable measure of success. It is reported that about two years ago, while in the Riviera, he won a walking match of £100 a-side against an old friend, the condition being that half the money should be invested on the Monte Carlo tables. In half an hour Mr. Joel rose from the table over £15,000 to the good, and returned to England next day.

At the sale of the late Colonel North's effects at Avery Hill on March 14th, the

racing, and coursing, and sporting trophies won by Colonel North were sold. The more important items were disposed of as follows: Philomel's Goodwood Cup, weighing 154oz., produced 13s. per oz.; the Brighton Cup, 330oz., 8s. 8d. per oz.; and the Liverpool Autumn Cup, 186oz., 8s. per oz., also won by Philomel. Fullerton's commemorative Waterloo Cup trophies for the four years, made respectively 6s. 2d., 7s. 11d., 6s., and 5s. 10d., per oz., the latter one weighing 544oz. Two other coursing cups were sold for 6s. 6d. and 5s. 3d. per oz., and three (total 230oz.) won by the Colonel in a match against Mr. W. Ellis at cricket, shooting, and running, fetched 4s. 2d. per oz.

Mr. P. A. Muntz, M.P., met with a nasty accident on March 16th, when hunting with the Pytchley Foxhounds. While cantering along a roadside his horse put its foot into a hole and threw Mr. Muntz heavily, his head coming into contact with a heap of stones. Mr. Muntz sustained concussion of the brain, and was conveyed home in a state of unconsciousness.

When out with the Meynell on March 17th, Mrs. Charrington met with a bad accident through her horse swerving while passing through a hunting gate, severely crushing her leg, and causing her to be thrown to the ground. It was afterwards found Mrs. Charrington's leg was broken.

Mr. Isaac Mitchell, of Cockermouth, who was for over twenty years secretary and treasurer of the Cockermouth Beagles, died on March 18th, at the age of 66 years.

The brood mare Sanla, who was bred by the late Earl Wilton in 1878, has been destroyed in consequence of tumour in the head. Sanda will be remembered as the dam of Sainfoin, who won the Derby in 1890. The mare was the property of Sir James Miller.

Three hounds dropped dead during a run after a meet of the Vale of White Horse pack at Swindon. On hounds being stopped it was found that several others showed symptoms of poisoning.

Lady Gifford, who nearly always hunts the pack herself, has had a very good season with her harriers. While hunting in Northumberland, her ladyship accounted for seventy-three hares up to the early part of January, and ten more were added after the pack went to Surrey.

While on a visit to Colonel Thorneycroft, Mr. L. R. Flower, of Queen's County, met with a serious accident when hunting with the South Staffordshire Foxhounds. In taking a fence Mr. Flower's horse fell and rolled over his rider, causing severe injuries.

Mr. F. Carleton Cowper, Master of the Exmouth Harriers, died rather suddenly towards the end of February through a chill contracted while hunting. As far back as 1872 Mr. Cowper took over the Mastership of the pack. Mr. Cowper was a successful exhibitor at Peterborough last year.

Chamant, a horse at one time well known in England, has lately died in Hungary at the Graditz Stud; bred by the late C. J. Lefevre, in 1874, Chamant ran in this country under the ownership of Count Lagrange, and won the Middle Park Plate and Dewhurst Plate, also the Priory Stakes at Lewes. After winning the Two Thousand Guineas, he was beaten in the Derby of 1877 by Silvio, who had been placed third to Chamant in the Guineas. After a period at the stud in France, Chamant was sold to Count Lehndorff, grand master of the Imperial Studs in Germany, who was of opinion that the horse had done more to

improve the thoroughbred than any other sire imported. The progeny of Chamant have won most of the leading events in Germany and in Austria.

It is stated that during last season the Duchess of Bedford fired 3,325 cartridges, and brought down two birds for every three shots. Her Grace is also an expert angler, but here has to give first place to Lady Lansdowne, who holds the record for the Tay, having in one day caught thirty salmon weighing from 10lb. to 20lb. each.

The death is announced of Mr. J. Tremlett, who recently resigned the Mastership of the Tremlett Hunt. Mr. Tremlett, who died at his residence, Sutton House, Sandford, near Crediton, was only thirty-eight years of age.

Miss Violet Brassey, daughter of the Master of the Heythrop, broke her leg while hunting, through her horse falling over some rabbit netting.

## TURF.

### HURST PARK CLUB.—FEBRUARY STEEPLECHASES.

February 18th.—The Park Selling Hurdle Plate of 200 sovs.; two miles.

Mr. Jersey's b. or br. h. Moss Hag, by Jamrock—Shardeloes, 5 yrs., 11st. 3lb.....	R. Chaloner	1
Mr. W. Marshall's br. g. Doge, aged, 12st. ....	Mr. H. Woodland	2
Mr. J. Robertson's b. g. Baccarat, aged, 12st.....	Kavanagh	3
100 to 30 agst. Moss Hag.		

February 19th.—The February Steeplechase Handicap Plate of 232 sovs.; two miles.

Mr. C. D. Rose's ch. h. Chair of Kildare, by Baliol—Miss de Reuter, aged, 12st. 3lb.	R. Chaloner	1
Mr. George Lambton's br. f. The Farne, 5 yrs., 10st. 13lb.	A. Nightingall	2
Mr. Reeve's b. g. Ballymoney, aged, 10st. 11lb. ....	Acres	3
8 to 1 agst. Chair of Kildare.		

### WINDSOR.—MARCH STEEPLECHASES.

March 2nd.—The Crown Handicap Hurdle Race of 184 sovs.; two miles.

Mr. C. Agar's b. g. William the Fourth, by Penton—Queen Anne, 4 yrs., 11st. ....	Booth	1
Mr. F. P. Lysaght's ch. m. Vic, aged, 11st. 5lb. ....	Matthews	2
Mr. C. Hibbert's b. h. Napoleon the Great, 5 yrs., 11st. 1lb.	R. Nightingall	3
4 to 1 agst. William the Fourth.		

March 3rd.—The Berkshire Handicap Steeplechase Plate of 184 sovs.; two miles and fifty yards.

Mr. Spencer Gollan's br. g. Ebor, by Robert the Devil—Australian aged, 12st. 9lb. ....	Hickey	1
Mr. T. A. Motion's ch. m. Sum- mer Lightning, 6 yrs., 11st. 9lb.	A. Nightingall	2
Mr. F. E. L. Swan's br. m. Miss Horner, 6 yrs., 10st. 11lb. (inc. 5lb. ex.).....	Acres	3
5 to 4 agst. Ebor.		

# SANDOWN PARK.—GRAND MILITARY MEETING.

March 4th.—The Grand Military Gold Cup of 445 sovs. (a piece of plate value 100 sovs., and 400 sovs. in specie); three miles.

Major Fenwick's ch. h. County Council, by Isonomy—Lady Peggy, aged, 11st. 7lb.

Major Onslow 1

Mr. F. C. Stanley's br. g. March Hare, aged, 11st. 7lb.

Captain Ricardo 2

Major A. Hardinge's b. m. Waitaki, aged, 11st. 7lb. ....Owner 3

9 to 4 agst. County Council.

The Sandown Open Steeplechase (Handicap) of 174 sovs. ; two miles.

Lord Cowley's b. h. Morello, by Cherry Ripe—Sabine, aged, 12st. 3lb. ....Owner 1

Mr. C. D. Rose's ch. h. Chair of Kildare, aged, 12st. 8lb. (7lb. extra) .....R. Chaloner 2

Mr. E. J. Percy's ch. g. Cestus, aged, 11st. 11lb.

Mr. G. S. Davies 3

5 to 2 agst. Morello.

The Past and Present Steeplechase of 127 sovs. ; two miles and a half.

Mr. Reginald Ward's b. g. The Tramp, by St. Honorat—Auntie, 5 yrs., 12st. 3lb. ....Owner 1

Mr. G. R. Powell's b. m. Cushalee Mavourneen, aged, 12st. 5lb. ....Owner 2

Mr. T. M. S. Pitt's ch. m. School Girl, 6 yrs., 12st. 5lb. ....Owner 3

Evens The Tramp.

March 5th.—The United Service Steeplechase of 172 sovs. ; weight for age, with penalties and allowances ; two miles and a half.

Mr. Reginald Ward's b. g. The Tramp, by St. Honorat—Auntie, 5 yrs., 12st. 2lb. ....Owner 1

Capt. W. Dougall's (late Lord Cowley's) ch. g. Gaffer Green, 5 yrs., 11st. ....Capt. Yardley 2

Mr. W. Murray-Threipland's br. g. Dalkeith, aged, 12st. ....Owner 3

7 to 4 agst. The Tramp.

The March Open Handicap Hurdle Race of 174 sovs. ; winners extra ; two miles.

Mr. A. M. Kirker's b. h. Kilyleagh, by Kendal—Abanico, 5 yrs., 11st. 5lb. Mr. W. P. Cullen 1

Lord Cowley's ch. g. Bayreuth, 5 yrs., 12st. 2lb. ....Owner 2

Mr. Murray's br. h. Xylophone, aged, 10st. 7lb. ....E. Driscoll 3

2 to 1 agst. Kilyleagh.

The Grand Military Handicap Steeplechase of 171 sovs. ; two miles and a half.

Major Hughes-Onslow's br. g. Melton Constable, by Galliard—Rosedale, 6 yrs., 10st. 10lb.

Owner 1

Mr. Reginald Ward's b. g. Cathal, aged, 12st. 7lb. ....Owner 2

Mr. Campbell's b. g. Memphis, aged, 10st. ....Captain Yardley 3

5 to 2 agst. Cathal.

# NATIONAL HUNT AND GATWICK.

## —MARCH MEETING.

March 8th.—The Brook Maiden Hurdle Race of 250 sovs. ; for maidens at closing ; two miles.

Mr. Gray's b. c. Rust, by Blue Green—Ruth, 4 yrs., 10st.

Redding 1

Mr. G. Duncan's ch. f. Craig Lee, 4 yrs., 10st. 7lb. ....G. Wilson 2

Mr. E. Winifred's ch. c. Yedo, 4 yrs., 10st. 7lb. ....Palmer 3

10 to 1 agst. Rust.

The National Hunt Steeplechase of 1,000 sovs. ; for horses that at the time of starting have never won any steeplechase or hurdle race, or any description of flat race ; about four miles.

Mr. F. P. Lysaght's b. g. Real Shamrock, by Primrose League—Erin Dear, 4 yrs., 10st. 10lb.

Mr. E. P. Gundry 1

Mr. W. J. Green's b. g. Royal Tyrant, 6 yrs., 12st. 10lb.

Mr. E. Hampton 2

Mr. J. T. Barrett's ch. m. Athelina, aged, 12st. 10lb. Mr. R. Gordon 3

7 to 1 agst. Real Shamrock.

The Stewards' Steeplechase (Handicap) of 174 sovs. ; two miles.

Mr. J. S. Forbes' ch. g. Kuric, by Gallinule—Miss Bella, 6 yrs., 11st. 6lb. ....Williamson 1

Mr. C. S. W. Reeve's b. g. Ballymoney, aged, 10st. ....Acres 2

Mr. George Lambton's b. m. The Farne, 5 yrs., 10st. 2lb. (car. 10st. 3lb.) .....R. Chaloner 3

4 to 1 agst. Kuric.

March 9th.—The Surrey Steeplechase (Handicap) of 220 sovs. ; three miles and a half.

Mr. Lincoln's br. g. Nephote, by	
Eddipus—Georgie, aged, 10st.	
9lb. ....Dollery	1
Mr. R. Thirlwell's b. g. Seaport II.,	
aged, 10st. 12lb. ....Acres	2
Mr. John Widger's b. g. St.	
George, aged, 9st. 12lb.	
Mr. T. J. Widger	3
3 to 1 agst. Nephote.	

The International Hurdle Race (Handicap) of 825 sovs. ; winners extra ; two miles.

Major J. D. Edwards' br. h. Bird	
on the Wing, by Bird of Free-	
dom—Belle Reine, 5 yrs., 11st.	
2lb. ....Nolan	1
Mr. E. J. Rose's ch. g. Fossicker,	
6 yrs., 11st. 8lb. A. Nightingall	2
Mr. H. T. Barclay's b. c. Glen-	
bower, 5 yrs., 10st. 1lb.	
Freemantle	3
7 to 1 agst. Bird on the Wing.	

The National Hunt Juvenile Steeplechase of 500 sovs. ; for four-year-olds that have never won a steeplechase ; about two miles and a half.

Captain Bald's ch. h. Ben Alder,	
by Kendal—Valerie, 10st. 10lb.	
A. Nightingall	1
Mr. Vyner's b. c. Albinus, 10st.	
10lb. ....Mr. Gordon	2
Mr. E. J. Rose's b. c. Glenbryan,	
10st. 10lb. ....Kavanagh	3
Evans Ben Alder.	

#### KEMPTON PARK.—MARCH MEETING.

March 11th.—The Suffolk and Berkshire Welter Flat Race Plate of 185 sovs. ; two miles.

Mr. T. Simpson Jay's ch. h. Ram-	
pion, by Amphion—Rydal, 5	
ysrs., 10st. 7lb. ....G. Williamson	1
Mr. Bultell's b. g. Manifesto, aged,	
10st. 7lb. ....Mr. C. Grenfell	2
Mr. E. Trevelyan's ch. g. Turon, 5	
ysrs., 10st. ....A. Nightingall	3
5 to 1 on Rampion.	

The Kempton Park March Handicap Steeplechase of 179 sovs. ; two miles.

Mr. A. H. Hudson's b. g. Con-	
tinental, by Boulevard—Fair	
Haven, aged, 10st. 12lb.	
H. Brown	1
Mr. M. Firth's ch. g. Donner, 6	
ysrs., 12st. ....A. Nightingall	2
Mr. C. G. Adam's ch. m. Fairy	
Queen II., 6 yrs., 10st. 13lb.	
O'Brien	3
4 to 1 agst. The Continental.	

The Steward's Steeplechase of 146 sovs., for four-year-olds ; two miles.

Mr. C. P. Shrubbs' br. or bl. f.	
Lady Gilderoy, by Gilderoy, dam	
by Cadet—Lady Emily, 10st. 4lb.	
Freemantle	1
Mr. E. J. Rose's b. c. Glenbryan,	
10st. 4lb. ....Kavanagh	2
Sir II. de Trafford's ch. f. La-	
fayette, 10st. 8lb. ....Dollery	3
13 to 8 agst. Glenbryan.	

March 12th.—The Kingston Hurdle Handicap of 460 sovs. ; winners extra ; two miles, over eight flights of hurdles.

Sir J. Blundell Maple's b. g. Yorker,	
by Saraband—Princess Arena, 5	
ysrs., 12st. 2lb. ....G. Williamson	1
Mr. E. J. Rose's ch. g. Fossicker,	
6 yrs., 12st. 7lb. ....A. Nightingall	2
Mr. Dobell's br. h. Priestholme,	
aged, 12st. 1lb. ....R. Chaloner	3
10 to 1 agst. Yorker.	

The Surrey and Middlesex Steeplechase Handicap of 184 sovs. ; winners extra ; three miles.

Mr. W. C. Keeping's ch. h. The	
Seer, by Magician, dam by Grey	
Palmer, aged, 11st. 12lb.	
R. Woodland	1
Mrs. Sadleir-Jackson's b. m.	
Cruiskeen II., 6 yrs., 11st. 6lb.	
Kavanagh	2
Mr. O. Priaulx's Grimpso, aged,	
12st. 3lb. ....Morrell	0
2 to 1 agst. The Seer.	

#### DERBY HUNT MEETING.

March 15th.—The Derbyshire Handicap Steeplechase of 136 sovs. ; two miles.

Lord Cowley's b. h. Morello, by	
Cherry Ripe—Sabine, aged, 12st.	
7lb. ....Owner	1
Mr. Vyner's b. h. Pickled Berry,	
aged, 11st. ....Mr. A. Gordon	2
Mr. H. T. Coventry's br. g. The	
Slug, 5 yrs., 10st. 10lb. ....Pearce	3
5 to 4 agst. Morello.	

March 16th.—The Devonshire Handicap Hurdle Race of 184 sovs. ; two miles.

Mr. H. T. Coventry's b. c. Flying	
Hampton, by Hampton—Grace	
Emily, 4 yrs., 11st.	
Major Coventry	1
Mr. G. Dodd's ch. g. Darmstatter,	
5 yrs., 11st. 2lb. ....G. Williamson	2
Mr. C. H. Hannam's b. h. Secret	
Service, 5 yrs., 11st. 1lb.	
Harrison	3
7 to 1 agst. Flying Hampton.	

## RUGBY HUNT STEEPLECHASES.

March 17th.—The Open Handicap Steeplechase Plate of 250 sovs.; two miles and a half.

Mr. G. R. Powell's Norton, aged, 10st. 8lb.....Owner	1
Mr. A. Yates's President, aged, 10st. 12lb. ....Dollery	2
Mr. J. H. Nichols' Syndic, aged, 11st. 3lb. ...Mr. J. A. Cheeny	3
7 to 2 agst. Norton.	

NEWMARKET STEEPLECHASES —  
HURDLE AND FLAT RACES.

March 18th.—The Newmarket Spring Grand Military Steeplechase of 170 sovs.; about three miles and a half.

Mr. H. C. Campbell's b. g. Memphis, by Rameses—Bedgown, aged, 10st. 10lb. Capt. Yardley	1
Mr. C. Grenfell's b. h. Kieton, aged, 10st. 10lb.....Owner	2
Capt. Armstrong's ch. m. Prattle, aged, 10st. 10lb. ...Mr. Langton	3
5 to 2 agst. Memphis.	

March 19th.—The Suffolk Cup (Welter Flat Race) a piece of plate value 100 sovs.; with 250 sovs. added, for four-year-olds and upwards; the Cup Course (about two miles and a half).

Mr. T. S. Jay's ch. h. Rampion, by Amphion—Rydal, 5 yrs., 10st. 8lb.....G. Williamson	1
Mr. R. Ward's b. h. Regret, 5 yrs., 10st. 8lb. ....Owner	2
Mr. Dobell's b. h. The Quack, 5 yrs., 10st. 8lb.....C. Wood	3
6 to 5 on Rampion.	

The Newmarket Spring Handicap Steeplechase of 200 sovs.; about three miles and a half.

Mr. R. Thirlwell's b. g. Seaport II., by Ocean Wave, aged, 12st. 5lb. ....C. James	1
Mr. Audley Blyth's h. c. Elliman, aged, 11st. 12lb. Mr. Guy Marsh	2
Mr. C. D. Rose's bl. h. Greenhill, aged, 11st. 12lb.....Hogan	3
5 to 2 agst. Seaport II.	

## FOOTBALL.

Feb. 19th.—At Queen's Club, Oxford v. Cambridge, latter won by 1 goal to 0.†

Feb. 19th.—At Belfast, Ireland v. Scotland, latter won by 1 goal 1 try to 0.\*

Feb. 19th.—At Oxford, the University v. Blackheath, latter won by 3 goals (1 dropped) and 1 try to 2 goals.\*

Feb. 21st.—At Richmond, London Scottish v. Oxford University, latter won by 5 goals 2 tries to 0.\*

Feb. 23rd.—At Oxford, the University v. East Sheen, former won by 5 goals (1 dropped) 2 tries to 0.\*

Feb. 26th.—At Cambridge, the University v. Old Merchant Taylors, latter won by 4 points to 0.\*

Feb. 26th.—At Exeter, North v. South, latter won by 5 goals 3 tries to 0.\*

Feb. 26th.—At Queen's Club, Corinthians v. Sunderland, former won by 2 goals to 0.†

March 3rd.—At Leyton, London v. Oxford and Cambridge, latter won by 2 goals to 0.†

March 5th.—At Oxford, the University v. Kensington, former won by 3 goals 4 tries to 0.\*

March 5th.—At Belfast, Ireland v. England, latter won by 3 goals to 2.†

March 5th.—At Queen's Club, Corinthians v. Liverpool, former won by 3 goals to 0.†

March 12th.—At Edinburgh, England v. Scotland, drawn, 1 try each.\*

March 12th.—At West Kensington, Corinthians v. Queen's Park, former won by 5 goals to 1.†

March 12th.—At Blackheath, Blackheath v. Rosslyn Park, former won by 21 points to 6 points.

March 12th.—At Cooper's Hill, Royal Indian Engineering College v. Marlborough Nomads, former won by 26 points to 0.\*

March 19th.—At Limerick, Ireland v. Wales, latter won by 11 points to 3.\*

March 19th.—At Blackheath, Blackheath v. Manchester, former won by 15 points to 3.\*

March 19th.—At Glasgow, Scotland v. Wales, former won by 5 goals to 2.†

March 19th.—At Crystal Palace, Corinthians v. Sheffield United, drawn, no score.†

\* Under Rugby Rules.  
† Under Association Rules.

## RACKETS.

March 3rd.—At Princes Club, Royal Artillery, Aldershot (Capt. C. D. King and W. L. Foster), beat the King's [Shropshire Light Infantry], (Lieut. Col. J. Spens and Capt. R. C. Mounsey-Heysham) in the final round of the Grand Military Championship Challenge Cup by 15—6.

March 7th.—At Princes Club, 12th Lancers, (Capt. J. C. B. Eastwood and Capt. Eustace Crowley) v. Royal Artillery, Aldershot (Capt. C. D. King and W. L. Foster), former won by 4 games to 2, and retained the Grand Military Championship Challenge Cup.

## HOCKEY.

Feb. 23rd.—At Wimbledon, Surrey v. Middlesex, latter won 3 goals to 1.

Feb. 24th.—At Richmond, Oxford v. Cambridge, latter won 4 goals to 0.

March 5th.—At Richmond, North v. South, latter won by 4 goals to 2.

March 12th.—At Dublin, Ireland v. England, drawn, 1 goal each.

March 19th.—At Manchester, England v. Wales, former won by 7 goals to 2.

## BILLIARDS.

March 1st.—At Oxford, E. W. Walker (Balliol) v. B. J. Bosanquet (Oriel), latter won by 3 points, and won the Oxford University cue.

March 2nd.—At Cambridge, H. S. N. Kroenig (Corpus) v. S. Heap (Trinity), latter won by 67 points, and won the University cue.

March 14th.—Oxford v. Cambridge, B. J. Bosanquet (Oriel, Oxford) and S. Heap (Trinity, Cambridge), former won by 75 points.

March 15th.—Oxford v. Cambridge, B. J. Bosanquet (Oriel), and E. W. Walker (Balliol), Oxford, and A. T. Kerslake (Emmanuel) and H. S. N. Kroenig (Corpus), Cambridge, former won by 156 points.

## CRICKET.

March 2nd.—At Sydney, Australia v. Mr. A. E. Stoddart's XI., former won by 6 wickets. Scores: Australia, 239 & 276 for 4 wickets; Mr. Stoddart's XI., 335 & 178.

March 15th.—At Melbourne, Mr. A. E. Stoddart's XI. v. Victoria, former won by 7 wickets. Scores: Mr. Stoddart's XI., 278 and 183 for 3 wickets; Victoria, 328 and 132.



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# BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS and PASTIMES

MAY, 1898.

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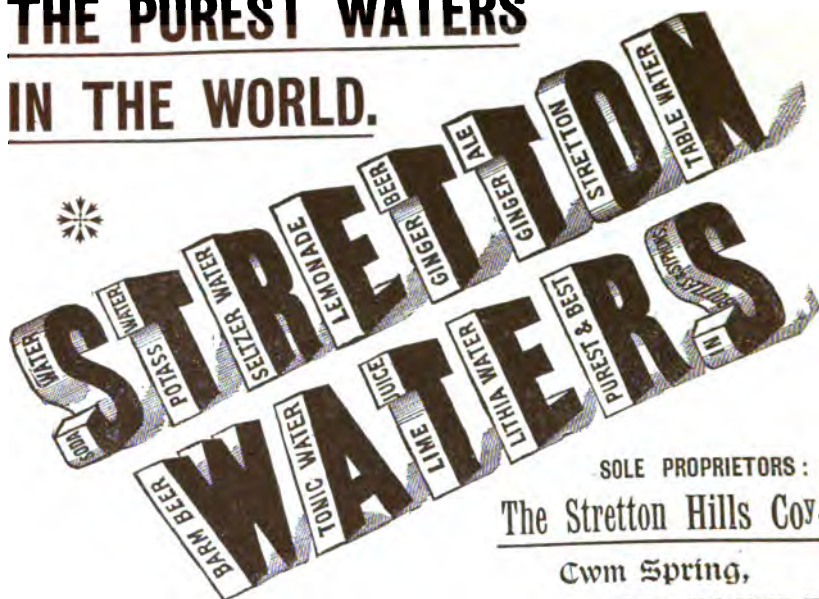
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WITH  
Steel engraved Portrait of Mr. DANIEL COOPER.  
Engraving of JOHN CHAPMAN, Esq., and Portrait of Mr. EYRE POWELL.

## Mr. Daniel Cooper.

PROBABLY no question is more frequently asked on the Bury Hill training ground, Newmarket, by visitors who are following the sensible fashion of witnessing the horses do their morning work, than one inquiring as to the ownership of the red house on the top of Warren Hill, whose gables, peeping out over the trees seems to suggest a scene of comfort. Such mansions are not scarce in the vicinity of Newmarket, which is able to offer unsurpassed shooting in addition to the attrac-

tions of its racecourse and training establishments. One person who was attracted to the spot is Mr. Daniel Cooper, possessor of the red house referred to, and in him we have a notable instance of the born Australian coming to England in early life and having a natural taste for sports of every kind developed by the many facilities which this country affords. The house, known as Warren Towers, contains a fine natural history collection and library dealing with sport and natural history,

whilst the grounds are beautifully laid out. Mr. Cooper this year celebrates his jubilee, he having been born at Sydney in 1848; and, as he came to England in 1861, he experienced the first half of the contrast which exists between the voyage then and now. The sailing vessel was four months out of sight of land; and an incident which Mr. Cooper says made a great impression on his mind was the winning of the Derby by Kettledrum on the day the voyagers set foot on shore at Southampton. After four years at Wellington College Mr. Cooper matriculated at Christ Church, Oxford; and when it is stated that amongst his contemporaries and best friends at the university were Lord Rosebery, Lord Randolph Churchill, Lord Tweedmouth, the Hon. Francis Johnstone, Sir George Chetwynd, Sir W. Milner, Mr. C. A. Egerton, Mr. W. M. Wroughton, Mr. L. Rolleston, Mr. H. Tollemache, Mr. R. K. Mainwaring, and Mr. C. S. Newton, it is clear that a predilection for sport stood every chance of being properly fostered. Cricket and racing: Charlie Symond's and Tollitt's hacks at Bullingdon in summer, and hunting and shooting in winter, were somehow preferred to reading. The Christ Church grinds were of course always patronised, the nearest approach to success being a second on Sir W. Milner's Cromwell. The occasion was a match between Lord Rosebery and Sir W. Milner, each to start three horses, and Lord Rosebery's *The Fawn*, ridden by Mr. A. G. Duncombe, was the winner.

After some years spent in travelling the world England was returned to in 1875, and a beginning was made at racing in the purchase of a yearling filly by Rosicrucian out of *Blue Gown's* dam, from Mr.

Blenkiron, but she died a few months afterwards when in training. The next year Mr. Cooper was running *Ursula* and *Cannon Ball*, *Ursula* winning a welter handicap at Warwick, *Cannon Ball* in 1877 winning the *Batthyany Stakes* at Lincoln and the *March Stakes* at Goodwood. *Joseph Dawson*, who trained these, had also *Breechloader*, *Andrella* and others in charge. *Humphreys* was the next trainer, and races were won with *Strathavon*, *Star* and *Garter* and others. For two years, commencing in 1877, Mr. Cooper had a half share in *Lord Rosslyn's* stud farm at *Easton Park*, *Galopin* and *The Miner* being the stallions, and *Tristan* and *Atalanta* (dam of *Ayrshire*) the best of the produce in that time.

Lengthy sojourns in Australia, followed by attention to shooting and fishing, the *Black Mount* and *Achnashellgach* deer forests being taken in succession and also fishings on *Tweed* and *Spey*, brought about an interregnum so far as racing in England was concerned. In 1884 horses were run at Sydney, N.S.W., the best known being *Blairgowrie* and *Chesham*. In 1888, the *English Turf* was repatronised and for the next two years *Ryan* trained, *Melody* and *Dorcas* amongst others winning races. In 1890, when the horses were in the charge of *Matthew Dawson*, *Melody* ran a good second to *Mimi* in the *One Thousand Guineas* and *Newmarket Stakes*. On one and the same day at *Ascot* *Melody* won the *Prince of Wales' Stakes*, and *Mons. Meg* the *Queen's Vase*. At the end of 1891 *Mat Dawson* gave up public training and *G. Blackwell* was taken as private trainer. The stable included *Glare*, *Float* and *Serpentine* (three successive foals of *Footlight*), besides *Saintly*, *Belted Earl*, *Juvenal* and *Hilde-*



bert. These were nearly all home-bred, and during the past three seasons much more attention has been paid to breeding than to racing. The stud now consists of Footlight (by Cremorne out of Parraffin), Melody (by Tynedale out of Glee), Glare (by Ayrshire out of Footlight), Float (by Sheen out of Footlight), and Ariette (by Ayrshire out of Jewel Song). At the last July sales four yearlings averaged 610 guineas. The stud farm, situated at Cheveley, is a model of what such establishments should be.

Mr. Cooper has been a member of the Jockey Club since 1894 and is on the committees of the Bentinck Memorial Fund and the Rous Memorial Hospital. He is also a trustee of the Astley Institute, in the working of which he takes very great interest. Indeed, every useful institution at Newmarket is liberally supported, not omitting the Fire Brigade, whilst Mrs. Cooper is recognised as a Lady Bountiful, helping the poor both direct and through the medium of organisations for their benefit.

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## A Sketch of Aylesbury Steeplechases.

"A LINE which all Leicestershire cannot surpass," wrote Whyte Melville of the Vale of Aylesbury, in his stag-hunting lyric, "The Lord of the Valley," in connection with what were then Baron Rothschild's Staghounds. The praise bestowed upon it by the above-mentioned good sportsman and charming writer is not one whit too lavish for that beautiful extent of grass land colloquially termed "the Vale," and which has been the subject of as much prose and poetry as Leicestershire itself. Curiously enough, however, we do not hear very much about this famous Vale until it became the fashion for the Royal Buckhounds to pay an annual visit there, where they were joined by Mr. De Burgh's staghounds, and a fortnight or thereabouts was given over to hunting, feasting and jollity of all kinds. The salt of the earth gathered there, and the whole place was *en fête*. These visits are supposed to have begun in the late twenties and continued

until the late thirties, or even the early "forties," and the town of Aylesbury must have gone into mourning when they were given up.

Steeplechasing began in Ireland, where was run in the last century the first Red Coat race on record; and, although a good many matches were made, chiefly in Leicestershire, but at other places as well, steeplechasing as a spectacle does not appear to have come into being before 1834, when the inventive genius of Mr. Thomas Coleman, the landlord of the Chequers Inn in that town, seeing his way to making some money, organised the Great St. Albans' Steeplechase, those famous horses Grimaldi and Moonraker being among the competitors. If, however, priority in age must be given to St. Albans, Aylesbury may fairly lay claim to second honours, and what is more her fame has never deserted her, for almost from the year 1835 to 1898 there has scarcely been an interval in its steeplechasing chronicles.

It was owing to a conversation at Crockford's that the first Aylesbury Steeplechase ever came off. A number of hunting men had quitted Boodle's, Pratt's, and other clubs and had made their way to "Crocky's," where by some of the party "hunting shop" was indulged in, while others were playing cards. Mr. (afterwards Sir Henry) Peyton, known as well on the road as in the hunting field, as an Oxfordshire man, was expatiating on the difficulties to be encountered in the Vale, and he chaffingly told his Leicester friends that the various brooks which intersect that happy hunting ground would effectually stop them all as soon as one had to be jumped. Some of those present who believed that no country could be more formidable than Leicestershire thought that Mr. Peyton was coming the old soldier over them, and was merely cracking up the Vale because he lived in Oxfordshire (Swift's House near Bicester, a part of the Bicester country being in Berks), and the argument ended by Mr. Peyton undertaking to pick out a fair line of hunting country four miles in extent, a line over which he had himself ridden, and which hunting men of the Vale had to face if they would live with hounds.

Mr. Peyton, like his father, was a grand man to hounds, and it may be remembered that when in Assheton Smith's time there was some talk as to who were the best father and son over a country, the two couples selected were Mr. Smith and his son Assheton, and Sir Henry Peyton and his son, and Assheton Smith himself admitted that the Peytons had long since been admitted to be an almost incomparable pair.

Captain Lamb, the owner of Vivian, with whom Mr. Peyton took counsel, undertook to find

a fifty guinea cup. Each horse was to carry 12st. 7lb.; the entrance was twenty guineas P.P., the second horse to save his stake. Twenty-one horses were entered for this race. Mr. Peyton certainly did not set a low estimate on the phrase "fair hunting country," for Mr. Fowler, in his most interesting work, "Echoes of Old Country Life," gives a description of the line selected by the famous horseman. "The course," he writes, "was most severe, and comprised several doubles and tall bullfinchers, ox fences with posts and rails, big singles, one cross road, one deeply rutted lane, one fair sized brook, one thick spinney and the river Thame about twenty-eight feet wide." This was surely enough to test the courage and stamina of man and horse, and, continues the narrator, "No flag marked the course, and until the morning of the race the line of country was kept a profound secret for fear that any of the proposed riders should avail himself of the opportunity of seeing the fences and thus find out any weak place in the obstacles to be encountered."

On the eventful morning of the race, every road led to Aylesbury, and as much of the line ran parallel to the turnpike road, that thoroughfare was naturally thronged with spectators. I may leave Mr. Fowler to tell a good deal of the story in his own words. "The colours worn by the riders were of unusual brilliance, and my memory enables me to recollect a trivial incident which I remember telling to the late Lady Brassey, celebrated for her 'Voyage in the Sunbeam.' Whilst weighing Mr. Allnutt (whose form, by the way, figures conspicuously in the old pictures of the Oxford Drag) Lady Brassey's father appeared in a

very resplendent satin jacket of purple and green plaid, and Mr. Peyton stroked it, and said, 'How pretty! I wonder if it will be as clean as now at the end of the race?' Lady Brassey told me that she had that very jacket at home, and that her father had always treasured it as a memorable record of that great race."

These were point to point races in the full sense of the term, if at least we may judge from the short conversation which took place between the starter and the competitors when the twenty horses went to the post. "Do you see Aylesbury Church steeple?" asked the official, pointing to that well known landmark, which was conspicuous about four miles distant. "Yes," was the reply. "Well, then," said the starter, "when you get near it you will see two red flags, and the first horse that passes between those two flags wins the race. Anyone going upon the road will be disqualified. Are you ready? Yes—then off," and away they went on about as reckless a ride as ever mortal man started on. The fences were entirely untrimmed, and the horses tumbled about pretty well at them; but the river Thame was a stopper. The Marquis of Waterford rode his cocktail Lancet at it with as much vigour as a few years later did Jem Hills of the Heythrop send his horse General at the Evenlode river. They say that Lord Waterford's horse managed to land his fore feet on the further bank, but he tumbled backwards into the water, and subsequently died from the injuries he received. The whole of the field were bobbing about in the river at one time, but Mr. Allnutt on the grey Laurestina was the first to scramble on to dry land, obtaining a good start in consequence. "Old Martin

Beecher" as Captain Beecher was called, just rode quietly to the river's bank, popped his horse in, swam across, and then clambering up the bank dragged his horse after him, and went on in hot pursuit of Mr. Allnutt. The occasion was memorable from the fact that Jem Mason, subsequently a notable cross country rider, made his *début* on Mr. Tilbury's Prospero. To bring the story to an end, Laurestina came neck and heels into the winning field, and Captain Beecher on the rat-tailed Vivian went gently on and won comfortably.

This race, however, gave a fillip to steeplechasing in the Vale of Aylesbury. The visitors to the Royal Hunt party soon took it up, and on most mornings there was a steeplechase before a deer was uncartered before either the Royal hounds or those of Mr. de Burgh. The Aylesbury steeplechase, however, of 1836 must be mentioned, as it practically gave the *coup de grace* to the "arch-trespasser" Bill Bean, who in addition to having a sort of travelling stag-hunting establishment, rode in several steeplechases. On this particular occasion he made for a gap or a weak place near a tree, and his horse jumping sideways, Bill Bean's knee came into contact with the tree, and thus added to the list of injuries he had sustained in the course of a somewhat varied career; but as he broke his kneecap he was seen little in the saddle afterwards. There were a couple of races in the week, the first for the heavy weights, who were to start at Aston Abbots, and to finish in a field north of Aylesbury. The previous year's experience had taught wisdom, and on this occasion the river Thame was dispensed with, and the course generally was not

of the severe kind which Mr. Peyton had picked out for converting those who disbelieved in the difficulties of the Vale of Aylesbury. Lord Waterford on Yellow Dwarf, Dan Seffert on a flea-bitten grey, Beecher, Powell, and others were among the competing riders. Powell on Saladin was the winner, and he is reported to have shown excellent judgment by making his way into a corner, getting over a cramped place, and so avoiding a couple of nasty fences.

On the next day but one the light weights had their turn. The course was on the Bicester road, and there was not a little ridge and furrow in the four miles and a half course selected. A good many of the same horses came out again; in fact, then as now the same steeplechase horses ran at pretty well every meeting, for again we meet with The Yellow Dwarf, Saladin, Jerry, Vivian, Grimaldi, and many old friends. The story of the race is told in spirited fashion by a chronicler of the time. All the horses started well, "Vivian, Jerry, and Butterfly going in front, and soon after the start Grimaldi got a 'purl,' and Powell being unable to stop Laurestina, cleared Seffert and his horse at one leap; Vivian still led, The Pony and Laurestina being his attendants. Jerry now made a diversion at a rattling pace, being apparently in the hands of an able *steersman*," making straight his path before him. Gates flew open as if by magic, but the head of Beecher was at work, and the lynx eye of Powell was open, and they therefore took a little by Jerry's motion. Vivian soon began to make the pace better, going along in earnest, accompanied by The Pony, Grimaldi, and Glasgow.

Before reaching North Marston Chapel, Lord Waterford had an

ugly tumble, and as they neared this elevated spot Vivian was observed taking a line by himself, without crossing the chapel-field. It was apparent to any one that he had won the race . . . This being but a few fields from home, Beecher in the most gallant style charged the brook from the railing side and cleared it magnificently; it was also cleared cleverly by Grimaldi, The Pony, Laurestina, and Glasgow. After the brook it was The Miner of Mexico, then Wicklow Pebble, who drew upon Vivian, the captain looking behind him and pulling up the old horse, that he might not go in alone. Vivian, although he made a slight mistake at the last fence, won easily by six or seven lengths, Dan Seffert on Grimaldi being second. In the race, however, there appears to have been some sharp practice, for some one seems to have acted the part of pilot to Jerry, as the gates flew open as if by magic, as already mentioned, and then were shut again to the following horses. In connection with these races, it should not be left unsaid that Charles Davis, the Royal Huntsman, was starter on both occasions, and that young John Day, son of "Honest John," was one of the jockeys. By the way, there was also another attempt at a trick. At one part of the course was an old gateway mended up with some very high and strong rails, at which it was thought that no man would ride, not even the fire-eaters engaged in the contest. Jem Mason was riding one of the horses, and he had the "tip" overnight to ride at this very place, as if he cleared it he would save a considerable distance. To facilitate his passage the two top rails were sawn nearly through with a very fine saw. This piece of rascality was, however, discovered, and un-

known to Jem Mason and his friends, a couple of extra strong rails were substituted. On reaching the field in question, Jem made for the place as though he were going at a sheep-hurdle, for he was in happy ignorance that the sawn rails had been replaced by others which no horse could break. Result: his horse came an awful cropper into the next field, and his chance was entirely extinguished.

This will serve to show the kind of sport which was steeplechasing in the thirties, and as it would be tedious to follow up all the meetings, except to mention that the members of Pratts' Club held a cross-country meeting at Aylesbury about 1857, it will be convenient to take a jump to the time when the undergraduates of Oxford came to Aylesbury to hold their steeplechases. Where Oxford's younger sons first indulged in cross-country sport I cannot tell; but casual contests appear to have taken place at Bablock Hythe, and elsewhere, until at last we find young Oxford holding some steeplechases near Banbury; but there was some real or fancied cause of complaint in connection with the course or those who managed it, and the undergraduates resolved never to go there again. This, I fancy, would be somewhere about the late forties. In their dilemma the Oxonians had recourse to Mr. Fowler, whose name of course was well-known in connection with steeplechasing in the Vale, and he promised to find them a course, and he picked out a line over his father's farm at Broughton, on the Tring road. The newer course over the Prebendal Farm was stiff enough, but this is what Mr. Fowler picked out for these youthful sportsmen—eighteen feet of open water which had to be

jumped twice; this was really the mill head; the Bicester road had to be crossed; the fences were uncut, and there were two doubles of whitethorn eight feet high with wide and deep ditches to match; and over this big country the undergraduates of an earlier day took their pleasure and their tosses. Then came the course over Mr. Fowler's Prebendal Farm, and that is the course I remember, having ridden over it several times, and a more delightful course never was. In those days there was no hurdling up or railing up the ditches which were on the taking off side of the fences. The hedges were trimmed, and that was all.

In days gone by Oxford undergraduates had a race at Moreton-in-the-Marsh Steeplechases to themselves. It was called the Trial Stakes, and had its origin in being a sort of test race to see which three horses should represent Oxford against Cambridge, as for a few years there was an Inter-University Steeplechase. These, I fancy, began somewhere about 1861; at any rate, Mr. Fowler, in "Recollections of Old Country Life," gives an account of a race which took place at Aylesbury in 1863, and of the return which was run in 1865. Everybody rode under an assumed name, and at this distance of time it is difficult to identify all of them. The Cambridge team won the first race, the winner of which was expected to be the Dane, entered as Mr. Frederick's, but really owned by the late Charles Symonds (of Oxford), whose jockey was Mr. Mountain (Mr. Hill). The favourite on the Cambridge side was Mr. Wentworth's Clown, and Mr. Wentworth was the Hon. T. W. Fitzwilliam. In 1865 Oxford won, Mr. Leathes' Marchioness coming in first; but

who Mr. Leathes was I cannot remember. On the Cambridge side "Mr. Wentworth's" Proposition was ridden by Mr. Cecil, and this gentleman was, unless I am mistaken, none other than Mr. Cecil Legard.

Earlier than that Mr. W. Hicks-Beach, Lord Portman, Mr. Allgood, Mr. Allnutt, Mr. Blundell had distinguished themselves, while in 1850 we find such pseudonyms as Mr. T. Thumb, who I fancy was a Mr. Handsworth; Mr. Lammermoor's right name was Lucy, but Mr. Whistlestone I do not know.

In the late "sixties" and early "seventies" not a few who are now with us were riding. Mr. Notrege, for example, was Mr. C. A. Egerton, twice Master of the East Sussex Hounds; Mr. Francklin, who owned a pulling mare called Scandal, by Backbiter, was brother of Mr. J. L. Francklin who was once Master of the South Notts. Scandal afterwards passed into the possession of the present Lord Tweedmouth, then Mr. Marjoribanks, and some there be who remember the mare "taking charge" of her new owner in the hunting field. Mr. P. Merton, who did a great deal of riding all over the country, was Mr. W. H. P. Jenkins, whose horses were at one time trained by old Bob Sly at Richard's Castle, Salop. Mr. Robert Lawrence, son, I fancy, of Mr. Lawrence, Master of the Llangibby, rode as Mr. Roberts,

while the present Lord Camperdown concealed his identity from the outside world by riding as Mr. Earle. Those who now see Colonel Cardwell, Master of the Eastbourne, may not perhaps recognise in him the Mr. Wac of Oxford days, whose mare The Kitten was ridden in College Grinds and possibly at Aylesbury by an undergraduate who is now a hard-working clergyman, and still a fine horseman; and it may not be generally known that Mr. E. C. Burton, at one time Master of the Shropshire or Shrewsbury Hounds, has ridden over Aylesbury under, I think, the name of Mr. Den. Mr. C. S. Newton always rode in his own name; he rode a good many chases after he left Oxford, and his horse Clipstone, won the Nottingham Spring Handicap Stakes on the 5th of April last. Lord Aberdour, Mr. J. M. Richardson, Lord Donoughmore, Mr. Hoole (of Cambridge), and a host of others were also riding about that time. Mention of Mr. Richardson and Mr. Newton reminds me that in 18— there was a kind of inter-University Match when Mr. J. M. Richardson (of Cambridge), on Cora Pearl, beat Mr. C. S. Newton on Lord Rosebery's The Fawn by three-quarters of a length; and it may be mentioned that Mr. Arkay was Mr. R. K. Mainwaring, the racing official, and his horse Arundel was generally ridden by Mr. Rolleston, the present Master of the Rufford.

W. C. A. B.





JOHN CHAPMAN, ESQ., IN HIS 78TH YEAR.

The father of the Puckeridge Hunt, and when mounted on his old mare, could set men of a third of his age.

In the distance is Nicholas Pery, Esq., the Master, and Dick Simpson, the Huntsman.  
From a picture presented to the Yeomanry of the Hunt, by Sir Francis Grant, R.A., 1840, engraved by Chas. G. Lewis.



# Animal Painters.\*

LI.—SIR FRANCIS GRANT, P.R.A.

BY SIR WALTER GILBEY, BART.

SIR FRANCIS GRANT, fourth son of Francis Grant, Esq., of Kilgraston in Perthshire, was born in Edinburgh on the 18th January, 1803.

We have it on the authority of Sir Walter Scott that young Grant's passion for painting developed early in life; but his artistic proclivities seem to have taken the form of collecting, rather than painting, pictures. At all events the novelist mentions in his diary that he "had a strong passion for painting, and made a little collection" while nothing is said of early achievements with pencil or brush. His talent, if observed by those responsible for his education, received no encouragement, and no attempt was made to foster it. His "systematic artistic training," according to Sir Walter Scott, was comprised in "twelve lessons in drawing the human figure," or, we may conjecture, a weekly hour of somewhat perfunctory supervision by a drawing master for a term or two at Harrow, where he received his education. He was essentially a self-trained artist, and learned the technique of his craft as many others have done, by industrious copying: the works of Velasquez and other great masters were his favourite models.

The omission on the part of his tutors to develop his artistic abilities was no doubt due to the fact that he was from the first destined for the bar, a career for

which he does not seem to have evinced any special predilection. He was passionately fond of fox-hunting and other field sports, and was wont to declare his intention to "have his fling" with the £10,000 that formed his patrimony, and then go seriously to work and make his fortune as a lawyer. The former part of the programme was speedily accomplished, but when necessity dictated attention to the latter the young man found that he had mistaken his calling; he possessed some of the gifts which contribute to the success of a barrister, but he soon recognised that for him the path to fortune did not lie through the courts, and he turned his attention to painting.

Although best known to the world at large as a portrait painter the artist was always a sportsman, and laid the foundations of his reputation as a painter of sporting scenes. His first Royal Academy pictures, exhibited in 1834, when he was thirty-one years of age, reflect his tastes; these pictures were, an equestrian portrait of *Captain Vandeleur* and the *Breakfast Scene at Melton*; the latter was engraved by Charles G. Lewis. Taking his works in chronological order, the next that calls for special notice is his *Meet of the Royal Stag-hounds on Ascot Heath*, which was executed in 1837 for the then Master of the Buckhounds, the Earl of Chesterfield. "It was a sort of *Français 1<sup>er</sup>* period of stag-hunting," says Lord Ribblesdale in *The Queen's Hounds*, "Lord Chesterfield dressed himself and mounted his men and his friends

\* Under this heading will be continued monthly the series of brief articles connected with the lives of painters whose works appertain to animal life and sport and who lived between the years 1600 and 1860.

sumptuously." The picture contains the likenesses of forty-one men of note with the Royal pack and these were considered striking and eminently successful portraits. This work was engraved in large size by F. Bromley, and published by Hodgson and Graves, Pall Mall.

The key to the picture shows No. 29 to be the artist himself; in his earlier days Sir Francis was a constant follower of the hounds, though much better known in the neighbourhood of Melton than of Windsor. "Nimrod" says of him, "He possessed the combined arts of riding over not only fences and brooks, but now and then over horses and men, in the morning, and of delighting society in the evening by the sallies of his wit and humour. In the course of his performances in the field he lamed twelve out of fourteen hunters, which was the precise state of his stud at the close of that memorable season, the last I had the pleasure of seeing him, at Melton."

In 1837 also Grant painted a presentation portrait of *Ralph Lambton, Esq.*, Master of the Durham Hounds. Mr. Lambton resigned office in 1838, after 33 years' mastership: he is represented in the evening dress uniform of the hunt, black coat with black velvet collar and gilt buttons embossed with the figure of a fox running, and the letter L below; white upper waistcoat, and one of scarlet satin underneath. The likeness was considered a good one, and the picture artistically drawn. This work was engraved by John Porter, and published by Hodgson and Graves, Pall Mall.

In 1839 he painted *The Melton Hunt*: the scene is the Ram's Head Covert, and the picture contains portraits of many ladies

and gentlemen well known among the first flight, namely the Earl and Countess of Wilton, Hon. Mrs. Villiers, Lords Gardner, Sheffield, Darlington, Macdonald, Grey de Wilton and Rosslyn; Sir D. Blair, Sir J. Musgrave, and Messrs. Gilmour, A. Villiers, Greene, Fairlie, Williams, Heycock, Moore, Coke and John White. The Duke of Wellington purchased this work, which was engraved by H. Humphreys, and published by Henry Graves and Co., Pall Mall.

In 1840 he painted the portrait of Mr. John Chapman, "Father of the Puckeridge Hunt," whose figure for a great many years was the best known in the Puckeridge country. Mr. Chapman, then in his 78th year, was portrayed in the saddle mounted on a favourite old brown mare. A hard man to hounds, he was equally good with the gun, and even at his advanced age there was no better shot in the county of Hertfordshire. This picture was presented by Sir Francis to the Yeomanry of the Hunt; it was engraved by Chas. G. Lewis, and published in 1841 by R. Ackermann, London; it forms a companion picture to "The Melton Hunt."

In 1840 also Grant executed the picture which was directly the means of bringing him fame. This was a portrait of Her Majesty riding with Lord Melbourne and others in Windsor Park; the picture was exhibited, and the artist at once became the fashionable portrait painter of the day. Nor was his vogue a fleeting one; in 1842 he achieved another marked success with his picture of Lady Glenlyon, and thenceforward for nearly forty years the most graceful and refined portraits exhibited at the Royal Academy came from his easel.

From this period Sir Francis painted few pictures other than portraits of celebrities; and counting as he did, sitters among the most prominent persons of his time, he had little leisure to devote to sporting subjects. Between 1834 and 1878 he contributed no fewer than 253 works to the exhibitions of the Royal Academy, many of them full-length portraits. Among these were equestrian portraits of the Queen and the Prince Consort, painted for Christ's Hospital, and an equestrian group including likenesses of the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort. Another equestrian portrait was that of Count D'Orsay, himself no mean artist—this work was published by John Mitchell, 33, Old Bond Street, in 1838, size of plate 21½ inches by 30 inches. In the Scottish National Portrait Gallery hangs a small full-length portrait of Sir Walter Scott with his two staghounds, which was painted by Grant in fulfilment of a commission given him by Lady Ruthven in the year 1831. Mr. J. Gibson Lockhart considers this to be "the last really good portrait that was painted" of the novelist. Two later pictures of sporting interest are *A Shooting Party at Rawton Abbey*, painted for the Earl of Lichfield, who was at one time Master of the Royal Buckhounds; and *The Cottesmore Hunt*, painted in 1848 for Sir Richard Sutton, who had resigned the Mastership in the previous year.

Though not strictly a sporting picture, mention may be made of Grant's portrait of William Henry, 4th Duke of Portland, which is in the collection at Welbeck Abbey. The Duke is represented sitting

in a green leather-covered arm-chair; he is dressed in a black riding coat with brass buttons, white necktie, knee breeches, and top boots; he holds a walking-stick in his right hand. This portrait was painted for the Duke's tenants, and presented by them in December, 1852, when His Grace had attained his 84th year. It was afterwards engraved by James Fard.

Grant's talents were speedily recognised by the Royal Academy. In 1842, eight years after he had exhibited his first pictures, he was elected an Associate, and nine years later he received his diploma. On the death of Sir Charles Eastlake in 1865, the President's chair was offered to, and declined by, Sir Edwin Landseer; the choice of the Academy then fell upon the subject of this sketch, and Sir Francis Grant became President in March, 1866, receiving shortly after, in accordance with custom, the honour of knighthood. He was admirably qualified for the position, which he filled with tact, dignity, and good taste. During his latter years Grant's health gradually failed; he died suddenly from heart disease at The Lodge, Melton Mowbray, on 5th October, 1878, and was buried at Melton. The Dean of St. Paul's had proffered the honour usually accorded the remains of a painter who had filled the President's chair of the Royal Academy, but it was declined by the relatives of Sir Francis.

It may be added that he was not the only member of his family who attained to distinction, the distinguished soldier, General Sir James Hope Grant, being his brother.

## Is Polo Expensive ?

THE game of polo, if ancient in Persia, is comparatively new in England, and as a new thing has had a certain struggle to be allowed a place among our national games. First people said it was dull, there was no science in it. When a further understanding of the game drove them from this position, it was said to be a mere passing fashion, and a clever writer even discerned the signs of decay. In the meanwhile new clubs were founded, a polo pony society established, and it became plain that each year there were more players, more ponies, and more spectators. Then people said it was dangerous ; but it is not much good to warn Englishmen from a game on that ground ; and, besides, accidents were few and not serious. The next accusation was that polo was cruel to the ponies, but that cannot possibly be sustained. Individual instances of cruelty there may be, but these only arise from the thoughtlessness or hardness of individual players. There are many people who are habitually and unintentionally cruel to horses and dogs from lack of imagination to make them sensitive to the pain they are inflicting. If ponies are in hard condition the very occasional blows with the ball and the still more rare blows from the stick do not hurt them. No player, good or bad, ever hits his pony by mistake without being ashamed of it.

Once an officer in a garrison town solemnly went to the C.O. to ask him to discourage polo as it was interfering with the cricket. The C.O. wisely declined to interfere, not holding the view which prevailed at one time that there are certain games which it is

a kind of moral duty to play. Good cricket or football are splendid games, but played by inferior teams neither seems to me very attractive to watch. You need not be perhaps a first-rate player to enjoy cricket or football, but you must have reached a certain level of excellence before you can have much pleasure. At polo the duffers' game is always interesting to the players, if not very absorbing to the instructed spectator. But the great accusation against polo is that it is expensive. This is the weak point in the game according to a great many people. It is not only in England that this idea prevails, but in Australia also, where a well-informed correspondent tells me that a good many men are kept from playing by the idea that it is a "toff's" game, only suitable for the very well-to-do. Yet I am sure that polo is not really an expensive game as games go. Of course in saying this I shall be met with the reply, Yes, but just look at the price of polo ponies, and without polo ponies you cannot play polo. This is obvious, of course, and every man must be prepared to invest a certain amount of capital in ponies before he can play. But a really good polo pony is a very saleable article indeed, and if the ponies are bought with good judgment there should be little loss on this score.

The idea of the expense of polo is a good deal to be attributed to the fact that it first appeared at Hurlingham, a very fashionable and expensive club, and that even now Hurlingham and Ranelagh are the leading polo clubs in England, but of course they are very much more than polo clubs, though people seem sometimes to

forget this. Hurlingham is still the chief pigeon shooting club, and Ranelagh holds a considerable position as a golf club, while both are places where it is most delightful to dine in summer, quite apart from other attractions. The polo player, therefore, who is fortunate enough to be elected to either or both of these clubs, has a good deal more for his money than the opportunity of playing polo. The Hurlingham and Ranelagh committees in particular have always endeavoured to make the actual expenses of polo as small as possible to their members, and both clubs spend large sums on the game every year for this purpose. But if a man finds playing polo at either of these clubs somewhat expensive, it is not fair to put down the whole cost to polo. There are many other clubs now round London where the game can be enjoyed at a very moderate cost indeed. Take for example the North Middlesex, which is easily accessible from one side of London, or the Eden Park, or Fetcham Park Clubs, which can be reached from the other. In the case of these clubs you cut off at once the item of cabs and conveyances, the railway fares being low. At both clubs ponies can be stabled, and while every convenience is to be found, the scale on which the clubs are managed enables them to be content with a very modest subscription indeed.

There is one point in polo which makes for economy, and that is the small expenditure of time required. No other first-class game makes such small demands on a busy man's time as polo. Cricket is out of the question for many of us, the same objection applies to football and even to golf, the latter being also an expensive amusement in many ways, but the

busiest man who can afford a game at all, can play polo after he has put in a long day's work at business. A poor man's game polo can of course never be, but for the business or professional man of moderate means it is the best of games. The elixir of perpetual youth lies in activity and constant exercise. This is the reason why the soldier brother in a family is generally a younger man for his years, in spite of tropical climates, than the lawyer or the man of business. To play games is to keep the body healthy, the mind active, the spirits buoyant, and it is for this reason that they take so large a place in our modern life. For this purpose polo stands first because, to repeat an oft-spoken remark, it concentrates so much excitement, exercise and pleasure, into a short period. But the object of this article is to suggest to practical men, who are perhaps giving up active exercise for want of leisure, to inquire for themselves about polo, and not to be frightened away by the talk about expense till they have ascertained the real cost of polo. Of course people of moderate means can only do a certain number of things with their money, and if you spend money on polo you cannot have it for other purposes. Yet if all the advantages are considered the sacrifices will not be regretted.

As men grasp the real science of the game and separate it from pleasant but quite unnecessary surroundings, I anticipate an even greater expansion in the future than in the past, great as that has been in the last four years. The demand for polo ponies and recent prices are an evidence for this, and are a matter of rejoicing.

It may be said, of course, that

if polo ponies are to fetch such prices as at Mr. Miller's sale last month, that will by itself be an obstacle to many. But Mr. Miller's success is the result of long experience and judgment; the ponies had been carefully collected and carefully trained. Many of them were tournament ponies and prize-winners of a high degree of excellence and well-known in the polo world, and would probably fetch their price anywhere. But I would remind the ordinary player that such sales as these, besides being a deserved reward for unusual skill and judgment, are an encouragement to all breeders and trainers of ponies, and that, in the end, they bring many good ponies into the market and keep the price of the raw or partly finished material at a reasonable level. The man who buys sound, useful, well-

shaped ponies at a fair price and does not spoil them will, with reasonable care, know that there is always a fair market for them, and that if he be a fair player, and every man who likes the game can become that if he will take pains, the value of the pony will not deteriorate in his hands. Of course if the outlay of a little more money be not an object, the more expensive and finished article is, in the end, the cheaper for the average man.

But it would, I think, be good advice to give to any hard-worked man who is thinking of the game to go into it very carefully before he decides not to play polo on account of the expense. It is, at all events, an economy of time, which to any moderately successful man is more than money.

T. F. DALE.

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## On the Ladies' Links.

THAT women now show as much knowledge of the mysteries of golf, and as clear an appreciation of the scientific possibilities of the game as do men, amounts almost to a truism. With a ready acceptance of their fitness to become first class exponents of the game, they quickly showed that the little desultory putting matches on some unused and unsought after corner of the fine expanse known as the men's course, was no fair field for their golfing powers. The stronger sex scoffed at the idea of women tramping round a course in wind and storm, and pointed to the hazards as sufficient to keep them from entering the "enchanted

land." To the respected heads of families of course, golf was almost a necessary of existence, they talked golf, they dreamed golf, and they spent every available moment on the loved greens, but they were firm in their persuasion that woman, niblick in hand, would be out of her element.

It did not take long, however, for us to change these conservative notions, and though as some cynical light of the golfing world has remarked, the hazards of the course have been increased by the presence of the ladies of the household, we have met with friendly assistance and guidance from those who were our pioneers in the game, and from the time

when the members of the Westward Ho! Club helped to start the Ladies' Club, we have steadily risen in importance, until we have become a power to be reckoned with. In the present day our courses, and our clubs, and our system of handicapping have been organised with a thoroughness that leaves little to be desired, and that we have profited by the opportunities offered us, the great championship contests of each year prove.

At the time of the first Ladies' Championship played over the Lytham and St. Anne's course in 1893, golf as a scientific game for women was still in its infancy. But though the study of the higher mysteries was yet to come, two things were proved by the play then shown, one being that women could take good and steady aim, and the other that the hideous contortions of body indulged in by some early players were not necessary to success. Both these points were important, and that they had been duly marked by the competitors was evident when the second yearly contest came round. The graceful and workmanlike movements of our champion, Lady Margaret Scott — now Lady Margaret Hamilton - Russell — who proved her superiority for three years in succession, were a great means to the improvement, for all lovers of golf were fired by emulation to approach as nearly as possible to her perfection of style.

Lady Margaret has often been quoted as an instance of the ease and mastery gained by learning the game in childhood, but such is not the case. She first began playing when she was seventeen years of age, and very soon took a prominent position in her father's — Lord Eldon's — Cotswold Clubmen's team. Lady Margaret's

ideal swing, of which we have heard so much, and which has found such hundreds of imitators, good, bad, and indifferent, and her wonderful coolness and steadiness under even the most trying conditions of play were bound to bring her to the front. In each succeeding year in which she carried off first honours, she gave an almost perfect display of golf throughout.

To be in the first flight of players now is undoubtedly a very different thing to what it was five years ago, and the nine-hole course that sufficed for the play of the thirty-eight entrants in 1893, would be quite inadequate for the requirements of the present day. Then, the small sand-bunkers on the St. Anne's course proved a sad stumbling block to those who knew little or nothing of the possibilities of "niblick" play out of real sand, though a very different state of things has become the rule since the Open Meetings, Championship and endless inter-club competitions have become the fashion. It would be the exception now not to see a player delve the half-buried ball out of the sand, and send it over the face of the confronting obstacle as the work of a moment.

At Littlestone, in 1894, when Lady Margaret Scott won the Championship for the second time, there was a very marked improvement in the style shown by the competitors. Greater grace and more natural, because less strained, positions were the order of the day, and generally a higher standard of play was perceptible. The runner up this year, as she had been at the first Championship Meeting, was Miss Issette Pearson, who, throughout her golfing career has more than once been unfortunate in just missing the highest honours. Miss Pear-

son has a very business-like style and plays a game that always claims attention wherever she may be. Her driving and approaching shots are both straight and deadly, and as she is as cool as she is keen in any contest, she is always a formidable antagonist. Miss Pearson is not a believer in a whole bagful of clubs, but prefers to put her faith in a few trusted weapons. As one of the originators of the scheme of handicapping advanced by the Ladies' Golf Union, and as the Hon. Secretary of the Union from the date of its formation, Miss Pearson has a claim to the gratitude of women players throughout the world.

The contest of 1895, at Portrush, was chiefly remarkable for the very close contest in the semi-final Championship round between Mrs. Ryder-Richardson of the Hoylake Club, and Lady Margaret Scott. The fight was an excellent one on both sides, and never has any game been watched by a more observant crowd. Would the double champion prove her right to triple honours? was the question in every one's mind as they followed the fortunes of the game. In the end, as we all know, the Championship remained in Lady Margaret's keeping, Miss E. Lythgoe, who had the honour of meeting her in the final, being beaten by six up and four to play.

It was in the following year, 1896, when the Championship Meeting was held at Hoylake, that the most marked advance in the science of play was to be observed. Giant strides indeed had been made since the first great meeting three years earlier. It was evident that the players who now came to the front had studied deeply the whys and the wherefors of the rules that go to the making of

a first-class player. They realised that far from it being sufficient to swing the club with correct motion up and down, and to hit the ball into space, if they would aspire to honours above their fellows they must study positions, and angles, and understand the question of vertical and parallel lines, beside being able to calculate the impetus and probable deviations of the ball, and to make allowances in due degree for the vagaries of the gentle breeze and the half gale of wind. In a word, the science of golf had been grasped by more than the few exceptional players who had in the past distanced their fellows in this matter. In nothing was this more remarkable than in the nice calculations shown by many, of the run of the ball after it had pitched, so that at the end of its flight it might be within a putt of the hole.

Many were the close contests of this memorable meeting, and great was the surprise and admiration of those among the on-lookers who had come to criticise and remained to praise. When it is taken into consideration, too, that the ground was hard and the putting greens undeniably fiery, and that many of the competitors suffered from nervousness in a more marked degree than had ever been shown before, the record of this meeting will lose nothing of importance. The crowd which followed the players was immense and showed that the event had become one of almost national importance, and the circumstances of play for those accustomed to the unobserved round on their home links, were enough to try the strongest nerves.

To Miss Amy Pascoe belongs the unique honour of having attained the position of Champion within a little over three years from the day when she set out for



her first round. Her victory consequently came as a surprise, and all the more in that she had only taken part in one Championship meeting before, when she had succumbed to Lady Margaret Scott in the second round. This year the latter player had not to be reckoned with, and Miss Pascoe, after a series of the most plucky fights, stepped into the place she had vacated. Under her instructors, the Messrs. Dunn and the ex-champion Taylor, Miss Pascoe had devoted herself to the task of mastering every minute detail of the game, and it is to her unceasing diligence and quiet determination to overcome all difficulties, that she owes the reward she so quickly earned.

Among other players who attracted public attention by the excellence of their game was Miss Starkie-Bence, of the Royal Eastbourne Club, who contested two of the most closely fought encounters of the meeting with Miss Cox, the Irish Champion of 1895, in the second round, and with Miss Pascoe in the fourth round. With indomitable pluck Miss Bence struggled with her opponents, always on the alert, and showing that she was thoroughly mistress of the "higher learning" of golf lore. She drove long balls with an ease which made her weaker sisters wonder, and it was only in her putting that she proved herself somewhat unequal. Yet it was by an excellent putt that she eventually won the game with Miss Cox, after a tie. With Miss Pascoe, also, Miss Bence made a magnificent struggle which went to the nineteenth hole, though in turn she was beaten by a putt from her opponent. Miss Bence is one of those players who delight in an uphill game, and when she meets an antagonist worthy of her steel, she is sure to

be seen at her best. Yet strange to say this fighter is afflicted with that feminine complaint of nerves, and in the earlier days of her golfing career, she more than once failed to do herself justice through sheer nervousness.

Another player who stood out as a formidable opponent at Hoylake was Miss Kennedy, of the Chester Club, who, in the fourth round, beat Mrs. Willock, of Wimbledon, by seven up and five to play. Since that time Miss Kennedy has been coming steadily to the front, and in the following year, at Gullane, she fought her way with undaunted nerve into the semi-finals, and had some of the longest brassy shots on record put down to her account. In Miss Edith Orr, the champion of 1896, we have an example of the perfect ease given by a life-long acquaintance with the game. Miss Orr and her sisters owe their early initiation into the mysteries of golf, to David Grant and Ben Sayers, and as one who has often watched their play enthusiastically remarks, "It is a treat to behold how entirely at home they are, in whatever lie they may find themselves." The Champion is a model of steadiness and precision, and she has the charm of a style that is perfectly simple and unaffected.

Again, a feature of the Gullane Championship Meeting was the desperate fight between Miss Bence and Miss Issette Pearson, both of whom have a strongly marked style of play. It was only at the eighteenth hole that the latter secured a victory, which redounded almost equally to the credit of both.

Other players, whose names are as household words to golfers, are Miss Sybil Whigham, of Prestwick, who is a magnificent all-round player, beside being noted for the

extraordinary length of her drives; Mrs. Wilson Hoare, of Westward Ho! known for her excellent style and steadiness, and who possesses a knack of getting out of the direst and most troublesome lie with ease, and Miss Lena Thomson, Wimbledon, the runner up at Hoylake meeting in 1896, who plays a very strong game and is specially deadly in putting and approaching. In Miss Neville, too, the Midland Counties Champion, we have a player whose raking driving, fine approaches, and deadly putts, cannot fail to make their mark; and Miss M. Rostron, of Prince's, Miss Kenyon Stowe, of Brighton, Miss Gilroy, of Seaford, Miss Eachus,

of Enfield, Miss Lilian Smith, of Minchinhampton, and Miss Armstrong, of Burnham, Somerset, may be noted as among those who are steadily mounting the ladder of fame.

With these examples before us, to show that the rough and ready order of play is no longer in vogue, and that we have learnt by experience that the royal road to success lies in the steady and constant practice given to the game, we may, with pardonable pride, echo the historic exclamation of a "king" among caddies, and say, "Eh, but we *are* gowfin' now." And will any be found to give ironical meaning to our words?

## Trout Fishing.

SOME three or four and thirty years ago I was invited to stay in Wiltshire for some trout-fishing in the Wylfe, which eventually joins the Salisbury Avon. My host was the good Rector of Brixton Deverill, a small village on the upper part of the river, where it was usually called the "Rill." He had obtained a week's permission for me to fish in the waters of two noble proprietors, and I was only too pleased to take advantage of such a good chance. On my first morning I was entrusted to the charge of an ancient domestic, who was to place me on the water, and point out my line of march. Before me lay stretches of Down on either side, enclosing a narrow valley of rich water-meads, through which flowed the stream. My start was to be made from a hatchway where was a tolerable sized pool, which my companion begged me to try, but not to approach too near.

"What fly shall I try?" addressing him.

"Oh," said he, "I know nothin' 'bout vlies; try 'em wi' thick," catching as he spoke, a moderate-sized grasshopper.

"Why," said I, "that's rather poaching, isn't it?"

"Poäching, d'ye call it! then when I vishes, I poäches!" Doubtless, I thought to myself. "But, look'ee here, Master," continued my mentor; "this be a main difficult rill to vish, this be; the waäter be zo vine, the banks zo low, and when the vest wind be blawing, thee be always vishing down stream, which be the wrang way I aver, vor the vish be always a-looking at 'ee; zo if ye be minded to have any vish, thee's bound to do a bit o' poäching, d'ye zee, zir."

Certainly my first glance at the water made me come to the same conclusion so far as the difficulties were concerned, so I proceeded to

impale the grasshopper. Whilst I was thus engaged, the old man had left me sooner than I had anticipated, but I found he had gone for a purpose of considerable advantage to me; he had made a long circuit to the hatchway, which, with the help of a crowbar concealed in the long grass, he had just lifted so as to cause a very gentle ripple on the pool, upon the first start of which I lightly dropped my grasshopper. In an instant I was into a fish, and the swift whiz of my reel told me that he was a fine one. My attendant looked on quietly, merely saying by way of caution, "Mind them weeds, zir," pointing to a clump of flags near the outlet of the pool. I had made my cast from a spot of considerable elevation above, though concealed from the pool, from which I now found it necessary to descend—no easy matter with several yards of line out, and the absolute necessity, from the nature of the ground, of approaching the water in a direct line, and being on a high bank, and the boundary on my left being a ten-foot-wide water carrier, about five feet deep.

I began gently to wind up, and this waseasy, for my fish luckily lay quite still, nor did he move till I stood directly over the pool, where I saw five or six beautiful fish somewhat rapidly going the round of it, and where I was bound to keep my fish if possible, on account of the weeds and shallow at the outflow. Suddenly away he went round and round, dragging out yards of line by the impetus of his rush. Hastily winding up, I determined to keep him on a short line. He tried another rush, but I was prepared and checked him gradually, and led him down the pool to where the old man waited with the net, into which I slipped him. He was a lovely fish, short and thick, with a belly like virgin

pearl, his spots "as ruddy as the rose," and he just scaled  $2\frac{1}{2}$  lbs.

"There now, zir, what do 'ee think o' a bit of poaching?" said my companion. "Now I tell 'ee, when you do come to these holes you be bound to teäk 'em zo; 'taint no manner o' good vlinging and vlogging wi vlies, for ye can't zee your water unless the vish zee thee; and for the open water just thee go a couple o' hundred yards across the meäd, and vish up—it'll päy thee. And look 'ye, zir, d'ye zee thick cattle bridge yonder? under he be a vive-pounder if he's a ounce—nobody can't ketch he, but p'raps you do know how to now. So here's wishing 'ee luck, and good marning, zur!" Slipping a half-crown into the old man's hand, I thanked him for his hints and we parted.

Again I found my starting point must be from a hatchway with a grand pool below it, over which a splendid ripple flashed, a shepherd having lifted the hatch as he passed on his way to the fold on the Downs. Going down stream to a shallow in which was a dry bank of gravel, I commenced with another grasshopper, calculating from its first success that it would prove a taking lure. I contrived to cast just into the back eddy of the pool, where the water looked dark and deep, and at once hooked a splendid fish—at least I thought he must be, as he turned his greenish silvery side towards me in his downward rush into the depths. Away rattled my line, and I saw only just in time that if I remained where I then was all would be lost; for with a tremendous leap the angry fish came right towards the shallow, out of which I hurried, winding in as I went. There was a bridge across the hatch by which I was able to cross and play my fish in the deeper water. From his size

and appearance I had expected some good fun, and difficult work, but to my surprise after only a few minutes I was able to re-cross the bridge, drag my fish into the shallow, and net him myself quite easily—I may almost say he died a cur. His length was eighteen inches, his head as long and nearly as ugly as a pike's, the general shape of which fish he much resembled; he was very thin, dark greenish in colour, with a pallid belly, and only scaled  $1\frac{3}{4}$  lb.

I was so struck with the appearance of this fish that I determined to have a look at the pool which I conceived to be his haunt, so stopped the ripple, and gazed with astonishment at about a dozen huge fish disporting themselves therein. They all looked of the same type as the one I had just caught—long, lank, and hungry; they had evidently been too long there, so I made up my mind to have a few more out. Starting the ripple again, I cast about in the small water carriers for a minnow, which I soon found, and plenty of them; but I need not delay; it was no sport—in about an hour I had caught eight fish, none under a foot long, or over  $1\frac{1}{4}$  lb.

I had now before me about 500 yards of open water, the surface of which—the stream was banked up for flooding purposes—was above the level of the meadow I walked on, so that I was concealed from the fish under the banks, which it was necessary I should approach quite closely, the stream being nearly 30 yards wide. There was a gentle breeze from the west, causing a slight ripple, without which I could have done nothing. I now attached a Red Spider as dropper to my cast, retaining the first one, and before I had reached the cattle-bridge, under which the “vive-pounder” lay, I had landed seven more fish, all of the bright,

silvery, and thick-set make of my first—all below  $\frac{3}{4}$  lb. I returned to the water—and I lost a fine one by being too eager to net him. With these fish I had plenty of fun, and my basket, from 6 to 11 a.m., told  $19\frac{1}{4}$  lbs. for 16 fish.

It was now too hot, and the breeze had fallen, so that further fishing was useless, I therefore strolled back to Brixton Deverill to leave some fish at my kind friend the Rector's, and then on to the next village, where I hoped to make a stay for a day or two, if I could find quarters.

Here I made the acquaintance of a jolly miller, and on inquiry for an inn he recommended me to one in the next village, Long-bridge Deverill; but on presenting my cards of permission to fish—for here the waters of the two proprietors who had given me leave, joined, and the miller was tenant to both of them—he told me a room at his house was at my disposal if I could put up with their humble fare, and as he “was just then going into his dinner would I take ‘pot-luck’ with him and his Missus?”

I was only too glad to do so, and was soon made much of by “the Missus,” a downright, somewhat blunt, yet most excellent soul.

I am afraid our after-dinner chat was somewhat lengthy, whether from my having risen so early, or was it the exceeding insinuation of my host's most excellent beer?—“brewed last October, old style” said the miller, “for I'm an old-fashioned man, and have no patience wi' your new calendars, and always stick to everything of the old style.”

“Yes,” interposed his wife, “and ye be going to stick to that cup I bethinking. Excuse me, sir, making so bold,” as she turned to me, “but there's the mill to tend, for the lads must away to the mead-

ows after the cows"—saying which the old lady swept away the cups and glasses, and taking the hint I followed the miller to his mill. At the door I perceived a useful fly rod, ready fixed. "So you fish my friend?" I inquired. "Oh yes! but take it, sir, and just cast by yon post wi' the weeds round it in the race there." Glancing at the tackle I observed the fly was a rather large Red Palmer, which my host told me was the best fly for these waters, particularly just then. Skirting the fence of a rickyard which ran down towards the stream, I thus had a cast across, and rather up stream, and rose a fish at once as the fly apparently hopped from one high ripple to another. Casting again about the same place I again rose my fish, which, though he did not seem shy, yet refused the lure. I then cast a little higher up stream, allowing the fly to sink; in an instant it was seized, and on the first whiz of the reel the miller called out, "Have a care of the floor," as the fish rushed up stream towards the millwheel. I checked him carefully just as he nearly reached it, and then began a tussle I was hardly prepared for.

The stream was here some 15 or 20 yards wide, about 4 feet deep throughout, and below the wheel floor, except on my side where it was very shallow. Finding his retreat under the floor prevented, the fish leaped four or five times out of the water, getting each time further down stream, and towards the ominous-looking post near which was his lair; from this I was bound to keep him; so, stepping back up the yard, I rapidly wound in my line, at the same time approaching slowly to the stream. Finding himself thus restrained the frantic leaps began again, till he retired under the bank opposite, where he sulked a bit. "Ah, he's at his old

tricks" said the miller, who had a landing net ready; "Mind, sir, he'll be off like a shot for the floor directly," so down the yard again I went as far as I could go, about 12 yards, slowly unwinding, but keeping a taut line. I had now got him, nose out of the water, and, following the guidance of the miller, led him to a little bit of dwarf wall above the shallow and below the floor, where he was easily netted. From the pluck he showed I had expected a larger fish; he only turned the scale at a little over 1½ lb., but he was a beauty.

"There now," said the miller, "what d'ye think o' that?" Why, I've known that fish beat four gen'leman this season! It's that floor as floors 'em;" and he gave a dusty chuckle at his own joke. "Now, sir, it isn't any good fishing for the next two or three hours; my missus shall have a bit of dinner at six o'clock, and she'll show ye how a trout should be cooked."

"Well," said I, "let me have this one, and two others I caught this morning; in the meantime I'll take a stroll over the Downs."

My programme for the morrow having been discussed and arranged whilst at dinner, I was not sorry to retire; nor do I think I turned in my bed till the jolly miller summoned me to breakfast, and I found, on joining him, that he had procured a handy boy to act as my guide for the day.

My intention was to try for the "vive-pounder" away up in the meadows, and "Dan'l," I discovered, was quite aware of the existence of this fish, but had never tried for him himself, as "'twere off meäster's land where he did bide." He advised my calling on the tenant of the Manor farm just out of civility and to show my permission to fish. This

I accordingly did, and was received most kindly by the good farmer and his wife, who wished me luck, but smiled dubiously when I said I hoped to provide them with a dish of fish. Arrived within about 200 yards of the cattle bridge, I took Dan'l into consultation. Above the bridge the stream was narrow and full of weeds, but just at the bridge it widened out into a big hole, and below it was the broad water I had fished the day before. On the other side the roadway over the bridge entered a little covert which overhung the water.

Dan'l advised my trying a worm above the bridge, but I determined to have an honest try, or none at all. In my book I had various flies, to most of which Dan'l paid no attention; but on seeing a Green Drake he cried out, "Them's the Jockeys!" So, tying on a Green Drake, I cast it on to a spray of a whitebeam tree which overhung the stream, hoping for a gentle breeze to drop it on to the water—this was a *ruse* taught me by Foster, a professional with whom I used to fish in Dovedale—but no such good luck came, and I found that there was more breeze where I was than under the trees; I could only therefore cast in the usual way. At once I roused the fish, for I could see the rush he made down stream by the wave on either side, and on his return up stream he dashed boldly at my fly exactly as I lifted it for another cast, and accidentally, therefore, I hooked him, bringing him instantly round towards me. "Keep the archway, Dan'l," I shouted, as the fish, curving himself like a bow, flung all his energy into a tremendous leap. Gracious! what a magnificent fellow he was, as he showed his silvery belly and burnished sides, and how my heart did beat as he

fell splash beneath my feet into about five feet of water.

For the moment I thought he was gone, for my line fell limp into the stream, but in an instant away he went down stream like a rocket. Dan'l had taken my hint, and dashed the landing-net about in the water by the archway, thus preventing his going up to his lair. I therefore had a fair field before me of at least 300 yards of broad, deepish water. Run as I did for nearly half the distance, he still drew out line; he then made a pause, which enabled me to reel in a little, when up stream he dashed faster than ever. Dan'l, however, was on the look-out, and kept the net going, so that his tactics had to be repeated. I had just noticed in his first rush a shallow on the opposite side of the stream, a drinking-place, and for this he seemed to make in his second rush. Happily this was the broadest part of the water, and by stepping back I contrived to keep him on my own side. Here there was a slight bend in the stream towards me, and in my favour, for, having reeled in somewhat, I was able to haul on to him a little and drag him still more down stream; this tired him, and I called to Dan'l for the net. I had now arrived at the hatchway I had crossed on the day before, and found to my dismay that two of the doors were up and a heavy stream pouring through. Quick as thought I turned up stream, and not a moment too soon, for my fish had evidently seen his chance, and tried a fresh rush; he was, however, too tired, and could do no more than make angry rushes in a circle as I gradually decreased his tether.

At last he was reduced to comparative quiet, and I began to look out for where to land him,

and this was getting every moment more difficult on account of the very sudden fall in the stream—a shepherd had, unnoticed by me, raised the hatches just as I had hooked my fish. The only alternative I could see was for Dan'l to shut them down whilst I should keep my fish in play till the water was higher. The banks here were quite perpendicular, and the water had gone down so fast that Dan'l could not reach the fish. Whilst all this was going on my fish had somewhat recovered his strength, and made off up stream again. I kept pace with him, and, finding a convenient place, turned his head again down stream, calling for Dan'l and his net, which the boy used very dexterously, and I had the satisfaction of landing the finest trout I ever caught in my life; at 5 lb. 7 oz. it turned the scale. "Well, he be a vine 'un," said Dan'l, carefully rolling him

in some grass, "and he give 'ee some vun, sir, sure. How my Laard would ha' liked to ha' ketched he, now!"

I was rather proud of my success, and consider that I had a right to be, for I had enticed a crafty monster from his lair which had already beaten many a good fisherman, to say nothing of poachers; for Dan'l told me he knew of one or two youngsters who had tried night-lines for this very fish many a time, but, though their baits had always disappeared, the fish had always escaped. Re-adjusting the hatches—a point I was always careful about—I agreed, under Dan'l's advice, to go about two miles up the stream to Monkton Deverill, to a mill, where the miller was Dan'l's uncle, who could show me some good fish, so he "opined."

EX-CENTURION.

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## Turf Nomenclature.

ECCENTRIC in most things, one of the most pronounced peculiarities of the late Earl of Glasgow was neglect in giving names to his racehorses. Whether this was attributable to a rooted objection or sheer laziness on his lordship's part, matters very little, since the fact remains that no owner of horses ever gave so much trouble to the clerks at Messrs. Weatherby's and to the race reporters, or created more confusion in Stud-book reference. Lord Glasgow's racehorses were bred on huge lines, and were generally as lengthy as their pedigrees; the sires were indifferent and the dams unfashionable

enough to account for the non-success of the stud. His great delight was in match-making, in which connection he was quite a gold-mine to his friend Admiral Rous, with whom most of his matches were arranged. Seldom as he won, he rarely seemed pleased at winning. But if at Newmarket he had a successful day, he would make no match that night for the next day; but on the other hand, if beaten any number of times, he would make further matches in the most reckless manner, not only for the next day, but right through to the end of the week. It was well-nigh impossible to train his horses as

two-year-olds; in fact, the task was seldom attempted, the old earl not really caring to run them until three years of age. His trainer, however, generally had one ready for the Summer Meeting at Epsom, but the majority turned out worthless, and as soon as they were found to be so, they were shot.

But, at the break up of the Glasgow Stud, some of the great coachy mares passed into the possession of Mr. Henry Chaplin, who sent them to Blankney to be mated with his remarkably neat Hermit—one of the smallest horses then at the stud—and the experiment was attended with highly successful results, since Lady Masham threw Peter, and later on Stray Shot produced Shotover to the Derby winner of 1867.

The stallions most affected by Lord Glasgow were Tom Bowline, brother to Bird on the Wing, Knowsley, Young Melbourne, Toxopholite and Rapid Rhone, and his lordship's entries trespassed materially on the space, when the race-card came to be compiled. "Lord Glasgow's colt by brother to Bird on the Wing (1853) out of The Drake's dam," for instance, was a nice line to put on the wire, or write into a list of starters by the long-suffering reporters. Then again there were such animals as:

"Colt by brother to Bird on the Wing, dam by Young Melbourne, out of Maid of Masham."

"Filly by Tom Bowline, dam by Young Melbourne, grand-dam by Birdcatcher, out of Miss Whip."

"Bay colt by Toxopholite, dam by West Australian, out of Brown Bess."

"Bay colt by Knowsley, dam by Voltigeur, grand-dam by Birdcatcher, out of Miss Whip."

"Bay colt by brother to Strafford, out of The Drake's dam, by Pyrrhus the First,"

and so on.

The mantle of the late Lord Glasgow would appear to have fallen in recent days on the late Mr. Hamar Bass, who experienced for a length of time nothing but ill-luck. "Name your horses and they will win," was advice tendered to him both by personal friends and in print. Strange to say, for a lengthy period, the only races that he won, were secured by a horse with a name, Rusticus carrying off the valuable Royal Stakes at Leicester in two successive years. Then the ill-luck set in again until another "horse with a name," Love Wisely, to wit, landed the "yellow and green" jacket first past Judge Robinson in last summer's Gold Cup race at Ascot. Which circumstances suggest that a familiar proverb in Herbert's *Jacula Prudentum* might be extended as suggested by the sentence in italics:—

"For want of a nail, the shoe is lost,  
For want of a shoe the horse is lost,  
For want of a horse the rider is lost,  
*For want of a name the race is lost.*"

Under charge of George Ashby at Newmarket, Mr. Hamar Bass had nine animals in training. *All are un-named.* This is indeed a bad case, and I was thereby tempted to suggest the following names in hopes that Mr. Hamar Bass might either adopt them or else confer others without delay.

Gelding by Exile II., out of Maria Renata, 3 yrs. .... *Dreyfus*  
Filly by Fernandez, out of The Blythe, 2 yrs. .... *The Gay*  
Colt by Fullerton, out of Evasion, 3 yrs. .... *The Dodger*  
Filly by Pepper and Salt, out of a mare by Hermit dam Lady Paramount, 2 yrs. .... *Condiment*  
Filly by Rugeley II., out of a mare by Hermit, dam by Controversy, out of Mahonia, 2 yrs. .... *Nun of Rugeley*



Filly by Rugeley II., out of a mare  
by Hermit, dam by Controversy,  
out of Mahonia, 3 yrs.  
*Mde. de Briuvilliers*  
Colt by St. Serf—Novitiate, 4 yrs.  
*The Mug*  
Filly by St. Simon—Matilda, 2 yrs.  
*St. Bathilde*

Not any of the names suggested are in use.

In the year 1833 close on eleven hundred horses performed on the turf, and of these no fewer than 227 were unnamed. At the present time, the proportion is considerably less (as a matter of fact 284 unnamed horses ran in the United Kingdom in 1896, while they reached 298 last year), and Messrs. Weatherby, some few years since, earnestly appealed to owners to christen their unnamed horses, so as to lessen the confusion in the Stud-book. The immediate response to that appeal bore an excellent result, seeing that only 62 unnamed horses performed during 1890.

We have likewise made advance in another direction, for owners nowadays appear to take more care in selecting names for their thoroughbreds than was formerly the case. When the century was yet young, horses were either not christened at all, or else had the most atrocious cognomens bestowed upon them, and it is an open question, in the writer's opinion, as to which is the greater offender, the owner who adopts *outré* names, or he who refrains from giving names at all to his thoroughbreds.

There was running in the year 1824 a colt known as "Nothing like him but Scrivington," who was sired by Scrivington, and it was evidently his owner's admiration of the horse caused him to select this long-winded and quite unnecessary cognomen, for if the colt so favoured his sire, nothing could have been more simple than

to have named him "Scrivington the Second." A few years later, a Mr. Smith named a filly, by Jerry out of Decision, "The Window Shut," the reason not being apparent, although peradventure to such a name "thereby hung a tale." At the period in question, owners in general seem to have gloried in, and vied with one another in the selection of the most extravagant names for their representatives on the racecourse, and General (then Colonel) Peel possessed a fairly useful colt called "I am aware," who won several races in the hands of Nat Flatman. Mr. Fulwar Craven was the proud possessor in the same year of a three-year-old rejoicing in the still lengthier cognomen of "I wish you may get it," and one is driven to wonder what could have led a gallant captain in Her Majesty's service to re-christen a colt named Bristolian, with such an extraordinary appellation as "Oh! dear, what can the matter be?" Another owner must surely have had "a bee in his bonnet" when he selected such a name as "I'm sure I shan't," and equally idiotic is "Whichever you please." "I'll see through it," was the ridiculous name given by Sir G. J. Hampson to one of his horses, and "Mind your Pockets" was probably bestowed on another thoroughbred by virtue of his "thievish" ways, and as a warning to the public not to risk their money on him. "None so Pretty," "Seven's the Main," "Sergeant Bother 'em," "Joe o' Sot," "Let me Alone," "Shocking, Mamma," "The Dashing White Sergeant," "Oh Don't," and "Old Chemise," are further samples of absurd names that were bestowed on racehorses running at the same period.

One would have thought that Lord George Bentinck at least

would have exercised wisdom, or at any rate common sense, in the naming of his horses; but no, for as a nomenclator, his lordship was as great a sinner as the worst of his contemporaries. We have all heard how his lordship named a mare that was blind of one eye, "There she goes with her eye out." Could anything be more atrocious? And his colours were sported by animals burdened with such names as "All round my hat," "The Black Gentleman," (previously known as Mr. Dawson's Blacklock) and "The Devil to Pay." "Pay your Debts" was appropriately enough re-christened "Beggar my Neighbour."

In 1851, the Gold Cup at Catterick Bridge was won by a mare named "Lady I am Off"; while the Grosvenor Stakes at Chester fell to Lord Waterford's "Kick up the Dust." At the York Spring Meeting of the same year Mr. C. Peck ran a gelding in The Flying Dutchman's Handicap, by name "York, you're Wanted," but the animal did not respond to the intimation, for, although starting a good second favourite, it finished absolutely last. It is impossible to discover wit in such a name as "Pity the Blind."

With the peculiar name of "Pot-8-os," most folks who take but a moderate interest in racing affairs are familiar. A few owners have affected capital letters in naming their horses, and in this line "R.M.D.," and "I.O.U.," may be deemed effective; also "P.P.," "X.Y.," "Q.E.D.," "XXX," "O.K.," and "T.B." (given to a colt by Marden in compliment to the late Tom Brown).

Now and again, both backers and bookmakers have had to negotiate some nasty obstacles in jaw-breaking names. "Rhag-

faeniad" and "Bourra Tomacha" no doubt tried the patience and bothered our grandfathers, and "Astrafiammante" was mild in comparison to "Gnossia Corona." But the Middle Ring men, almost to a man, blundered badly or came to utter grief when "Isola Madre" was put up. "Panzerschiff" no doubt made many sneeze, and it was well for the ready-money layers of the odds that Lord Londonderry's "Koshishsheboga-mog" was restricted to local hunt meetings, and did not come under their notice, or the consequences might have been serious indeed. "Kantschatpa," "Isosceles" (rendered by the profane "Sausages"), and "Cwicchielm," were rare stumbling-blocks. And the Middle Ring bookmakers were floored to a man over "Pozzonpanz," for nary a one struck on the correct pronunciation, and rendered it "Pots an pans."

In the year 1844 certain loyal owners named horses The Princess, Princess Royal, Princess Alice, Prince of Wales, and Prince Royal, and turf history in this connection was repeated some years later when the late Mr. Cartwright named the descendants of that famous matron, The Bloomer, after members of the heir apparent's family, viz., Princess of Wales, Albert Victor, George Frederick, Louise Victoria, &c. There was running in 1844 a colt by Liverpool, out of a mare by The Exquisite, on whom his owner, Mr. Stephenson, bestowed the name of "††," which could be read as Double Cross, or Two Crosses, a case of nomenclature absolutely unique. Instances in the titles of newspapers being used as names for racehorses may be cited in "Evening News," "Evening Star," "Evening Standard," "Sporting Chronicle," and "Racing Opinion." The eccen-

tricity of Turf Nomenclature has worn off of late years, but a deceased lady owner took somewhat of a new departure when she conferred on some thoroughbreds such names as "A Life's Mistake," "Happy Home," "Sweet Willie," and "Willie Darling." George Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, who in his day did much for the welfare of the Turf, by his excellent judgment in breeding, was wont to stick to the initials of the dams in naming their progeny. Thus the offspring of Prunella were christened Penelope, Parasol, Pledge, Pawn, and Piquet; but when Penelope went to the stud his Grace fell back on the letter W, and we find her the dam of Whalebone, Whisker, Web, Woful, Waterloo, &c. Mr. W. R. Marshall uses the names of rivers, and stout service was done to the black jacket with pink hoops by Shannon (a sensational Goodwood Cup heroine), and Trent, winner of the Grand Prix de Paris. Another owner, Mr. Trimmer, who formerly raced on a larger scale on the Metropolitan Circuit in the days of Bromley, Croydon, and Kingsbury, named his horses after flowers, but these are exceptions, where one or two owners have conformed to one settled line of nomenclature. The late Mr. "Abington" Baird once conferred the very appropriate name of "Cock Crow" on a colt by Peter out of Alarum, but the Stewards of the Jockey Club, through Messrs. Weatherby, wrote asking him to kindly re-name the colt; and "Alarm" was consequently selected in place of "Cock Crow," so that nothing much was lost in aptness. It may be mentioned that the lady who races under the *nom de course* of "Mr. Theobalds," names her fillies with the uniform prefix of "Lady," for example,

"Lady Ernie," "Lady Susan," "Lady Indora," "Lady Isoud," and "Lady Bess." The owner of the colt by Torpedo out of Rinovata was constantly badgered in the columns of a sporting daily to give his colt a name. In this case the remissness on the owner's part was probably due to the fact that he could not think of a name good—or appropriate enough—seeing that in the end, "for want of a better," he christened him "Faute de Mieux."

It is a pity that so many repetitions occur, even when numerals are added; and again, that the names of past celebrities should be made use of a second time. This is especially undesirable in cases where the animals subsequently go to the stud. Messrs. Weatherby charge a fee of half-a-crown for the registration of a name, and a somewhat larger amount when a horse is re-named. A trainer of to-day—who shall be nameless—who is very slow to confer names on his horses, informed the writer that he strongly objected to being charged half-a-crown for each horse he named. "Let the breeders name them before they send them up for sale as yearlings," said he, adding, "If I buy a horse without a name, he can run without one, until I part with him in a selling race, and then his new owner may name him if he likes."

The late Lord Falmouth was famous for his excellent taste in bestowing names on his thoroughbreds, and it is impossible to look through the long list of distinguished bearers of "the magpie jacket" and detect one name that was ill-chosen or in bad taste. A few instances will serve: "Silvio," by Blair Athol out of Silver Hair; "Galliard," by Galopin out of Mario; "Kingcraft," by King Tom out of Woodcraft; and

"Wheel of Fortune," by Adventurer out of Queen Bertha. By the way, the Duke of Portland has christened his two-year-old out of Wheel of Fortune by Ayrshire (the youngster is on the small side). "Little Wheel," which is the name of a Cornish mine, so that the name is appropriate in more senses than one. The Duke of Westminster has a happy knack of finding suitable names for his horses, and these are bestowed before they quit the Eaton Stud Paddocks for Kingsclere. For many seasons past, his Grace has played on the letter O, which has served him almost without exception for the progeny of Bend Or, and the use of the letter is by no means exhausted now that young Ormondes and more recently the progeny of Orme have come upon the scene. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, who is probably the most popular owner of the present day, always takes infinite pains in the bestowal of suitable names on his horses. "A good horse is worthy of a good name," thinks Mr. Leopold, who christened a brother to Bumptious, by Brag out of Headlong, "Braggadocia." "Maximum" was apt for the offspring of Brag and Rouge Gagne, in fact it could not be beaten. Few were aware at the time Le Nicham was carrying the blue and yellow hoops of Baron Alphonse, that the name was that of a famous Turkish Order. Last season Mr. Leopold introduced to us a filly by Morglay out of Themis, bred by her owner at the Southcourt stud, and on whom he bestowed the name of Pie Powder. "What is Pie Powder?"—"What does it mean?" was asked more than once at headquarters when that folly was on view. Probably Mr. de Rothschild took it from the French *Pié Poudré*, which

means literally "dusty feet." It is likewise a French law expression—the court of *pié poudré*, but the origin of the same is somewhat doubtful. Sir Edward Coke says that it has its name because justice is done "as speedily as dust can fall from the foot," whilst other authorities derive it from the "dusty feet" of the suitors. And others again trace the term to *piéd poudreux*, a pedlar, in old French—a court of petty chapmen, such as resort to fairs and markets.

Some very appropriate names appeared in last year's Derby entry. The veteran trainer, Matthew Dawson, is represented by a colt by Minting out of Pelf, very properly named "Barabbas," and "Upper Cut" does well enough for a colt by Bendigo out of Lady Grace. Mr. "Jack" Hanbury very suitably christened his colt by Galopin out of Merry Dance "Morisco," while Mr. Hoole could certainly not have alighted on a more appropriate name for a colt by Hawkeye out of Silence than "Night Watchman." "Sumner" is good for the offspring of St. Simon and Dutch Oven, as is "Silver Craze" for Mr. James Lowther's colt by Esterling out of Religion. The colt by Trayles out of Sandal is neatly named "Shoeprint," and "Respite" suggests itself for a colt by Minting out of Reprieve. The Duke of Westminster has made an exception in the O line in naming the progeny of Bend Or and Jersey Lily, for he in this instance favours the dam by selecting the name of "Guernsey," and the youngster as it happens has turned out of very little account, and has in fact been "added to the list." To quote a few recent christenings; Mr. J. S. Curtis, the South African millionaire, who makes his *début*

on the British turf this season, has bestowed with appetising appropriateness the name of "Saveloys" on a filly by Savile out of Cutlet, 2 yrs. ; while for a filly by Troubadour out of Bow-legged-Bet, "Rosin-the-Bow" will do very well. Very happily has Mr. H. W. Gilbey combined sire and dam in the name "Myrtleberry" which he chose for a two-year-old colt by Hazlethatch from Myrtledine, and "Full Flavour" serves well for a colt by Satiety out of Muscat. Mr. James Lowther could hardly have done better than select "Chief Warder" for his colt by Janissary out of Warden Belle, and "Buck Up"

will pass for a filly by Buckingham, dam by Victor. A filly by Testator out of Gehenna by Robert the Devil, Lord Durham has christened "Intestate," and a filly by Testator out of Scotch Mist, in the same ownership, is well named "Scotch Law." Neat indeed is "Crossfire" for the progeny of Carbine and Saltire. Much more that is interesting might be evolved from the subject of Turf Nomenclature, but sufficient has been written to show that although "A horse by any other name might run as well," there is still very much in a name, and the art of bestowing one.

E. E. S.

## My Grandfather's Journals.\*

1795-1820.

[Being episodes in the military career of Colonel Theophilus St. Clair, K.H., formerly of the 145th Foot, and some time Assistant in the department of the Quarter-Master-General.]

EXTRACTED BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

### IX.—CIUDAD RODRIGO.

WHEN I reached Lisbon in November, 1811, I heard that the army at the front had gone into cantonments along the Coa and that nothing would be done till the spring, if then. Why, Sir George Murray, the Quarter-master-General (I had known him at High Wycombe), had gone home on leave. Was it likely that "the peer," as Lord Wellington was always called about this time, would part with him if any active work—any important operations were at hand? No; there was no need to hurry forward;

they all told me that, from the Commandant, General Peacocke, to the comrades I met at every corner. I might as well put in a pleasant time at Lisbon. It was a beastly hole, of course, but it was better than some filthy village swarming with fleas, where I should be both eaten alive and starved to death at the same time. Here in Lisbon there was society, dark-eyed, facile, fascinating senhoras in plenty; an opera-house; I could shake my elbow if I cared for cards or dice; some sport in the royal preserves, the food was good, the wine passable, and so on.

This was the advice I got from

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the "Belem Loungers," as the skulkers who hung back at the base were commonly called; a set of shamming good-for-nothings who had been sent down sick, but who still lingered when quite strong and well in this sorry Capua, preferring its joys to the risks and discomforts of campaigning in the field.

I take no credit to myself for despising such contemptible fellows and the advice they gave, for I had many reasons for wishing to push on. I was eager enough to get back into harness; I had done no soldiering for three years; I had not seen my old regiment for ten. If they were suffering hardships I could take my share of them; if, after all, there was any real business at hand, it was my duty to be in my place. But stronger still was the vague hope that I might hear something of my darling Cecile. She was still in Spain, I knew that. I had heard before leaving Verdun that the Count still commanded at Cuenca, but that he expected to be moved again to Madrid. What if in the chances of campaigning, among the many changes and constant movements of the opposing armies, I should be brought anywhere within news of her? The mere thought thrilled through me, and every inch ahead I travelled into the country I seemed to be drawing nearer my Cecile.

So I forthwith set about my preparations for the march, a journey of two hundred miles and more. I might have voyaged as far as Abrantes by the river Tagus, but I thought it better to stick to my animals, and adapting my pace to the pack mules, hoped to cover the whole distance in from twelve to fourteen days.

I bought what I wanted at Lisbon Fair; two short but strong

and sturdy mules. The general Commissariat lent me a third. My baggage was rather bulky, for supplies were very short at the front, I was told, and I took up all I could in the way of food and forage. Then I had to buy a pony for my own riding; the two well-bred English hunters I had brought out with me to replace my dear Hatim Tai (still I hoped in the hands of my still dearer Cecile), had not borne the voyage well, and I was advised to leave them behind. I was told that they should be acclimatised, that they would not thrive on the chopped straw and *garbanzos* (beans), the only forage, and not too much of that, available up country. But I took them with me, notwithstanding, believing that the steady regular work of the road would harden them and bring them into condition, give them appetite, too, to eat anything that offered, as indeed proved to be the case.

I wanted a servant, too, and engaged a red-headed, freckled-faced fellow who called himself an Englishman, and answered to the name of Tim. I knew him at once for a Gibraltareño, a Rock scorpion, for although his English was fluent, his accent was unmistakable, and I pressed him for his name in full.

"Timoteó Garrido," he confessed a little shyly; "and my mother, Manuela Garrido——"

"Served in the tobacco shop near the Cathedral Square. The pretty '*cigarrera*' they called her; I remember her well."

"And they say I favour her greatly, señor," said Tim, without a blush on his brickdust coloured face, which he plainly inherited from his father, Tim Doolan of the Connaught Rangers, who was "key" sergeant in my time, and noted for his successes among the dark-skinned beauties of the Rock.

Someone had brought Tim Garrido in his train to Lisbon at the beginning of the war, and he had followed its fortunes ever since, often changing masters, for he had a queer temper and was not too fond of work, although he had the knack of getting it out of others. He ruled my muleteers with a rod of iron; being an English subject he called them dirty foreigners, and smote them often, hip and thigh. As he had a cheery way with him, could twang the guitar and dance a seguidilla, he made friends quickly on the road, and I grew to like him myself for his readiness to take the rough with the smooth and turn his hand to anything. By and by his staunch support in one or two tight places strengthened my regard for him; in rash pluck he took after his red-headed Irish father, and I found that I could count upon him as myself.

My *cabalgada*, or string of beasts, was long. Tim led the way with my two English chargers then came the three mules, and I brought up the rear on my pony. It was a dreary, interminable journey in atrocious weather, rain fell in torrents, and we were continually drenched to the skin. The only incidents of importance being the nature of the billets provided at night by the village magistrate, the *Juez de Fores*, the vile character of the food, the scantiness of fuel, for which we were at the mercy of roguish Portuguese commissaires. We passed through Alcobaca, Pinhel, Leiria, Coimbra, on the way towards Celorico and the Coa, meeting parties continually, coming down from the army, with nearly always the same story of hospitals overcrowded, 20,000 sick, universal scarcity, short rations, no medicines, pay months in arrear,

troops almost in rags. I heard more to the same effect, but more highly coloured, at the small fortress of Almeida, my last night's halt before joining my regiment. The 3rd Division, old Picton's, to which we belonged, lay somewhere about Gallegos, I was told, just south of the Agueda river, the most fever-haunted spot in the whole unhealthy country side.

"You'll be 'on your back, St. Clair, in less than a week," said the Commandant of Almeida in a cheerful, friendly sort of way. "I've had the fever five times, and it always takes the Johnnie Raws. And those horses of yours, much too nice beasts to be thrown away here; they'll soon be all skin and bags of bones. Not a blade of grass to be had for miles round."

He was a champion grumbler in an army of grumblers, as I saw plainly, and his gloomy picture did not much impress me.

"Cursed spot, this," he went on, as we discussed a skin of good wine I had brought up with me. "Place isn't worth the holding. Half in ruins, and we can't patch it up anyhow. Yet it's full of big guns, brought here by my lord, the Lord knows why, all the way from Oporto, and a heavy ammunition train, too. They've set me another fine job, to pick the shot out of the old walls."

Collecting guns, powder and shot? Surely this meant something, a siege seemingly, and my conjecture was encouraged when I heard that there was a company of artificers under a staff corps officer in the fort, putting together a trestle bridge. But I little guessed that Lord Wellington had already resolved upon a daring blow or the part that I was to play in it.

I was very eager now to do the

last twelve miles, and I started betimes the next morning escorted by an orderly dragoon returning to headquarters. We travelled over an open pleasant country without fences, but broken here and there by the deep beds of rushing streams, meeting an occasional grove of fine chestnut-trees already yellowing for the fall, and many rough thickets like the coverts and spinnies of a good English hunting country.

Something—a distant sound—had no doubt suggested the comparison. It was a "view holloa," and the glad whimper of hounds in full cry.

"The Peer's pack, sir," said my dragoon; "they always hunt Thursdays. Must have met this morning at San Pedro, and they will be working this way."

He was right enough, for the joyous sounds drew nearer and nearer, coming right across my path, and for a moment I feared I might head the fox. But now Master Reynard, a fine dog fox, full of going, dashed down the slope. Then came the pack with sterns up and noses down, fast running on a hot strong scent. A glorious run indeed, and unbuckling my sword, I threw it to Tim, made him shift the saddle on the "Emperor," saw to the girths, drew up the leathers a couple of holes, and with keen excitement joined in the hunt. My horse was just jumping out of his skin, and he soon carried me into the first flight, a place I kept easily to the finish.

"Thirty-five minutes, and killed in the open," some one said at my elbow; and looking round I saw that I had shared the honour of being in at the death with a short sparely-built man dressed in the pale blue frock coat and black cape of some English hunt. A second look told me that I was in

the presence of the Commander of the Forces. The face of Arthur Wellesley, now Viscount Wellington, was not to be forgotten even after a dozen years.

"Monstrous fine horse, that," he said in his brief, imperious way. "Gave 'em all the go by. But who the devil are you? Just arrived, of course; tell that by your bright red coat."

"Yes, my lord, I landed last week, and am on my way to join the 145th—Major St. Clair."

"The 145th! to be sure, the Royal Rascals. Thought I knew your face. Remember you at Seringapatam. Where have you been since?"

"Egypt, my lord, with Sir David Baird—High Wycombe—West Indies, Corunna, Madrid, Verdun, Bitché——"

"Ha! Prisoner of war, nay? Speak French or Spanish?"

"Both, my lord."

"You may find that useful. Morning. Stay, General Picton's head quarters are at Gallegos—that way—seven miles as the crow flies."

Certainly I was in luck's way to have met the two greatest soldiers of the age within the year, but I did not think as much of it then as I have since. There was a sharp contrast between the Emperor Napoleon in his travelling carriage, surrounded by staff, attendants and escort, and this keen-eyed, alert, and active young Englishman alone in the hunting field—a contrast that emphasized the difference in their characters, their careers, their lives.

The rest of my party had preceded me at the regimental headquarters, and half a score of brother officers were waiting outside the village to welcome me on arrival. I knew two only of them personally, Aylward, now the colonel, and grown into a grizzled



old veteran, hard as nails and every inch a soldier, and Vicars, the senior major, my antagonist in the sham duel I had fought the day after I first joined, sedate and serious as became his field rank, but with the same laughing eye.

"The Royal Rascals are delighted to claim you again, St. Clair," said the colonel, heartily. "But you don't know us under our new name. Picton, the general, christened us last year."

"Ragged Rascals would be more to the purpose," went on Vicars. "Wait till you see us on parade. Not a coat that isn't patched, nor a boot without holes."

"But the firelocks are bright, the bayonets too, and the powder's dry," corrected another.

"Now, boys, bring the major into the mess—such as it is—but the best of what there is is at his disposal. Ration beef, no better, and country wine; everything at famine prices and no cash to buy with."

"I paid six shillings yesterday for a loaf, and five-and-twenty for a pound of tea; eggs are three for a shilling; an onion fourpence, and turkeys a pound."

"There's game enough in the country round—hares, woodcock, partridge, snipe, in plenty, but nothing to shoot it with."

"Well, gentlemen," I was glad to be able to say, "I've brought up some supplies, and got an extra mule on purpose," and as I enumerated the various articles, "hams," "sides of bacon," "tea," "sugar," "brandy," "pâtes," and the rest, each name was hailed with loud shouts of delight. The mess of the Royal Rascals feasted right well that night.

I had followed the advice given me before leaving Lisbon in this and in other matters, especially in providing myself with a big bag of gold and silver, and a

goodly stock of sporting powder, small shot, and a couple of fowling-pieces, for I was told that there was plenty to kill besides Frenchmen, and things that were better to eat; indeed, sport of all kinds abounded up here. I made a fine bag of game the first day I went out, and brought back five brace of cock, four snipe, a couple of partridges, three hares, and half a dozen rabbits. The Coa and the streams that ran into it were full of trout that would take anything that was shown them, and I was well rewarded for bringing my rod and fly-book up to the front. Then there was plenty of public sport. The "peer's" foxhounds were not a very level lot, they ran badly and straggled much for want of a proper huntsman; game foxes were in plenty, although the earth stopping was elementary, we had many a good burst of forty or fifty minutes. The country was mostly of a light gravel mixed with rock; baddish going from the constant changes of ground, one minute slithering over the smooth stone, the next up to the girths in wet sand, so that many a man got pipped, and the horses were often badly lamed. Then we had lots of coursing; everyone almost kept greyhounds, the generals, the regiments, even the commissaries. Besides which there was a ragged pack of mongrel terriers owned by an old Portuguese poacher, who had also ferrets, and showed fine sport sometimes in rabbiting.

Things on the whole were not half so bad as I had expected. The sick list had decreased greatly with the cessation of the autumn rains, and the change to bright, sharp weather. The troops generally were in better heart, although in outward appearance they had improved but little; not only was their clothing and

equipment in bad case, but the men were badly set up, round-shouldered, standing to their arms in an easy, slovenly fashion; there was a general slackness that offended my eyes as an old adjutant, and which would have driven the strait-laced sticklers for regulation like their Royal Highnesses the Duke of York and the Duke of Kent, or Sir David Dundas, nearly wild. But as Aylward pointed out, close attention was paid to essentials, to drill and marching and the handling of weapons, and he assured me that when there was real work to be done, it was carried through with a grim earnestness far better than the formality of Wimbledon Common.

"Wait till you see our 'rascals' let loose upon the enemy," he said, and I had not long to wait for that inspiring sight.

One morning, returning from early parade, a mounted orderly rode up to the Colonel and put an official letter into his hand, saying,

"A despatch, sir, from headquarters," and after the first glance Aylward beckoned me to his side.

"This affects you, St. Clair. I fear I shall lose your services for a time, anyhow."

It was a summons to Frenada, dated December 21st, 1811, and it ran:—

"Officer commanding 145th Regiment. Please direct Major St. Clair to report himself here forthwith. Let him be mounted for special service.

"FITZ ROY SOMERSET."

"Better take a second horse," said the Colonel, "you may have a long job," and following his advice I desired Tim Garrod to follow me on while without dismounting or drawing rein I galloped over to headquarters, which I found in a mean house in the

squalid and dirty Portuguese town of Frenada. A couple of orderly sergeants standing at the doorway, a dragoon dismounted and at his horse's head, evidently waiting for orders, one or two people coming and going were the only indications that this was the heart and centre of the British Army in Spain. One of the sergeants showed me to a door marked "A.D.C.," and getting no answer to my knock I walked straight in. Two young men in uniform chasing each other round and round a great deal table littered with papers, that was all I saw. Neither took the slightest notice of me; they were too busily engaged dodging in and out, backwards and forwards, one holding some document aloft, the other trying all he knew to recover it, and crying, "Give it up, Prince; do, please," and getting the same defiant answer, "Not till I know, Fitz, not till I know." To them now entered a third, hurriedly, speaking anxiously,

"Prince! Fitz Roy! For heaven's sake, make less noise. His Lordship says——"

Then they saw me, and I introduced myself by name.

"Oh, to be sure," said the one they called "Fitz Roy," whom I knew to be Lord Fitz Roy Somerset, the military secretary. He had snatched the paper from the Prince of Orange and had reseated himself at the table. "Take in his name, March."

"His Lordship's in a devil of a temper," said Lord March, as he looked at me with kindly, comical warning in his face.

"That's all right. He has been sent for and is wanted."

"*A lo hecho pecho*," said another arrival, a little dark man with black whiskers, General Alava, the Spanish attaché.

"Which means that I must

bear the consequences of what I've done," I interpreted, laughing. "But my conscience is clear."

And presently the aide-de-camp in waiting brought me back a message that his Lordship wished me to join him in the market square. There, pacing briskly up and down, with his hands behind his back and no one near enough to interrupt our *tête-à-tête*, Lord Wellington began:

"I marked that horse of yours with the hounds, Major St. Clair. Seems speedy and full of bottom. Have you a mind for a long ride?"

"I am entirely at your Lordship's orders."

"I have strong reasons for wishing to know;" he stopped short and looked at me keenly. "This is strictly confidential, remember; don't whisper it even to your pillow, not to a soul, and to none of those fellows." He jerked his head back towards the staff office. "I want to know the exact military condition of Ciudad Rodrigo. You guess——" again he paused and watched me closely.

"I was at Almeida, my Lord, a week or two ago, and I saw there——"

"Well, keep it to yourself," he checked me sharply; "but you will now understand what I want: The strength of the garrison, the number of guns mounted, and more particularly information as to new works. Find out the best side for siege operations, where to put the breaching batteries; examine the fords on the Agueda and the Azava. If you can get all that and any news of Marmont I shall be very much indebted to you."

"Very good, my Lord. When shall I start?"

"This very moment. Go as you are—in uniform, mind—unless

you want to be hanged if they catch you. See first to your horse (by the way, if you ever wish to part with him, give me the first refusal); your life may depend on his endurance. I know that forage is scarce, and will gladly furnish you with a feed or two from my stables; but pray get off as soon as you can."

I found Tim Garrod waiting with my first charger, and we rode away together. It was not till we crossed the upper water of the Agueda by the ford at Navas Frias that my trusty servant showed me he guessed what I was after, but he did not make so bold as to ask me point blank, and although he was to share my danger, I could tell him nothing, being mindful of my Lord's strict caution as to secrecy.

So we rode on straight through the night, making forty odd miles before dawn, and then pulled up in the little hamlet of Cabo de Puerco at the posada door.

"The horses will be the better for a rest and a feed, Tim; and we for a little sleep, if we may take it safely here?"

"Your worship rides further?" asked Tim, with a wink; and I nodded assent.

"Won't you let me go on alone, señor of my soul? I can turn Spaniard, which I'm not, blessed be God, and get inside—yes, inside the *plaza*. Am I a fool, señor? Your journey is to Ciudad Rodrigo, of course."

Still I laughed and admitted nothing, but when he came and called me as the day drew on, and as I had ordered him, it was in another character. He was now a black-faced charcoal burner, a pure native, as villainous-looking as the worst.

"Listen, *amo*. If your worship so wills, I will go on."

"Not without me, Tim," I

cried, heedless of the terrible risk. "If you play Spaniard, so can I; we'll go inside together."

Our plan was to take in loads of charcoal for sale. The people of the posada found us mules and stock-in-trade, and it was arranged with the innkeeper that he should send our horses to meet us on the east side of the fortress just under the walls of the Convent of St. Domingo. I hoped to get all I wanted and be off in the early morning. The only doubt in my mind was as to the horses. I hated leaving them, our only means of retreat, to strangers, perhaps thieves, who knew full well the value of such horseflesh.

But we were to run a nearer and more immediate danger. Having jogged on mule-back for a couple of hours, we easily entered, with other country folk, by the St. Jago gate, that to the eastward. Once inside, we set to hawking our charcoal around, and although we were finely robbed and cheated it mattered little, for I had soon visited every bastion and guard-house, had counted every gun, and estimated the whole strength of the garrison.

I had put my head in the lion's mouth, but I meant to keep it there till the last possible moment. Tim and I agreed to spend the night at some posada, choosing one frequented by French soldiers, where I could keep my eyes open while they drank their *petits verres* and talked; then we were to be moving before daylight, steal out at gunfire, rejoin our horses, and gallop away.

All went well, as we hoped. Tim and I, being very weary, shared a wine-skin together, talking little, till in an unguarded moment I said in English,

"I shall try for a short sleep, Tim. Wake me in half an hour. Then you can have your turn."

I did not seem to have closed my eyes, when Tim touched me on the elbow and whispered one word,

"Danger!"

I followed the direction of his glance, and saw a French soldier watching us attentively. He was in the uniform of the Foreign Legion, green with yellow facings.

"I believe that chap knows me," went on Tim, still in a whisper. "He may have heard your worship speaking English. Anyhow, he's had his eye on us for the last five minutes."

Already I began to feel the halter tightening round my neck, and to fear that I should carry no useful information to Lord Wellington.

"What shall we do?" I asked.

"Sneak out, first chance, get the mules, and go back to Cabo del Puerco."

Sound advice enough, if we could but follow it. But when we rose, the Frenchman rose; when we left the room, he was at our heels. He was there in the stable when we untethered our animals, and as we led them out into the yard, he came up to me and said in pure English, with the accent of a gentleman,

"You must be mad to venture in here. Don't answer. It may cost you your lives, my life too."

"*Que se ofrece?*" I said in calm astonishment. "What are you driving at?"

"I tell you it's madness. You must leave; now, before the gates close at Retreat. The risk is too great. Barrié, the governor, would hang you like a dog, you a British officer! The shame of it! Come, hurry, hurry."

"Who are you?" I now asked, as we clattered along the streets.

"The same as yourself, once. Now—— But no matter. I knew your man, Tim Garrod,

years ago, at Gibraltar. I never forget a face. I heard you speak to him, and I guessed. It was not difficult. But here is the St. Jago gate. Put all the distance you can behind, and thank your stars you met——"

He stopped abruptly, refused to take the hand I proffered, to listen when I promised to be of any service, but pointing silently to the open railway, strode away.

"I mind him now," said Tim, as we once more took our road towards Cabo de Puerco in safety after all. "He was a lieutenant in Hompesch's on the Rock and ran horses there. Oldham was his name then. They said he was taken prisoner at Fuentes D'Onoro."

He had really deserted, as I afterwards learnt, to escape his gambling debts, thus piling shame upon shame.

Although I had learnt much, my mission was not yet completed, and finding all well with the horses I prepared at daybreak next morning to ride round the fortress so as to make the entire circuit. Tim and I mounted and rode sharply along the track we had already travelled twice, but bearing more to the right, passed without let or hindrance to St. Domingo, thence under the old Spanish wall to San Francisco, and so to the great hill or ridge on the north side. There was no very sharp look-out kept, Oldham must have kept his own counsel, and I breasted the slope of the "Greater Tesson" as it was called, unobserved. I soon noticed that a strong redoubt had been thrown up here, and from the height I could look right down into the town, on to the roofs of two great convents on each side, east and west, which had been strengthened and armed with guns. Then, to exhaust every

point, I rode between the two ridges, the Greater and Lesser Tessons, leaving Tim to make his way direct to the river, and ride down it towards the ford. But now I knew I had reached the end of my tether. As I paused a moment I saw the semaphore at work; and, as I emerged from between the ridges, I found a small party of horsemen had passed the Santa Cruz convent, and were coming down the river bank at a fast gallop to cut me off.

Tim, who was now far ahead, signalled and shouted to me, fearing I did not realize my danger, but I was well prepared, and my good horse Emperor answered splendidly to the call. He raced along at a speed that left the French cavalry standing still, and I soon rejoined my man. Thence we rode onward without interruption to the ford near Marialva, and early that afternoon I reached Frenada with my report.

Lord Wellington received me at once, and thanked me cordially for what I had done, only shaking his head a little when he found I had gone inside the fortress.

"Hope you'll stay and dine," he said, briefly, dismissing me, but at dinner he paid me the compliment of placing me on his left hand (the Prince of Orange, although one of his A.D.C.'s, was treated as a royalty, and sat on his right). There was at first some little restraint at the meal. All seemed to watch the chief anxiously to make out his humour, but when they found he chatted freely, and laughed with his great "whoo-oop" of merriment, the party became more lively. His Lordship talked much to me, chiefly about old days in India, till he heard that I had twice seen and spoken to Napoleon Bonaparte. He was greatly interested.

"You have the advantage of any of us, St. Clair. Although we may some day come to close quarters with him, closer, perhaps, than we like."

"Yes. When he has finished with Russia, your Lordship will have to bear the brunt of the entire *grande armée*," said the dark-visaged Spanish attaché, Alava, who spoke in French.

"*Mon cher Alava*, we'll try our best to beat him when he comes," replied the chief, cheerily. "But he has got his hands full now. He'll find it the devil to feed his army, and it's a damnable long distance from France to Moscow. We shall see." Then he

turned short to me and asked me how they had treated me at Verdun.

I was to meet the Commander of the Forces often again. When a week later he sprang like a tiger upon Ciudad Rodrigo, he made me ride with him and Sir Thomas Graham in their first close reconnaissance of the place. By his Lordship's order I guided the stormers who took the redoubt upon the Tesson, and I was permitted to lead a party in the final attack, taking the far side of the citadel.

This time I entered the town with a little more noise, and when I got in it was to stay for some time.

## An Interesting Old Cricket Match.

EVERY one who has read "Tom Brown's School Days" — and who has not? — will remember the description of the great cricket match, then the event of the year with Rugbeian cricketers, between the School and the M.C.C. The match thus described, though not precisely as it took place, must have been that played in the year 1841, for in that year, his last at Rugby, the late Judge Hughes, the author of the famous book, was captain of the School XI.; and moreover, his reference to the presence of "old Mr. Aislabie" in the opposing team, practically settles the point.

An interesting volume in my possession, giving all the Rugby School scores from 1831 to 1893,\* naturally includes the score of this particular match, the last

played, as a schoolboy, by "Tom Brown," who then, as everybody knows, went to Oxford. Here is the score in question, the match resulting, as described in the "Schooldays," in a victory for the M.C.C., who, however, very nearly threw their chances away by their liberality in the matter of extras.

Hughes, it will be seen, went in first for his side, probably by way of inspiring them with a good example, which, in the opening innings, he was successful in doing. It will also be noticed that, like Storer and Lilley of later fame, he doffed the wicket-keeping gloves to bowl, and was able to capture a few wickets, including that of Mr. Aislabie, to whom, in the story, he bowled slow out of respect for his years. There are no names of any particular note in the M.C.C. team, though Thackeray was pro-

\* See my article in BAILY'S MAGAZINE, Ap-il, 1882.

bably the hitter for whom cover-point was to be specially on the look-out, nor do I think any of the Rugbeians playing subsequently achieved any great cricketing fame.

On showing this score to a

Arthur, his particular friend, and it has been generally supposed that Arthur was none other than the subsequently celebrated Dean. But this could hardly have been the case, for on referring to

#### M.C.C.

T. Chamberlayne, b. Wrottesley	...	11	...	st. Hughes, b. Thompson	9	
T. Wythe, c. Currie b. Thompson	...	11	...	b. Wrottesley	...	1
F. Huddlestons, b. Wrottesley	...	6	...	b. Thompson	...	3
Lord C. Russell, c. Currie b. Wrottesley	...	3	...	run out	...	3
F. Thackeray, c. Orlebar b. Wrottesley	...	30	...	b. Wrottesley	...	58
F. J. Pigou, b. Wrottesley	...	10	...	b. Wrottesley	...	21
G. Bentinck, c. Blunt b. Currie	...	27	...	l.b.w. b. Wrottesley	...	0
R. Wellesley, not out	...	28	...	b. Hughes	...	0
H. Rodwell, b. Currie	...	0	...	c. Currie b. Hughes	...	2
B. Aislabie, c. Currie b. Wrottesley	...	1	...	b. Hughes	...	0
W. Bolland, hit wicket...	...	2	...	not out	...	1
Byes	...	7	...	Rye	...	1
<hr/>						
136				99		

#### RUGBY SCHOOL.

Hughes, c. Pigou b. Wellesley	...	29	...	c. Bentinck b. Wellesley	0	
Thompson, b. Thackeray	..	7	...	b. Thackeray	...	24
Orlebar, b. Thackeray	...	12	...	run out	...	1
Walford, c. Chamberlayne b. Wellesley	11	...	b. Thackeray	...	0	
Wrottesley, b. Thackeray	...	0	...	c. Bentinck b. Thackeray	7	
Beard, run out	...	3	...	c. Wythe, b. Wellesley	1	
Lindow, b. Thackeray	...	0	...	run out	...	14
Blunt, c. Wellesley, b. Thackeray	...	5	...	b. Wellesley	...	10
Currie, mi., c. Huddleston b. Thackeray	12	...	not out	...	4	
Currie, ma., not out	...	9	...	b. Thackeray	...	13
Thornhill, run out	...	1	...	not out	...	1
Byes 18, wides 12, no-balls 1	...	31	...	Byes 24, wides 3	...	27
120				102		

friend the other day, he reminded me of a very prevalent error. "Why, where," he asked, "is the name of Stanley?"

It will be remembered that, in the book, Tom Brown rather blames himself for having given a place in the school team to young

the School Register, I find that Arthur Penrhyn Stanley entered in 1829, when he was aged thirteen, and that Tom Hughes did not become a Rugbeian till 1834, and even then he was only eleven years of age.

W. S., JR.

# Woodstock's Race.

(A Tale of the East Sussex Hunt.)

TO MY FRIEND A. P. WILLIAMS FREEMAN.

EVERY lover of sport, when he reads the report  
Of the Leicestershire gallops each week in *The Field*,  
Must long to be therein, and sigh for some share in  
The bliss that "a fast forty minutes" can yield.

With the Pytchley or Quorn, on a fine hunting morn,  
The heart of the neophyte fondly aspires  
Still to gallop and go with the best; yet we know  
That the whole of the sport's not confined to The Shires.

There is sport down our way, though there's plenty of clay,  
And woodland's too rife to get much of a run;  
Yet we're free of barbed wire (unlike many a shire),  
And there's plenty of riding when all's said and done.

But the best that takes place is the Hunt Steeplechase,  
For, with horses and men just as good as they're made,  
To wind up the season, 'tis only in reason  
That a good bout of "lepping" is quite in our trade.

Now at racing (and betting) I'd lately been getting  
Such times as would paralyse any man's pluck;  
I know mine was ended, yet thither I wended  
One Wednesday, from Battle, to battle with luck.

Under dripping umbrellas I noted, as well as  
I possibly could, all the folk who were there;  
The booths and the ring-men; the horses that bring men  
To grief; and that other sweet folly, The Fair.

Stained silk and soiled satin, it seemed as though flat in  
The depths of the ditch every horseman had fall'n;  
While the stains on the red land that scarred the wide headland,  
Showed the dullest observer which way they had gone.

The dense moving masses of mist made my glasses  
No use: on all vision imposing a bar;  
And the fumes were as dense from that rankest offence  
That smells unto heaven, the racecourse cigar.

Yet, in spite of the rain, soon they saddled again,  
For the race of the day figured next on the card;  
At the weight I liked Woodstock, who comes of a good stock,  
And I knew he was certain to try every yard.

Hoarse accents from one rose, "What price this of Munro's,  
"Dutch Belle?" "Here, who'll have it? I'll lay four to one!"  
"All right, nine to two; now then, Sir, what's for you?"  
"What, Woodstock? here, sixes; well, sevens then!" "Done!"



All discipline breaking, the signal mistaking,  
 In a straggling fashion the field got away ;  
 And in from the distance, with dogged persistence,  
 And over the hurdles 'twas Colleen made play.

Then over the first fence (by no means the worst fence)  
 They scampered, although it looked odds on a fall ;  
 Dutch Belle and Patrician took Colleen's position,  
 While Nightlinger lingered the last of them all.

Where the course runs out wide by the Normanhurst side,  
 Dutch Belle took command from Woodstock and Colleen ;  
 But the hedge by the coppice, the one where the drop is,  
 Turned two of them over, flat, clever and clean.

Like a sword from its sheath, with the bit in his teeth,  
 Flashed Woodstock, and wrested the lead from Dutch Belle ;  
 Nor seemed he to slacken all through the thick bracken,  
 Though the pace on the rest was beginning to tell.

O'er the fence in the hollow he skimmed like a swallow,  
 But faltered awhile in the fresh-furrowed loam ;  
 And Dutch Belle and Glory just caught him, before he  
 Could reach the sunk fence at the turning for home.

At the next one, the double, they had him in trouble,  
 He was two lengths astern at the quickset and ditch,  
 Where Glory was done for ; the pace he had run for  
 The last mile, had found the extent of his pitch.

Where the wattles loomed high on the bank, he was nigh  
 To the leader again, though she led by a length ;  
 Three yards from the water he leapt, and just caught her,  
 The spring that he made was a marvel of strength.

From the Ring rose a yell—"Six to four on Dutch Belle !"  
 "No ! evens on Woodstock ! it's Woodstock instead !"  
 "Any money the horse wins !" "No ! Dutch Belle, of course wins !"  
 'Twas over . . . and Woodstock had won by a head !

\* \* \* \* \*

Aye ! Woodstock had won it. But would he have done it  
 If the jockey had been quite as fit as the mare ?  
 Perhaps those who doubt it know nothing about it,  
 The verdict's unaltered, so little I care.

Vague words and uncertain. Before the thick curtain  
 Of future events we are apt to be wise ;  
 Ah ! heedless of warning ! how oft to our scorning,  
 The promise of morning grey twilight belies.

GEOFFREY DE HOLDEN STONE.

# The Early Days of the Highland Regiments.

## PART II.

THE Black Watch was the parent of all the kilted regiments that have served the Crown, but very many other corps were raised in the North of Scotland before the end of the last century which, though they had not the opportunity of equal extent and variety of service with the Royal Highlanders, yet, however, both in field and quarters showed the same brilliant heroism, the same soldierly demeanour as their prototype. It is not generally known how much the power and prestige of the British Army between 1740 and 1800 owed to the warlike material which came from the Highland glens and was expended under the British flag in all quarters of the world. No fewer than fifty different kilted battalions were thus raised, amounting to at least fifty thousand men, if only their strength when they were first embodied, is considered. As many of these regiments, including those still on the army list, were maintained for long years and were being constantly replenished with recruits, as many Highlanders were to be found in other line regiments, and as there were many local corps of fencibles and volunteers, it is not too much to assume that before 1800 about a hundred thousand men were enlisted north of the Forth. It is sad to think that the teeming population that contributed so many hardy warriors no longer exists, and that even among the small numbers who are left the patriotic readiness to bear arms is no longer generally to be found.

Space is wanting to sketch even

in the slightest manner the history of all the regiments that were raised after the first experiment of adding the Black Watch to the line had proved so successful. After the custom of the age, most of them were reduced or disbanded after serving from five to twenty years. Many of them fought in Germany, the low countries, in America, or in the West Indies, and lost heavily from the casualties of war. Some were only employed in Ireland, though, in their case, service in Ireland was as much foreign service as service in the Mediterranean would be to-day. All bore themselves well and honourably, and ever merited the character, that was given to them in Holland, of being "lions in the field and lambs in the house." Let us now only note the early history of the corps which still exist, on whose banners are inscribed the names of so many glorious engagements.

The Highland Light Infantry, although they no longer wear the kilt, are composed of two regiments, the old 71st and 74th, which, when they were first raised, consisted for the most part of mountaineers and wore the belted plaid. Of these the corps first to be formed was the 71st, or, as it was known from the name of its colonel, Lord Macleod's Highlanders. The raising of the regiment was an extraordinary testimony to the old devotion to a clan's chief, even though that chief was little personally known and his property had passed away from his hands. The last Earl of Cromarty was engaged in the

rebellion of 1745, and his eldest son, Lord Macleod, then quite a youth, had also joined the standard of Prince Charles. The family estates were confiscated, and, deprived of his rank and fortune in his own country, Lord Macleod gave his services to Sweden, when, after a distinguished career of thirty years, he rose to the rank of Lieutenant-General. A devoted patriot at heart, he returned to England in 1777, and was favourably received by George III., who accepted the offer of his services to raise a regiment. So great was the feudal affection for his ruined family still existing that two battalions were easily raised by the magic of his name, and in the course of a few months Lord Macleod, a landless man, found himself at the head of 2,200 men in the British service, of whom more than 1,800 were enlisted in the district where his family had once possessed so much solid influence. The second battalion under Macleod's brother soon afterwards was sent to Gibraltar, where it formed a part of the garrison during the great siege, and in 1783 was disbanded. The first battalion under the chief himself sailed for India, and at once was placed in the army commanded by General Munro, which had been gathered to operate against Hyder Ali. At the disastrous battle of Perambuncam, where a detachment, in consequence of the gross incapacity of General Munro, was forced to surrender to Hyder, the 73rd (as they were originally numbered) lost their two flank companies taken prisoners.

It was not till four years later that the poor survivors of these unfortunate companies, four officers and thirty men, were released from captivity when peace was made. While they were in their

enemy's hands, they had been treated with all the extremes of Oriental barbarity, chained together in pairs and fed upon the vilest refuse. Honours and wealth were offered to the men if they would change their religion and take service in Mysore, but the poor Highland lads remained firm and preferred a lingering death to a dishonourable apostasy. They gave too a touching evidence of their love and loyalty to their officers, for, unknown to them, they always picked out the most eatable parts of the wretched food and set it aside for their use. It may be that to this devoted conduct was partly owing the preservation of Captain Baird's life, afterwards the distinguished General Sir David Baird.

But, if the 73rd had their share of ill-fortune, they also bore their part in glorious successes. They were the only British corps at Porto Novo when Sir Eyre Coote, with only 8,000 men, attacked and defeated Hyder Ali's army, nearly 200,000 strong. Till that day of victory Sir Eyre Coote had a prejudice against Highlanders and Highland customs, but when he saw the 73rd foremost in every attack and the most steadfast in withstanding every charge, he realised what a power in war Scottish national feeling could be. It is told that he particularly noticed the pipe-major, who always blew up his most warlike strains whenever the fire became hottest. He cried out, "Well done, my brave fellow, you shall have a pair of silver pipes for this." He did not forget his promise, for after the action a handsome set of silver-mounted pipes was presented by him to the regiment in remembrance of their gallant conduct. Nor did the 73rd meet native armies alone in India. They crossed bayonets with the French

under Bussy at Cuddalore, where "the precious remains" of the regiment bore the brunt of the fighting. One company, Captain Robertson's, went into action fifty-two strong and came out with the loss of two subalterns and twenty-six men. When the second war with Hyder Ali broke out in 1790, the 73rd, which had in the meantime become the 71st, was again in the field under Lord Cornwallis, and added immeasurably to the reputation that they had already made for themselves. In weary marches, in pitched battles, in prolonged sieges, in forlorn hopes, it was ever Macleod's Highlanders to whom the army looked for example of endurance and for heroism in action, and the Indian names that head the roll of honours now on their colours tell of gallant service worthily performed. There is no regiment to which the great edifice of English power in the East owes more than to the 71st, and great as their subsequent services have been, their successors have done no more than emulate the brave deeds of the original corps raised by Lord Macleod.

When the 74th was first embodied in 1787 they were probably less distinctively Highlanders than any of the kilted regiments which were formed in the last century but, even so, more than two-thirds had a right to call themselves sons of the Gael, the remainder being recruited in Glasgow. So urgent was the necessity for troops in India that the 74th embarked by wings as soon as they were collected and it was not till they were assembled at Poonamallee that they were drilled and made an efficient battalion. Their first service in the field was in Lord Cornwallis's army when they were brigaded with the 71st and 72nd. They took part in the last cam-

paign against Tippoo Sultaun which resulted in the taking of Seringapatam, but the greenest laurels in their early history were gathered in the famous Mahratta campaign, when Arthur Wellesley was for the first time an independent leader, at Ahmednuggur, Assaye and Argaum. At Assaye the 74th were on the right of the 78th and, after the charge of their brother Highlanders, they pushed forward to maintain the advantage gained. Their steady advance was over an open plain exposed to the withering fire of thirty guns. They were the longer suffering from this fire because a thick prickly pear hedge stood in their way and impeded their march. So heavy was their loss and so critical their situation that they might have been destroyed by a threatened charge of the Mahratta Cavalry, if they had not received the timely support of the 19th Dragoons which hurled their enemy back and enabled them to take up a position in the front line. At Assaye the 74th lost four captains, six lieutenants, one volunteer and 143 rank and file killed; one major, five captains, one ensign and 288 rank and file wounded. Few victories, ancient or modern, have demanded such a toll of blood from any one corps, and that the 74th stood such loss without wavering must be a source of immortal honour.

The old 72nd regiment, which with the old 78th now form the Seaforth Highlanders, was originally raised as the 78th and did not change its number till eight years after it was formed. The Seaforth earldom was forfeited after the rebellion of 1715, but was restored to the Mackenzies in 1771, and in 1778 the Earl of Seaforth offered to raise a battalion on his estate and in the district where, even when in

poverty and exile, he had always been revered as chief of his clan. His offer was accepted and in the month of May 1830 men were assembled. After a short visit to Jersey and Guernsey the battalion embarked at Portsmouth for the East Indies and this voyage formed the most terrible and fatal episode in their history as a regiment.

Soldiers who go to India in our own day little know the awful conditions which, in the last century, were endured by their ancestors. Cramped, small and ill-found transports, bad and deficient water supply and salt provisions of the worst quality made a voyage to the East a long series of trials to mind and body. The 78th were particularly unfortunate; from the time when they embarked till they landed at Madras eleven months had passed, and of 1,100 who sailed full of life and vigour only 350 men were fit to carry arms when they again stepped on shore. Lord Seaforth himself, who had given up the comforts of rank and fortune to accompany his regiment, died off St. Helena, and the loss of their chief had a disastrous effect on the minds of his followers, 230 men died of scurvy and more than 500 were so reduced in health and physique that they were for the time utterly unfit for service. It was not till they had enjoyed nearly a year's repose that they were sent into the field. They were brigaded with the 71st in the attack on the French at Cuddalore and, though they did not suffer as heavily as did the 71st, they behaved with conspicuous gallantry and joined equally in the triumph. It is worth while here to repeat a story of Cuddalore. Among the wounded French prisoners there taken was a young sergeant whose appear-

ance and manners attracted the attention of Colonel Wagenheim, then commanding a corps of Hanoverians in the British service. Wagenheim treated the sergeant with much kindness and looked after him in his tent till he recovered and was released. Many years afterwards, when the French army under Marshal Bernadotte occupied Hanover, General Wagenheim waited on the conqueror. Bernadotte immediately accosted him and asked if he recollected a wounded French sergeant, to whom he had showed kindness in India. With some difficulty Wagenheim recalled the circumstance and said he should be glad to know of the sergeant's welfare. "That young sergeant," replied Bernadotte, "is the person who now speaks to you and who will now be glad to do all in his power to show his gratitude to General Wagenheim."

The 72nd were engaged in the Mysore war under Lord Cornwallis but they appear to have then had more of weary marches and countermarches than actual fighting. They subsequently took part in the expedition against Pondicherry and in the taking of Ceylon, returning to Scotland in 1798.

In 1793 and the succeeding years there was a heavy drain on the military resources of the United Kingdom. Wars were being carried on in various parts of the world and imperious was the necessity for money and men. Money could not be expected from the barren hills of the north, but these barren hills produced a constant supply of hardy soldiers for the country's service. Letters of service were granted to Lord Seaforth the successor in the title to the chief who had raised the 72nd, and soon the first battalion of another regiment was raised,

to be followed in 1794 by a second battalion. Lord Seaforth became colonel of the second battalion while his brother, who also came later to the title, commanded the first. The regiment was numbered the 78th and has never changed its place in the army list. The first battalion joined the army in Holland under the Duke of York in 1794 and their maiden service was performed when they were part of the garrison of Nimeguen. A sortie in force was made and the 78th, leaping into the trenches, found themselves in the midst of a French battalion drawn up to receive them. There was no firing by the Highlanders but they trusted to the bayonet alone. In the stern hand to hand fight they quickly overthrew their adversaries and scattered them in disordered flight. After the evacuation of Nimeguen the regiment was employed in various operations, which were more remarkable for the severity of the weather in which they were carried on than for any great result that was attained.

The hardiness of the Highlanders and the excellence of their national garb with reference to health was well shown by their immunity from sickness while other troops suffered severely. The frost was so intense that brandy froze in bottles and yet the 78th, all young soldiers, in their kilts and plaids defied the cold and were always ready for any duty. During the campaign the 78th had a curious experience of treachery in war on the part of a population which the British troops had come to aid. While they occupied one bank of the Meuse, it was remarked how regularly an enemy's battery on the other bank opened a heavy fire whenever any number of troops were under arms, although

they could not have been seen by the French picquets. At last it was noticed by Col. Mackenzie that always, before the battery was opened, a windmill on the same bank as the British soldiers put its sails in motion. This excited suspicion and it was discovered that the miller was in correspondence with the enemy and had concerted signals with them. The man was seized and ordered to be hanged immediately, but by Mackenzie's humane interference was pardoned. The first battalion of the 78th took part, after the campaign in Holland, in the fruitless expedition to Quiberon and then, returning home, sailed for the Cape of Good Hope.

Meanwhile the second battalion, formed in 1794, had preceded the first to South Africa and had joined in the capture of Cape Colony, which was effected with little loss. At Cape Town both battalions were consolidated into one which thereafter proceeded to India, arriving in 1797. It was not till twenty years later that the 78th again saw their native land and during that time they had gone through the Mahratta campaign, heard "the thunders of Assaye" and formed part of the army under Sir Samuel Auchmuty which so brilliantly conquered Java. In 1804, another second battalion was raised, this making the fourth that was embodied in the course of thirty years under the influence of the Seaforth family. This new battalion had the advantage of being for a time at Hythe, under Sir John Moore, in brigade with the 43rd and 52nd, and thus had the best military instruction that fell to the lot of any British regiments of the day. There was little time for battalion drill, however, when soldiers were urgently required abroad, and in six months

the 58th found themselves in the Mediterranean. They were in the expedition to Calabria under Sir John Stuart and first smelt powder at the battle of Maida where the "regiment of boys" as they were called (600 of them were under age) showed that they were as worthy of confidence as the most veteran troops. From Italy they were sent to Egypt, from Egypt to England. They then did the duty of a linked battalion of our own day, furnishing strong drafts to the first battalion in India, to their own serious injury, when they followed the Earl of Chatham to Walcheren and formed part of the army in Belgium. It is curious to remark how fate seems to arrange that certain regiments shall always find their most brilliant opportunities of distinction at long intervals of time in the same quarters of the world. The Seaforth Highlanders have been, more than anywhere else, connected with India. Of twenty names enrolled on their colours, only two are European, four are African and no fewer than fourteen, from "Carnatic" to "Chitral" are Indian.

Pass we to the Gordon Highlanders whose name has lately been in the mouth of every Briton and who have shown in the Dargai attack that the Celtic dash and fire are still to be found in the modern kilted battalions. "The General says that the position is to be taken at any cost, and the Gordon Highlanders will take it," might have been the regimental profession of faith since its battalions were first embodied, but it has been reserved for the latest commanding officer to give voice to so proud and soldierly an expression. The present first battalion, the old 75th, was raised in 1787 under authority given to

Colonel Abercromby. He had no clan sentiment attached to his name, nor could he reckon on the influence of high rank and great estates; but, during six campaigns in the American War, he had commanded a light infantry brigade. So great was the devotion that he had inspired among the men who had served with him that many of them, war-hardened veterans, re-enlisted in the new regiment, which was thus able to go on service at once, full of military knowledge and experience. It was sent to India in 1788 and remained there till 1806, when it returned to England after having taken part in the second Mysore War and in the storming of Seringapatam where its flank companions led the left attacking column. It was also with Lord Lake in his disastrous attempt on Bhurtpore. But until the 75th were linked with the old 92nd, it had, although of Highland origin, no connection with the Gordon clan. It did not wear the kilt for many long years and it is only in our own day that it has again become even a Scottish battalion. The Gordon name and fame which it now shares with the 92nd, originated with that regiment and was by it proudly and alone maintained through a century of gallant service. In 1794 the Marquis of Huntly, then a captain in the 3rd Foot Guards, offered to raise a regiment and for this duty received letters of service. The whole family interest of the Dukedom of Gordon was employed to recruit the men, the Duke and Duchess with the Marquis of Huntly themselves going through the clan district and using all their personal influence. The story has often been told how the beautiful Duchess gave the most powerful inducement to enlist when she offered a kiss to every man who

joined the colours. The battalion was rapidly formed and was numbered the 100th. It was not till 1799 that it received the now historic number, the 92nd. During the first years of its service it was employed in the Irish troubles which involved the severest work and brought no glory. It is recorded that in three successive days the regiment on one occasion marched ninety-six Irish miles carrying its full equipment. From Ireland the 92nd was sent with the expedition to the Helder and so magnificent was its conduct in the severe fighting that Sir John Moore, when he was made a Knight of the Bath, took a soldier of the Gordon Highlanders as one of the supporters for his armorial bearings.

After the expedition to the Helder, the 92nd formed part of the force that took Minorca and from there passed with Sir Ralph Abercrombie's army to Egypt, where it took a noble share in the battle of Aboukir and in all the following operations. It was at Copenhagen in 1807, at Corunna in 1809, and afterwards at Walcheren. It fought through the whole Peninsular War, where, among many gallant actions, it gathered probably the greatest renown at the defence of the Maya Pass in the Pyrenees. There, as Napier says, "The stern valour of the 92nd would have graced Thermopylæ," and "so dreadful was the slaughter, especially of the 92nd, that it is said the advancing enemy was actually stopped by the heaped mass of dead and dying." There is no space to mention even shortly the story of Quatre Bras and Waterloo, but it must be noted how often the Colonels of the 92nd were killed in action. Cameron of Fassifern fell at Quatre Bras, Colonel Napier of Black-

stone at Corunna, and Colonel Erskine at Aboukir. True Highland chiefs, the field of honour was their fitting burial-place. After Waterloo the regiment was sent to Jamaica, where in a very few months it lost more officers and men from the effects of climate than it had by the hand of the enemy in active war of twenty-two years, during which it had been twenty-six times in battle. An ignoble death by disease was a sad end for so many survivors of the glorious European struggles.

The Cameron Highlanders, the old 79th, was till last year the only single battalion regiment in the army list, as, when in the re-organisation of the army all other regiments were linked in pairs, it was found impossible to ally it with any corps either by tradition or local connection. It was raised by Allan Cameron of Errach in 1793, and he was himself appointed its first Lieutenant-Colonel. No regiment was ever more distinctively of one clan, for even in 1808, fifteen years after it was embodied, there were no fewer than twenty-one Camerons among the officers, and no regiment was ever more imbued with that proud *esprit de corps* which forbids a man to do anything that may in the least detract from its dignity. *Apropos* of this we well remember a story that was told by an old Peninsular officer. He had been wounded in one of the engagements and had been placed in the ground floor room of a small Spanish *posada*. In the room above, which was only separated by a flooring of loose-fitting planks, were two mortally wounded men of the 79th. Neither had more than a few hours to live and both were suffering the extremity of pain, but, while one was groaning,



crying out and lamenting his condition, the other maintained a stoical silence. At last the hitherto silent one was heard to say in a reproachful tone to his comrade, "Whisht, man, whisht. If ye hae na ony respect for yoursel', hae a little respect for your regiment. Think o' all the grand officers and men that's been killed the day, wha are listening to you just noo." Could there have been a finer thought or one more full of dignified endurance?

The 79th served in Flanders in 1794 and 1795, and were then sent to the West Indies where, as was too frequently the case in the days when the laws of sanitation were little understood, the regiment lost heavily from the deadly climate. Fortunately, they returned to England in 1797. In 1799 they formed part of the expedition to the Helder. In 1800 they embarked for Ferrol and from thence went to Egypt with Sir Ralph Abercrombie. They were at Corunna and Walcheren and in 1810 sailed for Spain. They fought through the long war, gaining glory in every action which culminated when, at Toulouse, they with the 42nd and 91st marched steadily without firing a shot over a ploughed field to the attack of the French redoubts. "My God! how firm these *sans culottes* are!" exclaimed a French officer when he saw the Highlanders advance, unshaken by the murderous fire that swept through their ranks. When they reached the redoubts, they leaped into the trenches and carried them with the bayonet. At Waterloo the 79th had the proud honour of being one of the four British regiments that the Duke of Wellington, in his despatch, mentions by name.

It is a remarkable fact that the

first colonel of the 79th, Allan Cameron, although he entered the army only when advanced in life, remained at the head of his regiment and never missed a day's duty till he was promoted Major-General. He commanded the Camerons in Flanders, the West Indies, Holland, Egypt, Portugal and Spain. Truly a hardy old Highlander!

The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, the 91st and 93rd, are the junior kilted regiment now in the Queen's service, but though they came later to the harvest of honour than the others, no one can say that they have not reaped equally closely. The 91st, originally numbered as the 98th, were raised in 1794 by Lieutenant-Colonel Duncan Campbell, of Lochnell, and were at once sent to the Cape of Good Hope, where they remained till the colony was restored to the Dutch in 1801. They shared in all the glories of the Peninsular campaigns but not as Highlanders. Their national garb was taken from them in 1808 and they did not resume it till they were united with the 93rd to form the regiment of to-day.

The Sutherland Highlanders have always been a kilted corps. Raised in 1800 by General Wemyss, of Wemyss, they were the last individual battalion on the army list to which the Highlands gave birth. For five years after their formation they were only employed in garrison duty but in 1805 they accompanied the force under Sir David Baird, which was sent to reduce the Cape of Good Hope. At the battle of the Blaw-Berg it was the Highland charge that decided the day and a much superior Dutch force was scattered in flight with but little loss to the British army. Peaceful garrison duty at Cape Town was again the

lot of the regiment till 1814 when it was sent with the ill-fated expedition against New Orleans. The disastrous action in which Sir Edward Pakenham's army sustained a terrible reverse, and in which the Commander with two other Generals was killed, was to the 93rd what the attack on Ticonderoga had been to the Black Watch in 1758. The weak British artillery was powerless to breach the strong entrenchments held by the Americans and the attack was made over a narrow open glacis swept by an unceasing fire of cannon and musketry. Even so the gallant troops pressed up to the ditch. Scaling ladders there were none, and vain were the struggles made to mount the ramparts. Men mounted on their comrades' shoulders but they were quickly overpowered and slain or taken prisoners. The task was hopeless and, with their leaders slain and their ranks shattered, there was no alternative but retreat. On that fatal day the 93rd lost three officers and sixty men killed, twelve officers and three hundred and sixty eight men wounded. The army in America could not be brought back to Europe in time for Waterloo, and the 93rd had no further opportunity of gaining honour in war

until they breasted the hill at the Alma. For very many years of their existence the Sutherland Highlanders maintained one most honourable individuality. During their early service at the Cape there was no Presbyterian clergyman available, and, as Scotsmen, they desired to have religious instruction according to the tenets of their national church. They formed themselves into a congregation, appointed elders from their own number, purchased communion plate and engaged and paid (out of their pay) a Presbyterian clergyman. The arrangement of a regimental parish then made lasted certainly till the days of the Mutiny; but, in consequence of the constant changes in modern days, it has fallen into disuse, though the old communion plate is still carefully preserved as a sacred memento of bygone times. All the battalions, of whose early days a very little has been told, have a proud history. Knowing what we do of the spirit that animates them to-day we may trust that they will have an equally proud future. It may be that misfortunes are lying ahead for some of them, but we may be confident that they will never brook disgrace.

C. STEIN.

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MR. EYRE POWELL.

## Mr. Eyre Powell.

A NATIVE of one of the most sporting counties in Ireland and the son of a sportsman, Mr. Eyre Powell has breathed the atmosphere of sport since his earliest days. A shot and an angler, the warmest corner of his heart is reserved for fox-hunting; horse and hound have been his passion from boyhood and for many years past he has rendered good service to the chase in his capacity as Hon. Secretary to the South Union Hounds. During his term of office Mr. Powell has served under four Masters; the late Mr. Thomas Walton Knolles, who resigned in 1889 after nearly sixty years at the head of affairs, Mr. Moore Hodder, Mr. R. H. Hayes, Major W. Stopford, and again Mr. R. H. Hayes, whose second Mastership began with the season of 1896-7. His figure is probably better known among the sporting farmers of the rough country hunted by the South Unions than that of any other member, for during the last quarter of a century he has seldom missed one of the bi-weekly meets.

It is easier to induce Mr. Powell to speak of his pets than of himself, and of his favourites past and present the one concerning which he has most to tell is "Jack" the tame raven, who for sixteen years was a regular institution at Passage West, known to everyone in the place for his intelligence and talents. His conversational powers were much above the average and whether from corvine vanity, which appreciated having his voice mistaken for a man's, or out of sheer mischief, he was always playing tricks. He learned to imitate so perfectly his master's call for "Dave," one of his grooms, that the servant could never learn

the difference and replied "Yes, sir!" as often to Jack as to his master. Jack's greatest triumph as a mimic was at the expense of a blind beggar; seeing the man tap his way up to the door the raven called to him to "come on!" and duly received the usual petition for "A ha'penny to the honour of God!" He could mimic the bark of any dog and when the spirit moved him to show off his gift that way a stranger might have supposed that half the dogs in County Cork were holding a congress in Mr. Powell's stable-yard. One of his dearest joys was to collect the hens round him by uttering the food call of the cock, and then to scatter them in all directions with digs of his powerful bill; the hen that rashly ventured too near Jack was sure to leave a few feathers behind as a memento of her indiscretion. He was fond of dogs, but had no opinion of cats, and the cats both feared and hated him. Jack shared the passion of his family for hiding food when supplies exceeded the requirements of the hour; but he proved the superiority of his intelligence by always remembering the spot where he had buried his treasure and disinterring it when appetite prompted. Tame rooks, jackdaws and magpies display the same propensity for hiding their own—or stolen—property, but almost invariably forget all about it. Mr. Powell's Jack, when given a piece of sheep's liver, to which he was very partial, would seek the middle of the lawn and after eating all he wanted, deliberately dig a hole in the turf and bury it, having previously looked about with the most ludicrous air of sagacity to see that nobody was watching

him. Next day he would return and dig it up again.

He was invaluable as a barometer; when Jack got uneasy, flapping his wings, barking and screaming his loudest, approach

of a storm was surely indicated. When the storm did come, he would huddle away in a corner and stand on one leg, head under wing, till it was fine once more.

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## "Our Van."

**Newmarket Steeplechases.** — Are we to write down steeplechasing at Newmarket a failure? We hope not. But other people are doing so because, forsooth, the attendances are not large. But this is to expect of Newmarket conditions which do not prevail elsewhere. Where, save on the solitary occasion of the Grand National at Liverpool, is racing under National Hunt rules more popular than flat racing? At Newmarket in the flat racing season the attendances are comparatively small save on the days of the big handicaps. When the steeplechasing is held on Mr. H. McCalmont's course on the Cambridge road all Newmarket turns out and lines the rails with its vehicles, and I do not see what it can do more. That crowds should come long distances to see the sport is not to be expected; and the upper ten of the Turf have not taken to the game. Rampion won another of the "Suffolk" cups, this time over two miles and a half. The conditions provided for no penalties for winning steeplechases or hurdle races, but they did not penalise previous winners. The ground was very hard, and this kept more than one horse from starting; and the racing on the two days was remarkable for the success of the favourites, eleven of the thirteen races going to the first favourite.

**Lincoln.** — Lincoln Spring is always suggestive of being on with the new love before we are off with the old, for the biggest scene of all in connection with steeplechasing has yet to be enacted. The meeting was favoured with beautiful weather, and was a pronounced success, which the promoters thoroughly deserved, for they have gone to great expense in erecting spacious stands. Fields were prodigious, and the crowd on the Lincolnshire Handicap day ditto. More than one favourite had been found for the chief race, but very late in the proceedings Beckhampton came out with a wonderful trial, in which Ravensdale had done all sorts of things (magnified many times, according to rule) with Kilcock. Money poured in for Ravensdale—and never so fast as during the two hours immediately preceding the race. The result was that the horse started at the extraordinarily short price of 11 to 8, which is altogether unprecedented. All the time, however, the Prince Barcaldine party had been standing steadfastly to its guns, so great was their confidence in their ability to win, trial or no trial, and in the end they had the best of the argument. Ravensdale was unquestionably not suited by his light weight of 6st. 11lbs., but the trainer is yet to be found who will put up half

a stone or so of overweight in order to secure the services of a man, though it is often made palpable that races might be won instead of lost were this done. No boy of his weight could have done more than did Ravensdale's jockey; but all was not got out of the horse, and he was beaten, first by High Treasurer, a 100 to 6 chance, and at the end by Prince Barcaldine as well, Prince Barcaldine winning by a neck. Since the race it has transpired that Ravensdale was suffering from a leg, an ailment which grew worse instead of better as time wore on, and was sufficient to account for the horse's failure to retrieve Lincoln. People who did not know of this defect lost themselves in their denunciation of Ravensdale as an overrated, inferior animal, with a suggestion of incapacity on the part of his connections thrown in. It is a fact that a large number of people lost their money over Ravensdale, and losers are not always unprejudiced in their remarks. The victory of Prince Barcaldine, let it be recorded, gave to Robinson, the trainer, his third consecutive Lincolnshire Handicap—another record.

Gay Lothair, who won the Brocklesby Stakes last year, doing nothing afterwards until he won the Knowsley Nursery at Liverpool, in November, won the Bathynny Stakes, in which Suppliant chased him home to a neck. The Brocklesby was won by Amurath, by Janissary out of Ladykin, purchased by Mr. Raphael out of the Howbury Stud for 410 guineas; Lord Dunraven's Desmond, by St. Simon out of the ill-fated L'Abesse de Jouarre, and therefore a rarity in the world of horseflesh, being a meritorious second. I should not be surprised to see these two taking higher places in the future than is the custom

with Brocklesby horses. Strange to say this was the third consecutive Brocklesby winner trained by Watson.

**Liverpool and the Grand National.**—Why is it that in the north of England alone—at any rate, north of London—do we meet with really good train services? The Grand Central Specials which whisked us across from Lincoln to Liverpool and Southport were perfection. The weather changed very much for the worse, the wind blowing keenly from the east and north-east, bringing with it snow showers. The attendance on the first day was, however, up to the Liverpool standard. The Molyneux Stakes was won by Fascination, a Royal Hampton filly out of Charm, trained by Marsh; and the Union Jack Stakes by Carhaix, by Tristan out of Oceana, Mornington Cannon being the jockey in both cases. Barely was the last race over when snow fell and lay a couple of inches deep.

The weather on the Grand National day supplied material for opprobrious reference for all time to come. We had numerous varieties, more than sufficient to justify the American's proverbial jibe at our weather, including sunshine, snow showers and dust storms, all in the space of minutes, a condition of things which could surely be met with in no other climate. The attendance suffered, and of the outside public there was a great falling off. The mystery of the race was, where was Timon? The owner himself did not know, so who else could be expected to? George Williamson had been specially engaged to ride, and imaginative journalists described how the horse, with Williamson up, had done a two miles' gallop. But Williamson had never seen the animal,

nor had anyone else, and the lost Grand National horse became a sort of joke—a poor one, perhaps, especially to backers of it. Very late in the day, barely an hour and a-half before the time fixed for the race, the horse was struck out, and it then transpired that he had never left his stable at home. A great deal of irritation was expressed, and the stewards of the meeting requested the National Hunt Committee to institute an enquiry, which they did, though it was not clear that they could do anything. However, it was found that the explanations given were satisfactory. The natural curiosity which exists to know what the explanations were is not likely to be gratified. The horse, it was certified, was not fit to run, and what people wish to know is why this fact was made such a mystery of. Why, the night before the race, was the assertion so positively made that Timon would start? It would be interesting to hear what was the satisfactory explanation of this portion of the business. Grobo, about whom mysterious tips were floated, did not start, because, it was alleged, 1,000 to 10 could not be had about him. Grobo is a horse one would like to see put through a thorough steeplechase preparation, for it is understood that he runs loose on the farm, and yet wins races. The Liverpool Executive provided quarter cloths embroidered with the names of the Grand National horses, and some day, perhaps, both here and at Lincoln, the enlightened custom of giving every horse that runs a number by which he may be recognised in the paddock may be adopted, as elsewhere. The alternations of snow showers and sunshine worked out very badly for the big race. Whilst the horses were

jumping the preliminary hurdle snow fell liberally. Then came a glorious interval of sunshine and it was wasted in the parade. From the eastward was coming up rapidly a very dark snowstorm, and people said to one another, why on earth do they not start the horses before it comes? Why, indeed. But just think how conservative we are, and how long it takes us to do anything different to the way father did it. There is nothing in the rules of racing about parades, and the exercise of a little gumption would have prevented what was little better than a *fiasco*. There are numbers of people who look forward to the Grand National for months, and travel long distances and make sacrifices to witness the race, but now they might as well have stayed at home for all they saw of it. If the snow-fall had been designed specially to spoil the race it could not have done its work better, for the farther the horses went the thicker fell the snow, and as they came over the last fence the horses were but dim shadows. The long race is always a trying one for the jockeys, and for the weaker ones the weather made it a terrible ordeal. The wonder is that so many finished as did, and that only seven out of the twenty-five starters fell. Of these St. George was going exceedingly well at the time. On this occasion the serious impediment of loose horses did not interfere with the chances of others. Of course, there were the usual "ifs," and they were applied to both Cathal and Gauntlet, who made mistakes at a critical period. But the making of mistakes is all in the game, and the horse that makes none and goes a little faster than the others wins. This is what Drogheda did, much to the



surprise of most people. He had been very strongly fancied in the early part of the steeplechase season, and many took long bets about him, being obliged to win their money in the end through being unable to get out of it. The horse undoubtedly went off, and at one time was supposed to be suffering from diabetes. During the three weeks immediately preceding the race he came on again wonderfully and won in time (9 mins. 43½ secs.) that must be considered extraordinary under the weather conditions prevailing. Of course, a great disappointment was the non-appearance of Manifesto, and it was sorry luck, indeed, for Mr. Bulteel to have his horse injure himself after paying 4,000 guineas just to win this race. It was supposed to be a poor field of horses, but handsome is as handsome does, and it is no idle thing to get the Grand National course at a pace. The Soarer was considered good enough when he won in 1896, to be modelled and painted by Mr. Adrian Jones, and he was in the race and well beaten, too, floundering on landing over the water and coming down, though ridden by Arthur Nightingall. Next season I should not be in the least surprised to see Drogheda run quite up to the reputation of a Grand National winner, which, when one comes to think of it, is not a very difficult thing to do, for of all the sorry spectacles seen on a racecourse the subsequent appearances of Grand National winners have often supplied the sorriest.

Elaborate preparations had been made to take photographs of the race with the view of reproduction in the cinematograph, and the course bristled with cameras. The result must have been disappointing in the extreme.

The Liverpool Spring Cup, run on the Saturday, looked a good thing for Amphidamas, and his people fancied him very much. Lord Stanley's Golden Rule had been going very well in his gallops, and there was no mistaking the "corky" way he went in the preliminary canter. Notwithstanding the undeniable claims of these two, Butter was favourite. Amphidamas got away in front, and Golden Rule behind, which, on this course, means being placed at a disadvantage, even with a field of nine only. Amphidamas opened up a good lead in the straight, with Golden Rule many lengths behind, but Lord Stanley's horse came up wonderfully from the distance, and luckily finding a way open on the rails got up and just won by a head. Kempton Cannon was generally thought to have been caught napping; and whilst cheers for Knowsley were not withheld, they were not as hearty as we have heard them. This was the solitary success of the party at the meeting.

**Derby Spring Meeting.**—Had one only the racing and the attendance to judge by, it would have been impossible to have believed oneself at Derby, so different was it all from what one is here accustomed to. It was bad enough to come after such a heavy week as that with which the flat racing commenced and to begin on the unpopular Monday (and what a Monday it was, rain falling the whole time), but in addition came the circumstance of trainers having been unable to get at their charges on account of the bitter weather. Wildfowler was thought to be merely walking over for the Drakelow Stakes, his solitary opponent being Bonneboscq, and his starting price was 10 to 1 on. Darling was lying in

Lincoln, down with influenza, and his advice as to starting Wildfowler, who was not quite ready, could not be taken. It was elected to run him, but when it came to the pinch he was unequal to it, and he was beaten by a neck. Suppliant's form in the Batthyany Stakes was reproduced in the Welbeck Handicap, which he won from end to end, beating Longtown much farther than at Lincoln. The sad spectacle was witnessed of a field of three contesting the Doveridge Handicap of 1,000 sovs., won last year by Clorane with 9st. 10lb. Odds were laid on Melange, but Bellevin once more filled the part of the backers' *bête noir* and won rather easily. Except that Herminius won the Derbyshire Stakes very easily nothing of note transpired on the second day. Herminius, who had already won at Lincoln, was bought out of a selling race in September for 240 guineas.

**Northampton.**—For a survival of the past Northampton is a healthy specimen indeed. The course is as unlike what the Jockey Club now insist upon as it well can be, but I shall look upon it as a sad day when racing on the common ceases to take place. The race meeting is regarded as a town holiday, precisely as used to be the case at Leicester (*absit omni*), and this feature would vanish if the suggestion that was made not long since to transfer the racing to an enclosure were carried out. We do not want too many meetings of the Northampton pattern; but one such to remind us of the past can well remain, especially when run on the lines which obtain at Northampton. Everything that can be said as to the antiquated nature of the rings and the stands may be granted, though things are better

than they were of old; but would visitors to the County Stand be the happier for modern improvements? I doubt it.

Mr. Monkshall's Beverini won two distance races here with the greatest ease and prevented Herminius from scoring a third successive victory. Beverini is the property of the gentleman who was Mayor of Northampton in 1897, when the colt, who is by Chittabob, won the Wakefield Lawn Stakes, being bought in for 350 guineas. The local exuberance aroused by the double victory may therefore be judged, Mr. "Monkshall" being a strong supporter of sport, whilst his son was in the saddle on the second occasion. The meeting between Ugly and Suppliant in the Earl Spencer's Plate was very interesting, for although Ugly was handicapped to give the other 26lb. (unsuccessfully, it is true) in November, Suppliant had come on so that the betting was now in favour of his proving victorious with 10lb. less. He drew the inside station, no small advantage at Northampton, and getting off well, won all the way, Ugly doing far from badly in finishing within three lengths. The Northamptonshire Stakes was contested by an attractive field of which Jaquemart's racer-like appearance justified the favouritism that was accorded him. Marius II. and Oakdene were also much fancied, and the liking of Villiers for the course could not be disregarded. In a strong run race Barford, who was thought not to be fit, went too fast for the rest, and won by a length and a half from Marius II. Jaquemart was badly interfered with, and did not show in consequence.

Seeing how much importance attaches to the draw for stations at Northampton, it is but reason-

able to demand that, so soon as the draw is made, the result of it should appear on the number board. Under the present system of supposed secrecy it is the practice for weighing-room touts to gain possession of the result and retail it in the ring, considerable sums being paid for the information. Where the station is of such importance it is clear that the public have quite as much right to know it as they have to be informed as to what weights are carried and what jockeys ride. It is certainly not right that the draw should become the property of the few who care to pay the bribe. At Leicester, it may be mentioned, it is the custom to chalk up the result of the draw in the paddock; and there is absolutely no reason why a similar course cannot be pursued in connection with the reserved enclosure at Northampton.

**Folkestone.**—The Folkestone Executive could surely not have considered the situation very carefully in fixing their inaugural meetings on dates that clashed with the Northampton, Cavalry Brigade, and other meetings. No occasion is of so much importance to a new venture as the opening meeting, and no risk should be run of that same being a success, given reasonable weather. Better by far have no meeting at all than an equivocal success. The Folkestone Racecourse Company have secured a delightful position for their course, adjoining Westenhanger Station, which the South Eastern Railway have adapted to the purpose in hand by means of a new siding, &c., and their straight mile, when the turf has grown over the whole of it, will be referred to as one of the very best in the kingdom. It is undulating in character, suggesting Stockbridge, the last five furlongs

reminding one strongly of Lewes, and from the stands every yard of the racing is visible. Mr. "Bob" Fowler had rendered all the assistance in his power, his friendly aid being called in because of the high reputation of his course and stands at Lingfield for seeing purposes; and the object was to reproduce the conditions there existing as nearly as possible. By August 17th, when the first flat-race meeting commences, everything should be shipshape, and some interest may be anticipated. It is, of course, certain that the scenes which took place at the opening meeting will not be repeated, for, in the absence of other meetings to clash, the full force of educated gatekeepers will be available, and there will be no more of the ludicrous utilising of bogus passes which took place with impunity in March. The Folkestone Executive may be seriously advised to give the public some assurance as to this. The choice of race meetings is now so large that people will not go to those where their person and property are in jeopardy.

**Alexandra Park.**—Many who wended their way to Alexandra Park on Easter Saturday must have metaphorically felt themselves all over, wondering whether it was really they who were doing this thing. There is nothing like perseverance, and it has taken more than thirty years for Alexandra Park to reach its present position—not that it is the intention to rest content. What made people stare was to see announced a thousand pound handicap and a five hundred pound selling race; and what probably made them stare even more, was to see the astonishing way it took. Easter Saturday used to belong to Windsor, but religious scruples being expressed, the meeting was

abandoned. Strong religious views are possibly not held in the neighbourhood of Wood Green, for they hold races on the cycle track on Good Friday, and Messrs. Pratt have secured a date which they will probably be allowed to retain. Great expense had been gone into in making alterations (so many object to their being called improvements that I waive the point), but the outlay was more than recouped by the enormous attendance, though a considerable percentage of it did get in without paying. Nothing will make the five furlongs course straight, or unfit the long course for Fred Archer's simile of the frying pan, but so long as the public do not mind this, book-makers, we may be sure, will be eager to meet them. After Ugly had won the first race, over five furlongs, everything went to outsiders, including the chief race, the Metropolitan handicap of a mile and a furlong. This was won by South Australian, who very possibly would have won on a course of any other shape. The £500 selling race was won by Villager, Norah Sandys not having quite time to get up.

#### **Kempton Easter Meeting.**—

Bank Holiday at Kempton generally means a crowd, and a crowd there was in the open park and in the cheap rings. But the Easter exodus was felt in the members' and Tattersalls', and, on the whole, the meeting was not so large as it has been on corresponding occasions. On the Monday the attraction was the Queen's Prize, in which Ravensdale was to rehabilitate himself after his Lincoln failure. Backers, as a body, did not appear to know of his leg trouble, or something longer than 11 to 8 would have been the starting price. The field was but seven strong, and of

these Jaquemart looked far away the best. But another thing which backers did not seem to know was the interference he met with at Northampton, so they did not back him, and he started at 100 to 12. Sati did his best to cut down his rivals, but Jaquemart came past like a steam engine at the distance and won easily. Barford accentuated his Northampton victory by winning a race of a mile and a half in a common canter, and on the second day was successful in the Harewood Handicap of two miles, beating Marius II. again, and also Bird on the Wing. Ravensdale had another try in the Fulwell Plate of a mile, and could have won easily enough had he not run so "sore," which apparently made him disinclined for an effort. Rosana and Fascination, winners, at Liverpool, of the Sefton Park Plate and Molyneux Stakes, respectively, met in the Rendlesham Plate, and they ran a tremendous race, Rosana justifying her favouritism by getting the best of it by a short head. Alas! a head in front of her was Honeybird, by Friar's Balsam out of Warble, on whom Woodburn surprised most people. In connection with the Twickenham two-year-old Plate a ridiculous thing occurred. A runner named Lodge was unknown, and the rumour got about that it was the Pink Pearl filly, several backing Lodge on this supposition and winning their money. The absurdity of the rumour will appear when it is stated that Lodge is a brown colt and the other a chestnut filly. But of such is the order of backers.

**Newmarket Craven.**—It is a common experience for people to go to Newmarket for the first time, as casual racegoers, and return calling it a beastly place.

The conditions are all strange to them after their experiences of racing in the "Parks"; and with the readiness of the Englishman, the fault is put down to Newmarket. But in time they turn to the peace and quietness of the racing there with much longing, for there is only one Newmarket. All is horse there; and when we are not looking at horses running, we are watching them exercising or seeing them sold by the firm of Tattersall in the Park Paddocks. People grumble, and always will grumble, at the several finishing posts; but the journeying to and fro to them is unavoidable if the courses, differing vastly in their nature, are to be preserved. And it is in this respect that Newmarket differs so much from every other race ground that can be mentioned.

The ushering in of the season at the Craven Meeting brings with it nothing sensational, but the racing is, nevertheless, not altogether unworthy of the headquarters of the Turf. On the first day we had the Crawford Plate, in which ran Diakka, looking very big, and also Maluma, who—will it be credited?—was yet again looked upon as a good thing, in spite of her sevenfold failures of 1897. She last started for the Liverpool Autumn Cup at 20 to 1, so something astonishing might be supposed to have happened in the interim to cause her to be favourite at 100 to 30 now. The something was the alleged discovery that she had been run out of her distance, which may of course be true, but we are still as far off as ever from knowing what her distance is. The race was won by Fosco, known in early life as Imposition.

Enough for the Thursday was the evil thereof; this taking the shape of a consternation engen-

dering defeat of Cyllene in the Column Produce Stakes. For Cyllene's defeat by Disraeli last year ample reason was shown by Disraeli's subsequent running, but nothing can palliate this disaster. The horse looked everything one could desire, though of course he could have been made some pounds better, but he could never go with the field at any period of the race, and struggled home in great difficulties. The Scotia filly by Senanus won in dashing style, as her trainer said she would, and was laughed at for his pains; whilst it must be noted that, badly as Cyllene ran, he was still some lengths in front of Neish, who must be credited with the possession of some sort of form, having twice won at a mile this year. The fullest confidence was reposed in Cyllene by his trainer, and the future must show whether the defeat was due to temporary indisposition. The Craven Stakes, run on the trying Ancaster Mile, which finishes at the Old Cambridgeshire post, enabled Jeddah to confirm the good things that were said about him. Calveley had been much spoken of, but he was beaten by four lengths, the trouble coming from a totally unexpected quarter in Lord Stanley's Schonberg, who was not in the least fancied by his people. Pending the discovery of Schonberg's real merits, it may be taken that Jeddah won with something in hand, but did not appear in the light of a smasher.

On the second day of the meeting Mr. M. D. Rucker's flat racers were sold. The pick was of course Dunlop, bought of the Prince of Wales for 5,000 guineas. Both Mr. Cassel and Lord Marcus Beresford were bidders, but did not seem inclined to go to the original price, and Mr. W. Ward, of Blackburn, secured the colt for 4,200 guineas.

### **Manchester Steeplechases.**—

The success of Regret in the Jubilee Handicap Hurdle Race must not be lost sight of. Well as Mr. Ward has ridden Regret, it has always been clear that the horse would do still better with the best professional aid, and in Arthur Nightingall he had this, with the result that he won all the way. On Keelson, Nightingall had done precisely the same the day before in the Lancashire Handicap Steeplechase—a nice little double event to score at the end of the season.

### **The late Earl of Suffolk.**—

Not what the public would regard as a prominent man in the racing world, the Earl of Suffolk, whose premature demise on March 31st surprised most people, nevertheless wielded considerable influence in a quiet way behind the scenes. Stewards of the Jockey Club came and went after the manner of Ministers of State, but the Earl of Suffolk was always there with advice for those who cared to consult him, as many did care to do. He was the managing head of the Jockey Club rooms, and His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was practically in his charge on the occasion of his frequent visits to Newmarket, when he invariably stayed on the Jockey Club premises. The deceased Earl registered his racing colours in 1883 and was elected to the Jockey Club in the same year; and in 1889 he was a steward of the National Hunt. He wrote at times on sport, and the publishers of the "Encyclopædia of Sport" secured his co-operation in the same way that the assistance of the Duke of Beaufort was secured for the Badminton Library. His name will be handed down by Turf historians in connection with the new race instituted at his instigation in 1897. This

race was designed to foster long distance racing, the race of stayers threatening to die out in face of the superior attractions, from the gambling point of view, of the five furlong sprint. Permission was given to hold Welter races of not less than two miles, and for stakes of not less than 200 sovs., during the close season for flat racing, and last winter some sort of trial was given the scheme. The desired object of bringing out new staying blood was certainly not achieved; but it would be premature indeed to designate the scheme a failure on so short a trial. Clerks of courses have by no means made up their minds as to the best conditions for such races, though it is certain that they must be drawn up so as to prevent one or two horses "farming" all the races.

**The late Mr. Hamar Bass, M.P.**—Another premature death was that of Mr. Hamar Alfred Bass, M.P., who died on April 8th, at the age of 56. Mr. Bass registered his colours in 1886, and did not stint his ample means in endeavouring to obtain the best of thoroughbreds. Such is the luck that rules in racing, Mr. Bass never succeeded in getting an animal of note, such as should shine in the classic races, but his colours were always to be seen, and often in the van. In 1891 and 1892, when rich prizes were given at Leicester, in the hope—unfortunately not realised—of raising that meeting to the very front rank, Rusticus, by Hermit out of Ma Belle, won the Royal Handicap for Mr. Bass two years in succession, thus placing nearly £10,000 to his owner's credit. Carlton Grange and Love Wisely were two stayers owned by Mr. Bass, the last named being the best horse he ever possessed; and his successes in the Ascot Cup of

1896, when he beat Florizel II., Sir Visto, Victor Wild, Laodamia, and Omnium II., and in the Jockey Club Stakes of 1897, beating Velasquez and Chelandry, give evidence enough of this. Mr. Hamar Bass was notorious for running his horses unnamed. He was much interested in coursing, and became a member of the National Coursing Club in 1886. Although as liberal a purchaser as on the turf, his luck was no better. Mr. Hamar Bass was well known in the hunting field, and from 1886 to 1897 was Master of the Meynell Hunt, which fact speaks for itself. The lamented event, of course, renders a number of nominations void, commencing with the last Kempton meeting and extending to Doncaster.

**The Close of the Season, Looking Back.**—As we glance over the various retrospects of the hunting season which are to be found in the sporting papers, we see that the impression left on men's minds in different countries varies a good deal. Scent, which is always uncertain, is also capricious, and while one country has been enjoying a run of sport, the next with perhaps a huntsman of equal skill and a more celebrated pack of hounds has hardly been able to hunt the foxes further than they can see them. But on the whole it must be said to have been a good season. Seldom of late years have there been so many chases which could truthfully be called great runs, and they have fallen to the lot of many different hunts. Of the packs in the Midlands the longest hunt has fallen to the Quorn, the fastest to the Cottesmore, and the most good runs to Mr. Fernie's. The fortune which two seasons ago gave the best and most continuous sport to the Pytchley and the Warwickshire has this year

spread its favours with a more even hand, and while the two last named have not wanted for sport, yet they have had no monopoly. The Grafton, as I have more than once noted, have had a really good season and are fortunate both in their huntsman and the hounds he hunts. In some other countries where the want of rain has been severely felt, the dry soil and hard ground have been serious drawbacks to hunting, and sport has not been continuously good. Complaints reach me from Hertfordshire, Sussex, Berkshire, Lincolnshire and Yorkshire, that in some parts the want of rain has told severely against sport. So various are the natures of the soils in different hunting countries that it is certain that no season is ever good for everyone. But the last season, so far as it has come under the personal observation of the V.D., has been on the whole a most enjoyable one. There has been scarcely any frost and no snow to speak of. Hounds could nearly always hunt and generally managed to work out a run which, if it did not look much on paper was very pleasant to ride to. Indeed, if hunting as a sport were judged by its printed records there would seem to be but little return for the money and labour spent on it. In fact many of the pleasures of hunting can no more be transferred by pen to paper than an artist can paint the scent of the rose. For whatever we may think of the sport of the season past, there can be no doubt that hunting was never more popular. Hunting boxes have been let and hotels full not only at Melton, which has certainly had a brilliant season, but wherever good sport was procurable.

Outside the limit of the shires the Atherstone, Bicester and Grafton fields have scarcely been

less numerous or less brilliant than a Cottesmore gathering. There is one sign, however, that the average of sport has been good. Comparatively few Masters have resigned, when there is a good season everyone is pleased, and the little rubs and worries of the life of an M.F.H. are softened, and he is tempted to go on for yet another season. For one thing the wire difficulty has much decreased, and in some countries, Mr. Fernie's, for example, has practically disappeared, and though mange lingers everywhere, and probably always will, its ravages have not so far been unusually severe. On the other hand it cannot be denied that the modern system of the preservation of pheasants in the hands of men indifferent or hostile to hunting is a very serious menace to fox-hunting in some countries, and in saying that in some good countries not far from London hunting will probably come to an end, we only echo the foreboding of men who live in those neighbourhoods, and who know how very gloomy the future looks.

**The Devon and Somerset.**—This pack have finished their season with a spell of hind-hunting in the Quantocks. From Triscombe Stone in the first week in April a grand hind gave a good gallop. The field was very large, more like August than April. It was in Bagborough that the hind was harboured. Just at first hounds had to hunt, for the ground was dry and the deer had a long start, but by degrees they worked up to her, and she was taken by a boat in the river Parrett at last. Part of the run was over the vale where banks and ditches come pretty closely, and where in consequence there were some falls. Stag-hunting has perils of its own, but "lepping" is not one of the

most common. This hind brought up the number killed to ninety-six, but a good herd remains for next year. The Master brought the season to a close a day or two earlier than was intended owing to an unfortunate incident, by which a hound lost its life by poison, it is hoped, however, only accidentally.

**The Carted Deer.**—This sport naturally flourishes when fox-hunting begins to wane, though even stag-hunters are not exempt from hard ground. The 7th Dragoon Guards have closed their last season at Norwich, having shown good sport throughout the time they have been stationed there. The 7th Hussars will it is said take the place of the Dragoons and carry on the hunt. In Ireland the Ward have kept up the run of good fortune which has been theirs up to now. Perhaps *the* day of the past month with hounds was that when hounds met at The Hatchet. The field was a good one, and swelled by a good many fox-hunting people from far and near, Sir Humphrey de Trafford from Leicestershire on the look-out for a few weight-carrying polo ponies. Mr. G. Cadogan and the usual group of hard-riding ladies who delight in the pace of the Ward, were also out. The run was a very fast one, as hounds got a view while officials and field were entangled in wire—what a pity this curse should spoil these splendid pastures!—and raced away hard at their hind. She hung to the canal very much at one time, crossing no less than three times, and giving us some hunting as well as galloping. The few who stayed to the end were not sorry when it came. The chase had lasted for three hours, and covered nearly twenty miles.



### **The Last Day with the Quorn.**

—It is not always that the hunting season ends with such a blaze of sport as the gallop from Salter's Hill (near Adam's Gorse) to Barkley. The regular Quornites never leave till the end, hence there were most of our best and keenest to see the last run of the season. (Though perhaps if it rains we may get a few unofficial hunts.) On this occasion there were out Lord Lonsdale, carrying the horn, Tom Firr being still away, Mr. Otho Paget, Captain Elmhirst, Col. Baldock, Lady Wilton and Mr. Pryor, Captain Boyle, and Mr. Wade, all of whom have hunted with the Quorn for many years. Of the newer comers were Lord and Lady Essex, who entertained the Hunt for the last time this season at Gaddesby, the Baroness Max de Tuyll, Sir Samuel and Lady Sophie Scott, Lord and Lady Huntingdon, whose season with the Ormond is closed, and many others. The run after an old fox was seven miles dead up wind all over grass. While hounds could race up wind, directly they turned there was not an atom of scent and the run was over.

**Mr. Fernie's.** — While the Cottesmore and the Belvoir have both closed a season which has been on the whole for them one of indifferent sport, Mr. Fernie has had a most successful finish. These hounds have killed by fair and honest hunting forty-five brace. Nor is this wanton slaughter. This number can well be spared from their ample stock, and it is well known that to have foxes you must kill them, for it can hardly be expected that farmers will preserve foxes in countries where hounds seldom come and still more seldom kill a fox.

The wind up of the season has

thus been a good one, and the past month has seen two gallops much above the average. From Glooston Wood to a kill at Bowden on March 24th was in every respect a fine run, and it may be noted that no single strand of wire was met in the whole run. When I say that part of the pursuit led us over Welham Flats it will be acknowledged that wire is not needed to add to the perils of the route. Those who rode the line honestly for the first half hour and got to the end without a fall have every reason to congratulate themselves both on the performance and their good fortune. Another run that claims notice was the gallop just one week later with the same pack from Thurnby Gorse by way of Ashlands to Kibworth. It was satisfactory that some of our neighbours who paid us a visit should see this fine gallop over the best country in Leicestershire. Mr. and Mrs. Lancelot Lowther from the Quorn, Miss Dawkins, so well known as a leading lady with the Pytchley, Lord Grantley from the Vale of Aylesbury, and several others were there, besides Mr. C. McNeil and Mr. Foster, who were in front as usual, and Mr. Logan, most hard riding of radical members. Lady Augusta Fane, who by the way is going back to her own house at Melton, Mr. Carroll's tenancy having expired, was also out with her sister, Lady Hilda McNeill, and pretty well all the usual followers of the hunt. Both Mr. Fernie and Charles Isaac are to be congratulated on the sport they have shown this year.

**Lord Middleton's** hounds finished a season remarkable for bad scent on April 2nd from Newtown, but though the sport on this occasion was good, it is rather on the moral of the day's

draw that the V.D. wishes to dwell. Mr. Cholmeley's coverts have been drawn nineteen times this season, and twice that number of foxes killed from them. Yet when Grant put his hounds in there were at least a leash of foxes. These coverts afford as good a sport as any in that part of the world. By the way, Yorkshire on the whole, with some exceptions, has not had a good scenting season, though matters were perhaps better in March than at any other time.

**The South Staffordshire Hunt** held their annual meeting, and seem in a state of prosperity which is pleasant to tell of. The two Masters, Sir Charles and Mr. Foster, were re-elected. This is one of the Hunts in which cards and capping are in vogue, and the members decided by a majority of votes to retain both. The minimum subscription being five pounds, the hardship cannot be great, and in fixing the minimum at so moderate a rate the committee have followed a sound policy, for the receipts are higher by £250 than ever before. That the cap only produces something short of £30 shows that it has the desired effect of making people subscribe.

**The Meynell** is another Hunt which has a most satisfactory balance sheet. Besides giving the Master £2,000, over £800 was spent in compensation to farmers and occupiers. This sum probably represents very nearly the cost of a hunt riding over such a country as the Meynell, and shows that whatever be the benefits of hunting to the district, they are not reduced by damage unpaid for. The death of Mr. Hamar Bass so shortly after resigning the Mastership will cause regret. He was a keen sportsman both in the hunting-field and on the

turf. Mr. Fort has now been elected Master for a term of three years. At the last meet of the season Lord Burton presented a service of silver plate and a cheque for £1,000 to Charles Leedham, who leaves a connection with the Meynell Hunt which is not merely a personal but a family one, three generations of hunt servants of the name having served the Meynell Hunt. Charles Leedham thus closes an honourable and successful career as a huntsman, the average sport of the Meynell being, as Lord Burton remarked in the speech he made at the presentation, at least as good as that of their neighbours.

**Essex Hunt Club Steeplechases.**—The Committee of the Essex Hunt having found that during the past few years the usual steeplechases which were held in connection with the Essex Hunt Club, and which annually took place at Rundells, near Harlow, became so much overcrowded on account of a class not to be encouraged finding their way down there from London, decided to alter the meeting to High Roothing Bury, which is fairly in the centre of the Hunt and the change proved a success in every way; the members of the Hunt were enabled to spend a most pleasant day and it is hoped the stewards will continue to hold their annual meetings here. The fences and course had been constructed under the supervision of Mr. C. Hook, the ground man of the Gatwick racecourse, and the stewards are certainly to be congratulated upon the work, though perhaps the open ditch might be improved by filling up the dip in front of the guard rails. We would suggest as an improvement for next year that no bookmakers be

allowed in the paddock, so that members of the Hunt could take in ladies without being bothered by these people.

**The Burstow.**—The non-subscribing stranger has cropped up as a difficulty in the pleasant little Burstow Hunt, and at the annual meeting it was resolved that all non-subscribers should be capped to the extent of twenty shillings each time they came out.

**Changes of Mastership.**—When it was known that the Stevenstone Hounds would need a new Master at the season's end, considerable doubts were expressed as to the chance of finding a successor to Mr. Paton, but the difficulty has been surmounted by the acceptance of office by Mr. Eyton, who will carry on the country for the small subscription of £450 a year. The new Master—long may he continue in office—will be spared the annoyance and trouble of getting together a fresh pack, as the Hon. Mark Rolle, a former Master of these hounds, bought the pack so that it should not be lost to the country. Mr. Eyton has for some time hunted harriers in the neighbourhood; he is very popular; is in touch with the farmers, and his rule over the Stevenstone is looked forward to as being a success. Another West Country pack, the Exmoor, has been within an ace of losing its Master. Sir William Williams had announced his intention of resigning in consequence of ill health; but having at heart the interest of the country over which he has presided with such great success, Sir William has consented to keep on the hounds for another season. In East Kent Mr. Baker White takes the hounds in succession to Mr. Bligh. Mr. Buckley, after being in office for some time, gives up the Carmarthenshire; but his

successor has virtually, we are glad to hear, not at the moment of writing been appointed, and Mr. Swindell has severed his connection with the Old Berks.

**The late Major Allfrey.**—Another ex-Master of Hounds has joined the great majority, in the person of Major Goodrich Allfrey, formerly of the Queen's Bays. The deceased gentleman took the South Berkshire country in succession to the late Mr. Hargreaves in 1887, and kept it for four years, when he made way for Mr. L. E. Bligh, who is just now giving up the East Kent Hounds. He hunted the country with great liberality and was deservedly popular. In the Park his fine team of browns was well known, and as a member of the Coaching Club he was very regular in his attendance at the Magazine.

**The Wynnstay Hunt.**—Sir Watkin Wynn and Sir Wyndham Hanmer appear to have come to loggerheads over some dispute in the field. A short time ago the two gentlemen "had a few words," and on a recent occasion when Sir Watkin Wynn's hounds found a fox in one of the Hanmer coverts, Sir Wyndham appeared upon the scene and ordered hounds and field off his property. On that day William Lockey, the professional, was hunting, and he immediately stopped the hounds and took them away, when sundry of the field were not too complimentary to Sir Wyndham Hanmer. This rather reminds one of the conduct of Lord Harborough in connection with the Quorn Hunt, very many years ago, except that Sir Wyndham Hanmer has not set dog spears as Lord Harborough was accustomed to do.

**The late R. Council.**—A thoroughly well-conducted and deserving hunt servant has passed away, in the person of Richard

Council, who for about three years has whipped in to the Badsworth Hounds. His long and lingering illness terminated fatally, to the regret of the followers of the Badsworth, who appreciated the skill and knowledge he showed in his calling as well as his demeanour towards all with whom he was brought in contact. Had he been spared he would have undoubtedly made a name for himself, as he "shaped" very well. He was always, so far as we remember, described in the hunting lists as R. Counsell; but in the letter which his brother has sent to the papers his name is spelled Council. Talking of huntsmen reminds one that Harry Bonner, who has been for some time with the Tynedale, is leaving Mr. Straker to become huntsman to the Meynell in succession to Charles Leedham.

**Otter Hunting.**—The *Field* list of otter hounds for the forthcoming season numbers seventeen packs all ready to take to the water. For those who love hunting for its own sake otter hounds form a most delightful sport. The scale of subscriptions is not high, and the outfit required is confined to some good boots and a reasonable amount of activity. Unfortunately, few have the chance of joining in the sport as packs of otter hounds are not widely scattered. Yet there could be no more delightful way of spending a holiday than a few days with otter hounds, not forgetting of course to forward a subscription in advance. The Hawkestone, so long known as the Hon. Geoffrey Hill's, are still one of the leading packs, and have twenty-five couples of hounds, a mixed pack of otter hounds, foxhounds, and hounds that are a cross between the two, and this is the composition of a pack which is found to yield the best

results in practice. Major Winter becomes Master of the Devonshire Pack, so long known as Mr. Cheriton's, and will hunt over the same district as before. To those who have a suitable country it might well be worth considering whether a pack of otter hounds would not be a pleasant addition to the sports of the neighbourhood. Otters are far more plentiful than is supposed, and now it is understood that they do very little harm to the fishing; they are not difficult to preserve. It is only necessary to put an end to trapping, and the otters will do the rest, keeping out of sight in a wonderful way.

**The Oxford Drag.**—"Whip" writes as follows:—"You say in the current number of your magazine that 'We hardly know if the Oxford Drag exists at all now' (p. 266). It may interest some of your readers to learn that the Drag is in a most flourishing condition at the present time. There are over twenty subscribers, and a field of from twenty to thirty horsemen generally turn out in the Winter Term. Mr. C. Hoare (New College) has been Master for the last two years and the present successful condition of the Drag is in no small measure due to his able management."

**Presentation to William Lockey.**—Sir Watkin Wynn's huntsman, William Lockey, was presented with a purse amounting to about £500 at the recent Bangor Steeplechase meeting. He succeeded Charles Payne a dozen years ago, and has proved himself an invaluable servant with kennel as well as in the field, and the best wishes of those who have hunted with Sir Watkin accompany him now that he has resigned.

**Coaching.**—Summer arrangements have begun rather earlier than usual. The Comet is running to Brighton on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, and up on the other days. The Box-hill Rocket is on the road; the Excelsior will go to Lingfield; the Vivid is going to Hampton Court; and we hear that Mr. E. K. Fownes will run the Regulator to Reading, up one day and down the next.

**A Railway on Exmoor.**—Considerable consternation has been caused by the announcement that some Welsh speculators have proposed to construct a line of railway from Minehead to Lynton *via* Porlock. Of what use it would be must puzzle any one to discover, but it would surely do far more harm than good. The proposed route is by Hawkcombe Head and Culbone Stables, places associated with some of the best sport of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds. Now, many of the places on the outskirts of the moor chiefly live out of the people who go down West for stag-hunting. They pay prices which the cheap tripper would never dream of paying, and if stag-hunting were interfered with custom would fall off. Were it not for the attractions offered by this famous pack people would not go to places like Porlock, Minehead, Dulverton, Watchet, or Dunster, and stay for weeks at a tariff which does not widely differ from that of fashionable seaside resorts on the South coast, and the west country folk would do well to think twice before giving their countenance to the scheme.

**Polo.**—**Hurlingham.**—By the time BAILY reaches its readers the game will have begun in earnest, and the opening match against the Royal Horse Guards have

been played. This latter team, with the advantage of being in London and able to play together regularly, ought to make a stand for the Inter-regimental Cup, the final of which is fixed for June 25th. Sir Walter Smythe has already put forth a very full list of matches for the month of May, of which of course the Open Champion Cup is the most important, though some of the others ought to produce good games, notably Hurlingham *v.* Old Cambridge, when we consider what excellent players Cambridge has produced in the nineties.

**Country Clubs.**—Rugby, Leamington, Edinburgh, Cirencester, Aberdeen, Kingsbury, have all begun play under favourable auspices. Sir Thomas Fowler has succeeded the Rev. J. M. Ford as Hon. Secretary of the North Wilts Club, and Colonel Sanders Darley has been appointed to the Eden Park Club. Mr. Game, as we have already noted, has charge of the interests of the North Middlesex.

**India.**—Everyone by this time who follows polo news has heard of the double victory of the Durham Light Infantry in the Champion Tournament at Lucknow and the Inter-regimental at Meerut. The game in the series of matches played during the latter, which was of greatest interest to English players, was that against the 4th Hussars. We all know the quality and form of the Hussars, and they have now been in India for a sufficient time to overcome the feeling of strangeness which besets every player when he first exchanges the soft turf of Hurlingham or Ranelagh for the hard surface of the Indian grounds, and has to accommodate his tactics to grounds where boards are not. The Durhams

won by seven goals to two after a game which was well fought out. The writer has had the advantage of discussing the play with two experienced players who witnessed the games. Both are full of the perfect training of the Durhams' ponies and absolute combination of the team. It was by no means a one-sided game, the Hussars frequently holding their own and at times playing in the Durhams' ground, but the latter never broke or wavered, and always together, ever in their places, and never failing to pass the ball, seldom missed a chance. Combination, together with perfectly trained ponies, is the open secret of their success. Everyone is agreed about this, but we still have something to learn in England on the matter of training ponies. Theoretically we are all agreed as to the value of perfectly trained ponies, but in practice how few men really give the necessary time and pains to this matter? Nevertheless, in the victories, without any great expenditure of money, of the Durham Light Infantry team we have an object-lesson as to what can be done in this way. It is not too much to say that this team has distinctly raised the level of polo as a scientific game, and proved once for all that success in the game belongs to skill and perseverance, and not to a long purse. The Durhams have beaten the best cavalry teams in India, and proved themselves superior to those native teams such as Patiala and Todhpore, which in old days we were inclined to think almost invincible.

#### **Record Sale of Polo Ponies.**—

Never before has a polo pony fetched the unprecedented price of 750 gs., which was given by Lord Kensington for Sailor at Messrs. E. D. and G. A. Miller's

sale of first-class made polo ponies at Spring Hill, Rugby, on Monday, April 4th. There were in all thirty-one ponies sold, averaging £281. The first sixteen on the catalogue made an average of close on £400, which, in the history of sales of polo ponies is quite unprecedented. Up to this date the purchaser of Sailor held the highest record for the amount given for a polo pony, which was for Fizzer, bought at Tattersall's by him in 1897 at 510 gs. Among the well-known supporters and purchasers at the sale were Sir Humphrey de Trafford, Lord Lovat, Captain Fitzgerald, Mr. Walter Jones, Captain Daly, Lord Harrington, Mr. Freake, Mr. Drybrough, Mr. Belville, Lord Waterford, Mr. Brassey, the Duke of Roxburghe, Mr. Walter Jones, and others. The Messrs. Miller are certainly to be congratulated upon the support given by the high-class players in the polo world, and it goes without saying that they must be exceedingly popular to gather such a company together. Messrs. Warner, Sheppard, and Wade were the auctioneers.

#### **Sport at the Universities.**—

As in 1859, Light and Dark Blues will long remember their Easter Vacation. Not since that date has such awful weather completely put most Inter-Varsity competitions out of court. A regular blizzard raged over the Sandwich Links on the occasion of the golf match, which effectively intervened as regards class play; indeed, several couples had to (perforce) retire more than once. Cambridge won by 11 holes 5, and we saw quite enough to convince us that they would have done so under any circumstances. Athletics were out of the question at Queen's Club on the following day, and the Inter-Varsity meet-

ing was postponed to the present Term. The meeting will probably take place on the Saturday preceding the cricket match at Lord's, and compensation is afforded by the fact that the same spell of training will allow many University cracks to compete for the English Amateur Championships in July. The Sister Blues took opportunity by the hand to amicably discuss the *vexata quæstio* of Hammer and Weight. It is more than likely that a half-mile race will be added to the programme henceforth, whether these feats of strength are eliminated or not — but more authoritatively anon. 1859 history repeated itself in the Boat Race, almost to the letter! The race ought not to have been rowed under such adverse conditions by common consent, but it *was* rowed, with the result that Oxford, with the best station, won exactly as they pleased. To pretend any sort of criticism would be pure affectation, and the question of which was the better crew will always remain a debatable one. After the race, however, most capable judges inclined to the opinion that the superb body-swing, the grand leg-drive, and machine-like action of the Dark Blues would have told the inevitable tale even under happier circumstances. We agree; but much regret that such misdirected enthusiasm should have robbed us of what promised to prove the race of the century. Both winners and losers alike are to be very heartily congratulated upon the outcome. Oxford, upon once again completing a sequence of nine successive wins, and Cambridge upon a wondrous stern-chase, in which they emulated the fabulous feat of Vengeur by rowing until the water almost reached their waists. Further congratulations to President C. K. Philips

and C. D. Burnell, the Oxonians, upon equalling the four consecutive wins' record of such worthies as Messrs. Willan, Muttelbury, Fletcher, C. M. Pitman, &c. We may add that both Cam and Isis are once again alive with racing craft, preparatory to the stirring "wetbob" events of Summer Term, of which we shall chat in due course. As anticipated in BAILY also, the representative chess match was won by Cambridge by 4 games 3. Play throughout was of very high order, and we anticipate Oxford and Cambridge fully holding their own, if not actually winning, against the American Universities later on. Oxford won both double and single Racquet competitions at Queen's Club, thanks to the fine play of R. E. Foster (Malvern and University), a brother of H. K. Foster, the Amateur Champion. The last-named ex-Oxonian had no difficulty in retaining his proud title during the same week, whilst yet another brother, W. L. Foster, assisted him in carrying off the Doubles Championship also. Up-to-date, the Inter-'Varsity record for 1897-8 stands at Oxford 8 events, Cambridge 5 events. With the added interest of further athletic prowess, the present Term's sport should be of the fast and furious order. Already cricket, cycling, polo, tennis, swimming, &c., devotees are girding up their loins for the next big sequence of Inter-'Varsity events.

Cricket prospects are unusually rosy at both Universities. At Cambridge, C. E. M. Wilson (Uppingham and Trinity) succeeds Norman Druce as captain, and has Stogdon, Burnup, Jessop, Fernie, de Zoete, the Old Blues, still available. Above and beyond such sterling seniors as W. N. Pilkington, A. H. Hornby, L. J. Moon, J. C. Tabor,

H. B. Hawkins, T. L. Taylor, H. G. Curgenven, &c., a very likely lot of freshmen are to the fore also. Principal of these are Messrs. Lumsden (Fettes), J. A. Campbell (Fettes), A. E. Hind (Uppingham), E. E. Apthorp (Malvern), T. G. O. Cole (Harrow), W. Prest (Marlborough) *cum multis aliis*, all of whom possess undoubted credentials. F. H. E. Cunliffe (Eton and New College) succeeds G. R. Bardswell as "skipper" at Oxford, whilst Champain, Bromley-Martin, Eccles, R. E. Foster, Wright, Fane, and (probably) C. C. Pilkington, the Old Blues, will all be in residence. Of the most likely seniors, F. W. Stocks, R. W. Mitchell, R. H. Montmorency, H. R. Parkes, A. M. Hollins, E. C. Lee, G. H. Rowe, and L. S. Matthews, &c., may be mentioned. Rarely has such a fine array of freshmen been in evidence, moreover, with reputations in every department of the game. V. F. C. Crauford (Whitgift), J. W. A. Crauford (Merchant Taylors'), R. Joyce (Bedford), L. P. Collins (Marlborough), J. F. A. Swanston (Loretto), L. T. Dodd (St. Paul's), R. E. More (Westminster), F. H. Mitchell (Eton), are only a very few of the junior men who should play an important part in Oxford cricket for the next year or so. The fixture-lists are about the same as last year, but Cambridge have a new engagement with Middlesex, and Oxford take on Essex for the first time. We hope to report a lot of real progress next month, and other current events may be summed up very briefly. Old Oxonians deplore the deaths of Lord Hillingdon and the Earl of Strafford, and it is a pathetic circumstance that these two peers, intimate friends at the "House" in the

fifties, should have died almost simultaneously. The American Universities have taken umbrage at the refusal of Light and Dark Blues to meet them in athletic contest again just yet. They had drafted a somewhat "nasty" reply, but wiser counsels prevailed, and this is to be greatly modified later on, we hear. Both the Oxford and Cambridge Volunteer corps went into camp at Aldershot during Easter week, and (as usual) combined business with pleasure. An unparalleled scene of enthusiasm took place upon their exodus, an immense crowd—headed by the Seaforth Highlanders' band—accompanying them to the station. It is noteworthy that Oxford again won the Inter-Varsity "Grind" this year over the Burton Bassett course. There were ten starters, Baron A. G. Rothschild (Cambridge) running both Orion and Garland. Mr. C. P. Nickalls' Shylock II. repeated his 1897 victory very easily, however, Mr. G. Bellville's Xerxes (Cambridge) being second, but only after an exciting finish with Mr. P. F. Brassey's Royston (Oxford). In the actual result the Dark Blues got five horses home out of the first six! They should have a fine Polo team this year.

**Aquatics.**—The season of 1898 has opened auspiciously with healthy signs in every branch of river sport. Amateur rowing clubs generally are already busy with practice and preparation, and such unusual activity at this stage argues well for the future. It is highly satisfactory to know that the dates of Henley Regatta (July 5th, &c.), will suit everybody this year, as also that the wholesale clashing of events—so prominent in 1897, will be conspicuous by its absence. During the current month we are promised a Parlia-



mentary double-sculling contest between Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Reginald McKenna (Radical) and the Hon. W. F. D. Smith and Mr. Scott-Montagu (Unionist), to finish in front of the House of Commons Terrace. This unique race will excite considerable interest and affords yet another instance of the ever-increasing popularity of rowing. The sailing season promises to be a record one. All last year's craft are in commission, whilst many new ones have been built or are building. Thus early, some exciting contests have been decided under the auspices of the leading clubs, and the fixture-list is a very formidable one. The Bourne End Week is arranged for June 20th to 25th, prior to which we hope (as usual) to discuss the merits of the leading craft. Punt-sailing increases in popularity every year, whilst punting *per se* again promises to flourish exceedingly under Thames Punting Club rules. A big list of fixtures has been carefully drawn up, the Amateur Championship Meeting being fixed for August 4th, over the Shepperton course. Canoeing numbers hundreds of active devotees, for whose benefit the Royal Canoe Club has also arranged a comprehensive programme. It is understood that another invasion of American competitors will take place in June. Altogether the outlook at this early stage is particularly rosy—from a racing point of view—and we look forward with confidence to grand sport right away. Socially the prospects are just as bright; for, say what you will, the Jubilee Festivals last year *did* damage the river-season somewhat! Judging from the vast preparations already being made by boat-builders, hotel-keepers, &c., another real riparian harvest is expected. By

the way, we congratulate Sir John Edwards-Moss, and all concerned, upon the abandonment of the Henley Railway Bill by the G.W.R. This means that Henley Regatta is saved, and the picturesque Thames Valley preserved from desecration—as it ever should be. Professional prospects are fairly rosy also, several sculling matches of importance are already arranged for the near future, whilst challenges are being thrown forth almost weekly by our native exponents. We anticipate a very busy time in this direction, but whether any Englishman will prove "classy" enough to challenge Jake Gaudaur for the World's Championship is open to doubt. It is understood that steps are being taken to resuscitate the old-time Thames (or National) Regatta. The Brothers Haines of Old Windsor have ruled the roost at professional punting of late years, but if—as freely reported—Abel Beesley means to go in for racing again, we ought to get some grand sport. Needs must, however, that authoritative news should be lax at this early stage of the season, and that exponents (whether amateur or professional) should "gang warily" yet awhile. Next month we hope to report no end of progress all down the line.

**Golf.** — During the holiday season just over, there was some excellent play in all parts of the country, but especially in the south and west of England where the weather was on its good behaviour most of the time. At Sandwich, the place of giants as it is often called, the foursome tournament for the Sedgwick Cup excited a great deal of interest, so much, indeed, that many members left off their own play to see some of the matches. The final round was won by The

Hon. A. H. Grosvenor and Mr. R. H. Caird, playing against Mr. Everard Smith and Mr. Nigel Smith. Coming home the winners got a lead of 3 holes, but their opponents playing a very strong game won 4 holes in succession and thus completely altered the appearance of things. When the sixteenth hole had been played, the match stood all even. Then followed two divided holes, with the result that it was necessary to play on to decide the destiny of the Cup. The first hole out was also halved, and it was only when the Messrs. Smith got bunkered at the next that Messrs. Grosvenor and Caird pulled off the match. At Westward Ho some variety was given to the proceedings by a match between the local club and the Royal Liverpool. The clubs played fourteen men a side, and though the Royal Liverpool had only an indifferent team, they made a very good show on the strange green. Thirty-six holes were played and the Royal North Devon came out with a total of 68 holes against 47 for the Royal Liverpool. In the subsequent club competition the latter had its revenge, for Messrs Harold Hilton and John Ball, junr., carried all before them, the former doing the difficult round in 79 strokes. Another good fixture was that of the Royal Blackheath Club. This venerable club has many difficulties to contend with, but it fights them with a brave heart, and its meetings are invariably attended with success, alike from a golfing and a social point of view. At the dinner following the play there were nearly one hundred guests, and if they did not attain those perilous heights of conviviality reached in the old days of the Knuckle Club, they enjoyed themselves

thoroughly according to modern ideas. On the Heath the most successful player was Mr. F. S. Ireland, who did the 3 rounds in 110 strokes. Mr. Ireland's position at Blackheath seems to be that of Mr. John Ball, junr., at Hoylake some years ago; that is to say, he is "cock of the walk." At Wimbledon, Furzedown, Mitcham and other golfing centres in and near London, there were competitions of one kind and another, but they do not call for individual notice.

**Football.** — Englishmen have every reason to feel proud of the results of the Association International matches this season, for the series of contests have conclusively proved England to be superior to the other countries. After England's victory over Wales by 3 goals to 0, the match between England and Scotland was left to decide the championship, both countries having beaten Ireland and Wales. Glasgow was this year the *venue* for the encounter, and the struggle was watched by a vast concourse of people: the receipts at the match amounting to more than £3,000. The English team included three amateurs — W. J. Oakley, C. Wreford Brown, and G. O. Smith — and eight professionals. The latter included Williams (West Bromwich Albion) and Forman (Notts Forest), who gained their caps against Scotland for the first time. A very fine game was witnessed, but it was not such a brilliant exhibition of football as the match between the two countries at the Palace last season. England proved superior to their rivals in every department of the game, and in the end retired victorious by three goals to one — a score which fairly represented the general run of the play. The English half-backs were particu-

larly good, and the forwards gave a much smarter show than the Scotch front rank. Bloomer was in great form, two of the three goals being credited to the Derby County man.

The Football Association Challenge Cup final tie was fought out by Notts Forest and Derby County. After disposing of Gainsboro' Trinity, Grimsby Town, and West Bromwich Albion, the Foresters were pitted against Southampton in the semi-final at Sheffield. The Southern team played a splendid game and the Notts men were lucky to get off with a draw. The re-play took place at the Crystal Palace and again luck favoured the Forest, for after having had the worst of the play they scored a couple of goals in the last two minutes' play, when Southampton were facing a blinding snowstorm. In the earlier rounds Derby County accounted for Aston Villa (the holders), Wolverhampton Wanderers, and Liverpool. The semi-final saw the Derby Team gain a handsome victory over Everton, and this performance, coupled with Notts Forest's indifferent show against Southampton, naturally made the former favourites for the final. This was played at the Crystal Palace on April 16th before 60,000 spectators. Contrary to expectations, the Notts men proved to be the superior side, and they gained a well deserved win by 3 goals to 1. The defence of Allsopp in goal and Scott and Ritchie at back for the

winning team, were the features of the match. The play of the Derby men was disappointing.

The Rugby season was practically brought to an end with the England v. Wales match at Blackheath. The English fifteen made some amends for their failure to beat Ireland and Scotland by running up a good score against the Welshmen. The Welsh forwards were outmanœuvred by the English pack, with the result that the home backs were given many chances to display their abilities. These they took full advantage of, and England won by a goal and three tries to a goal and a try. It is difficult to place the four countries in any order of merit this season, owing to the fact that Wales did not meet Scotland. Scotland alone escaped defeat, beating Ireland and drawing with England. England defeated Wales, drew with Scotland, and lost to Ireland. Ireland beat England, but lost to Wales and Scotland. Wales defeated Ireland and lost to England.

**Billiards.**—The Duke of Fife, K.T., has entrusted Messrs. Cox and Yeman of Brompton Road, S.W., with the order to fit up his billiard-room at Mar Lodge, Braemar, N.B., making the fourth table this firm have supplied to his Grace.

**Tom Whitmore.**—The portrait of Tom Whitmore, given in last month's issue, was from a photograph by J. A. Reid, of Bedford.

# Sporting Intelligence.

[During March—April, 1898.]

THE unique feat of training three consecutive winners of the Lincolnshire Handicap has been achieved by W. T. Robinson, the Foxhill trainer, the victory of Prince Barcaldine on March 21st having been preceded by that of Winkfield's Pride in 1897 and of Clorane in 1896.

A number of hounds belonging to the Wheatland Pack were discovered on March 24th to be suffering from strychnine poisoning, while in a wood near Wenlock. Some twelve hounds were affected.

On March 26th the Meynell Hounds met at Sudbury Hall for the last day of the season. It being also the last occasion that Charles Leedham appeared as huntsman, a testimonial, which had been subscribed for by the members of the Hunt, was presented by Lord Burton in the presence of a large gathering. The presentation took the form of a cheque for one thousand guineas and a service of silver plate. Lord Burton referred to the fact that Charles was the representative of three generations of huntsmen of the Leedham family.

During the week ending March 26th Colonel Digby, fishing Lord Lansdowne's Meikleour Water in the Tay, got thirteen salmon in four days, five fish weighing over twenty pounds each.

The following times and values for the Grand National (March 25th) are compiled by the *Sportsman*: Mr. C. G. M. Adam's Drogheda (6 yrs., 10st. 12lb.) won the above race yesterday in the good time of 9 min 43½ secs., according to Benson's chronograph, the distance covered being about four miles 856 yards, and the value of the stakes was £1,975. Last year Mr. H. M. Dyas's Manifesto went the course in 9 min. 49 secs., and the stakes amounted to the same sum. In 1896, when Mr. W. H. Walker's The Soarer (aged, 9st. 13lb.) was successful, the time occupied was 10 min. 11½ secs., and the value of the race was £1,975. A similar sum was credited to Mr. John Widger when Wild Man from Borneo won in 1895, and the time record was then 10 mins. 52 secs. The shortest time in which the Grand National has been won is 9 mins. 30 secs., by Huntsman in 1862, but Cloister's record of 9 mins. 42½ secs. is the best over the present course.

When the Quorn Hounds met at Barkby Hall, on March 28th, an interesting

ceremony took place, Lord Belper presenting Mr. J. D. Cradock, secretary to the Hunt, with a testimonial consisting of a cheque and silver cup. In making the presentation Lord Belper referred to the fact that both Mr. Cradock's father and grandfather had befriended the Quorn.

A sporting match took place near Alresford, March 28th, between Mr. A. Yates's Dhuringle and Mr. S. Hurst's Lady Jane (owners up) at catch-weights, over 16st. The distance was upwards of four miles, over a stiff course, mostly post and rails. Lady Jane made most of the running until half a mile from home, when Dhuringle drew to the front and won cleverly by half a length.

An uncommon event occurred to the Shropshire Hounds on March 28th. Hounds met at Hodnet and after a capital run from Peplow to Shackleford Mill, killed. Later a move was made into Hawkstone Park, and a fox slipped away so quickly that hounds went off practically untended. The field followed on for miles round by Styche, Market Drayton, and into Cheshire, but the pursuit was a hopeless one, and at six o'clock only the Master and Yeo had seen the hounds, they being then many miles from kennels.

On March 29th, Earl Cawdor died at Stackpole Court, Pembrokeshire, aged eighty years. Lord Cawdor registered his colours somewhat late in life, and he was elected a member of the Jockey Club in 1876, continuing until 1895. Lord Cawdor bred the famous mare Perdita II., dam of Florizell II. and Persimmon.

The well-known jockey, J. T. Calder, died on March 29th, at Newmarket, aged thirty years. Calder was apprenticed to the late E. Weever, in 1895, he won the Manchester Cup for H.R.H. Prince of Wales, on Florizell II., and in 1896 he was engaged by Sir J. Blundell Maple as first jockey. Calder's most successful season was 1894, when he won 84 times out of 388 mounts.

At the Windsor and Eton Gymnastic Club on March 30th, Mr. E. Lawrence Levy (amateur champion) established a record for amateur heavy weight lifting. With body erect, heels together, he raised a 95½lb dumb-bell above his head with right arm six times. The Mayor of Windsor (Mr. T. Clarke) was in the chair, and Captain Ellison, of the 1st Berks

Volunteers, acted as umpire, and announced this a record performance.

A case of hound poisoning has stopped the Devon and Somerset Staghounds. On March 31st one was killed through eating a poisoned rabbit, and at Cockcombe in April another hound died by poison.

Springfield, sire of Sainfoin, died at Green Lodge, Newmarket, on March 31st. Springfield was foaled at the Hampton Court Stud in 1873 and was by St. Albans, a son of Stockwell, out of Viridis by Marsyas. Purchased by Mr. J. H. Houldsworth as a yearling, he ran for several years and in 1877 he beat Silvio in the Champion Stakes giving 12lbs. In the following year he went to the stud at Hampton Court, where in addition to Sainfoin he sired Briar Root and among others Morganette, dam of Galtee More. On the dispersion of the Royal Stud Springfield went to Green Lodge, where his days were ultimately ended by the friendly bullet.

The Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire died at his London residence on March 31st, aged sixty-five years. Lord Suffolk was well-known on the Turf, and elected to the Jockey Club in 1884, and a steward of the Grand National Hunt in 1889. The deceased peer was a keen man with hounds, a good shot, delighted in fishing, and a kindly landlord; he had also been a considerable contributor to sporting literature.

It is interesting to note that the victory of the Hon. Aleck H. Willoughby on Minster at Lord Middleton's "Point to Point races" on March 31st, completes a quartette of brothers who have won Point to Point races, the first was Major Ernest Percival Willoughby, 9th Lancers, on Langar at Creyke Castle; second, the Hon. Tatton L. Willoughby, on Minster at Lappington; third, Capt the Hon. Claude C. Willoughby, 9th Lancers, on the Fox at Brandsby; and fourth, the Hon. Aleck H. Willoughby, at Sheriff Hutton on Minster.

The following were the prices obtained at the record sale of Messrs. Miller's Polo Ponies, on April 4th:—Conceit, ch. m., 6 yrs.—"Mr. Wexford," 300 gs. Sermon, ch. m., 6 yrs.—"Mr. Wexford," 420 gs. Charmer, b. m., 6 yrs.—W. Jones, 610 gs. Black Bess, bl. m., 7 yrs.—Lord Waterford, 450 gs. Lady Grey, gr. m. 6 yrs.—"Mr. Stafford," 480 gs. Sailor, br. g., aged—Lord Kensington, 750 gs. Elastic, br. m., aged—Lord Kensington, 550 gs. Gamecock, b. g., aged—Mr. Brassey, 250 gs. Rainbow, 6 yrs.—"Mr. Stafford," 280 gs. Kilmoon, br. m., 7 yrs.—"Mr. Stafford," 400 gs. Nellie, ch. m. 7 yrs.—

Mr. Brassey, 220 gs. Nugget, ch. g., 6 yrs.—Mr. Marjoribanks, 250 gs. Dandelion, bl. g., 6 yrs.—Lord Kensington, 350 gs. Tip Cat, br. m., 6 yrs.—H. Wilson, 300 gs. Leap Year, bl. m., 8 yrs.—O. Molyneux, 370 gs. Weasel, b. g., 7 yrs.—O. Molyneux, 300 gs. Mermaid, br. m., 6 yrs.—Mr. Marjoribanks, 130 gs. Merry Thought, b. g., aged—H. Wilson, 220 gs. Bride, gr. m., 6 yrs.—Mr. Fitzgerald, 200 gs. Treasure, b. g., 5 yrs.—Captain Peel, 140 gs. Lady Alys, br. m., 6 yrs.—Mr. Osgood, 200 gs. Minor, b. m., 5 yrs.—Duke of Roxburghe, 140 gs. Brown Stout, br. g. 7 yrs.—Duke of Roxburghe, 110 gs. Fashion, b. m., 6 yrs.—Captain Peel, 70 gs. Folly, b. m., 5 yrs.—Captain Peel, 180 gs. Stuff, b. m., 6 yrs.—Captain Daly, 140 gs. Playful, br. m., 5 yrs.—F. Belleville, 160 gs. Combatti, bl. g., 8 yrs.—Mr. Longfield, 80 gs. Cockle, b. g., 6 yrs.—Lord Lovat, 70 gs. Barmaid, b. m., 6 yrs.—Mr. Fitzgerald, 130 gs. Gipsy, br. m., 7 yrs.—Mr. O'Neil, 2nd Life Guards, 60 gs.

Mr. Richard Johnson, the well-known racing judge, died at his residence in York, on April 7th, at the goodly age of eighty-five years.

The death of Mr. Hamar Bass, M.P., took place on April 9th, at his residence, Byrkley Lodge, Burton-on-Trent, after a short illness.

The death of Major Browne, of Callaly Castle, took place on April 11th, in his 54th year. The deceased, for a number of years, hunted the country and maintained the Callaly hounds at his own expense, but owing to failing health gave up last year, and the hounds were sold. Previously he had kept a pack of otter hounds.

The German Government are recognising the military value of sport. Speaking at Langholm on April 15th, Mr. Bell Irving, Master of the Dumfriesshire Otter Hounds, said he had just had a communication from a representative of the German Government, asking him if he could supply a lot of otter hounds. The German Government were now going in for supplying both otter hounds and foxhounds in order to foster a love of sport in the Army.

A large assembly of Border sportsmen foregathered at Langholm on April 15th, when the Duke of Buccleuch, in the name of the subscribers, presented Mr. Paterson, the Master of the Eskdale Hounds, with his portrait in oils on his completion of over fifty years' fox-hunting. Mrs. Paterson was at the same time presented with a diamond star.

The Wynnstay Hunt Steeplechase Meeting, on April 15th, afforded an opportunity

for the presentation of a testimonial to William Lockey, who has been huntsman to Sir Watkin Wynn since 1881, and is now giving up. The substantial sum of 500 guineas, accompanied by a list of subscribers, was presented to Lockey by Mr. Edmund Peel.

A black greyhound bitch, *Fine Night* by *Herschel*, dam *Harpstring*, was sold on April 16th, for the sum of 370 guineas. This is stated to be the highest price ever recorded for a brood bitch. *Harpstring* is dam of *Wild Night*, winner of the *Waterloo Cup*, 1898.

Viscount *Oxenbridge* died at Paris on April 16th, aged sixty-nine years. The deceased peer took a great interest in Surrey cricket and was for many years President of the County Club.

The Hon. Secretary of the North Cornwall Hunt has been presented by the members with a silver tankard, in recognition of his services to the Hunt during the past six seasons.

Another trainer has scored three successive years in one event, J. Watson having brought forward the winner of the *Brocklesby Stakes* for 1896, 1897 and this year. *Gay Lothair* and *Jest* were the property of Mr. L. de Rothchild, and *Amurath* is owned by Mr. H. M. Raphael.

Mr. Reuben Hunt, a sportsman well known in the Northern counties, died towards the end of March, at *Castleford*. In his time Mr. Hunt had several good horses, including *Warlabay*, who won a lot of races.

Again the record cricket score comes from the *Antipodes*. In a match played

at Melbourne between the University and *Essendon* the former made 1,697 runs, including five individual scores of three figures. The previous highest authenticated total obtained in any match was 922, by *Carlton* against *Melbourne University*, at Melbourne.

Mr. George Ure, of *Dundee*, for many years a great supporter of bull-dogs, and also a successful breeder of Pouter pigeons, died at the age of 86 years.

While the *Cattistock Hounds* were running towards the close of the season, near *Toller*, an old hunter drawing a baker's cart was passing along the adjacent road. The old horse had in his time been a first-rate fencer, and (says the *Field*) when the horn, or the cry, first attracted his attention, up went his head, and when he ran, so to speak, from scent to view—that is to say, as soon as he caught sight of the hounds—he bolted. The cart was overturned on the rough ground, and the wheels passed over the boy who was driving, but luckily he was not hurt. With no hand to check him, the old horse went away in fine style, and so far remembered his old jumping qualities as to endeavour to take a gate, cart and all, but being less clever at this sort of thing than *Jack Mytton's* horse is said to have been, he took a "toss," and it was some time before the horse and cart were disconnected, and the boy able to continue his rounds—but what became of the bread we are not told.

The death is recorded of *Major Allfrey*, who was for some years master of the *South Berks Foxhounds*. *Major Allfrey* was also well-known as a member of the *Coaching Club*.

### TURF.

#### LINCOLN.—SPRING MEETING.

March 21st.—The *Batthyany Stakes* (*Handicap*) of 460 sovs.; five furlongs, straight.

Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's b. c.  
Gay Lothair, by *Lactantius*—  
Gaylass, 3 yrs., 7st. 9lb.

T. Loates 1  
Mr. D. Seymour's b. or br. h.  
Suppliant, 5 yrs., 9st. S. Loates 2  
Mr. M. Dawson's b. c. Longtown,  
3 yrs., 8st. 6lb. C. Wood 3  
3 to 1 agst. Gay Lothair.

The *Chaplin Stakes* of 265 sovs. for three year olds which have not won a race value 500 sovs. at the time of closing; the straight mile.

Lord Penrhyn's b. c. King's Messenger, by King Monmouth—  
Swiftsure, 8st. 10lb. M. Cannon 1

Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's b. c.  
Vatel, 8st. 10lb. T. Loates 2  
Sir J. Blundell Maple's b. c. Devon,  
8st. 5lb. S. Loates 3  
4 to 1 agst. King's Messenger.

March 22nd.—The *Lincolnshire Handicap* of 1,815 sovs.; the straight mile.

Mr. W. M. Clarke's ch. h. Prince Barcardine, by Barcardine—St. Olave, 5 yrs., 7st. 5lb.

N. Robinson 1  
Lord Howe's ch. h. High Treasurer, by Salisbury—Lowland Maid, 5 yrs., 7st. 3lb. (car. 7st. 4lb.)

T. Loates 2  
Capt. Greer's b. h. Ravensdale, by Kendal—Summersdale, 5 yrs., 6st. 11lb. H. Jones 3  
4 to 1 agst. Prince Barcardine.

March 23rd.—The Brocklesby Stakes of 1,180 sovs. (a sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft., with 500 added): for two-year-olds; five furlongs.

Mr. H. L. Raphael's b. c. Amurath, by Janissary—Ladykin, 8st. 12lb. 1

T. Loates 1

Lord Dunraven's bl. c. Desmond, by St. Simon—l'Abbesse de Jouarre, 8st. 12lb. ....Rumbold 2

Sir M. FitzGerald's b. f. Sister Angela, by St. Angelo—White Veil, 8st. 9lb. ....C. Ward 3

4 to 1 agst. Amurath.

#### LIVERPOOL.—SPRING MEETING.

March 24th.—The Molyneux Stakes of 725 sovs. for two-year-olds; five furlongs.

Mr. Arthur James's b. f. Fascination, by Royal Hampton—Charm, 8st. 9lb. ....M. Cannon 1

Mr. W. M. Redfern's b. c. Hampton Prince, by Prince Hampton—Zelle, 8st. 12lb. ....C. Wood 2

Mr. J. Ryan's ch. c. Giglio, by Orvieto—Dorothy Draggetail, 8st. 12lb. ....Allsopp 3

Evens Fascination.

The Prince of Wales's Plate of 272 sovs.: a handicap for three-year-olds and upwards; Canal Point in (nearly six furlongs).

Mr. Joseph Tyler's b. h. Saint Noel, by Theophilus—Christmas Gift, 5 yrs., 7st. 13lb. ....Allsopp 1

Sir J. Thursby's b. h. The Tartar, 6 yrs., 8st. 4lb. (car. 8st. 7lb.) M. Cannon 2

Mr. D. Seymour's b. m. Sapling, 5 yrs., 7st. 8lb. ....S. Loates 3

5 to 1 agst. St. Noel.

The (23rd) Union Jack Stakes of 774 sovs.: for three-year-olds; one mile.

Duke of Devonshire's b. c. Carhaix, by Tristan—Oceana, 8st. 7lb. M. Cannon 1

Capt. E. W. Baird's b. c. Orviano, 8st. 7lb. ....Rickaby 2

Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's br. c. Vatel, 8st. 7lb. ....T. Loates 3

Evens Carhaix.

March 25th.—The Hylton Handicap of 450 sovs.; five furlongs.

Mr. L. Pilkington's ch. f. Canonbury, by Crowberry—Canoness, 4 yrs., 7st. 11lb. ....Allsopp 1

Mr. W. T. Sharpe's ch. m. Norah Sandys, 5 yrs., 7st. 11lb. T. Loates 2

Mr. D. Seymour's ch. c. Sirdar, 4 yrs., 9st. ....S. Loates 3

4 to 1 agst. Canonbury.

The Sefton Park Plate of 440 sovs.; for two-year-olds; five furlongs.

Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's b. f. Rosana, by Bumptious—Rosalie, 8st. 7lb. ....T. Loates 1

Mr. W. A. Jarvis' ch. c. Mack Olive, 8st. 10lb. ....S. Loates 2

Mr. Dobell's b. c. Melfi, 8st. 12lb. C. Wood 3

2 to 1 agst. Rosana.

The Grand National Steeplechase of 1,975 sovs.; a handicap for five-year-olds and upwards; Grand National Course; about four miles and 856 yards.

Mr. C. G. Adam's b. g. Drogheda, by Cherry Ripe—Eglington, 6 yrs., 10st. 12lb. ....Gourley 1

Mr. R. Ward's b. g. Cathal, by The Cassock or Hominy—Daffodil, aged, 11st. 5lb. Mr. R. Ward 2

Mr. F. D. Leyland's ch. g. Gauntlet, by Gallinule—Lady Louisa, aged, 10st. 13lb. ....W. Taylor 3

25 to 1 agst. Drogheda.

The Bickerstaffe Stakes of 507 sovs.; for three-year-olds; one mile.

Sir J. B. Maple's b. c. Devon, by Common—Junket, 8st. 7lb. S. Loates 1

Captain Greer's ch. c. Bittern, 9st. 4lb. J. Watts 2

Lord Derby's ch. c. Rissoto, 9st. Rickaby 3

100 to 12 agst. Devon.

The Fifty-first Liverpool Spring Cup (Handicap) of 728 sovs.; one mile and three furlongs.

Lord Stanley's ch. h. Golden Rule, by Royal Hampton—Meteora, 5 yrs., 7st. 11lb. ....N. Robinson 1

Mr. T. Cannon's b. h. Amphidamas, aged, 7st. 6lb. K. Cannon 2

Sir F. Johnstone's b. c. Butter, 4 yrs., 8st. 4lb. (car. 8st. 6lb.) M. Cannon 3

100 to 12 agst. Golden Rule.

The Stanley Stakes of 385 sovs.; for two-year-olds; five furlongs.

Mr. W. G. Stevens' b. c. The Grey Man, by Grey Friars—Mermaid, 8st. 11lb. M. Cannon 1

Mr. A. B. Sadler's hr. Filly by Freemason—The Nightingale, by Silvio, 8st. 8lb. ....F. Rickaby 2

Mr. W. M. Redfern's b. c. Hampton Prince, 9st. ....C. Wood 3

5 to 2 agst. The Grey Man.

DERBY.—SPRING MEETING.

March 28th.—The Welbeck Handicap Stakes of 460 sovs.; five furlongs, straight.

Mr. D. Seymour's b. or br. h. Suppliant, by Atheling or Ashplant—Vesper Bell, 5 yrs., 9st. S. Loates 1

Mr. R. Maguire's b. or br. g. Filassier, 5 yrs., 7st. 10lb. O. Madden 2

Mr. Delany's ch. c. Green Tea, 3 yrs., 7st. 3lb. ....Toon 3  
 9 to 4 agst. Suppliant.  
 The Doveridge Handicap Stakes of 925 sovs.; the straight mile.  
 Mr. T. L. Plunkett's br. h. Bellevin, by Atheling—Miliora, 5 yrs., 7st. 13lb. ....S. Loates 1  
 Lord Stanley's br. h. Melange, 5 yrs., 8st. 9lb. ....Rickaby 2  
 Mr. E. C. Clayton's b. c. All Moonshine, 4 yrs., 7st. 1lb. R. Morgan 3  
 7 to 4 agst. Bellevin.

The Sudbury Stakes of 302 sovs.; for two-year-olds; five furlongs.  
 Mr. R. Devereux's b. f. Galopin Lassie, by Galopin—Kylesku, 8st. 4lb. ....S. Loates 1  
 Captain Machell's b. f. Huntress, 8st. 4lb. (car 8st. 6lb.) M. Cannon 2

Mr. Reid Walker's ch. c. Zoar, 8st. 7lb. ....F. Finlay 3  
 9 to 4 agst. Galopin Lassie.

The Derbyshire Stakes (a High-weight Handicap) of 245 sovs.; about a mile and a half.

Mr. J. Hammond's br. c. Herminius, by Lowland Chief—Herminia, 4 yrs., 8st. 1lb. C. Wood 1

Lord Rosebery's br. c. Sir Hew, 3 yrs., 6st, 12lb. ....C. Leader 2

Lord Dunraven's ch. c. Sisypheus, 4 yrs., 7st. 13lb. ....Rumbold 3  
 7 to 4 on Herminius.

The Chaddesden Plate (a High weight Handicap) of 225 sovs.; about six furlongs, straight.

Mr. J. Dawson, jun.'s b. c. Bridgewater, by Hampton—Barmaid, 4 yrs., 8st. ....C. Wood 1

Mr. W. F. Lee's ch. h. Royal Flush, 5 yrs., 8st. 13lb. F. Finlay 2

Mr. P. Buchanan's b. h. Beano, 6 yrs., 8st. 7lb. ....T. Loates 3  
 6 to 1 agst. Bridgewater.

#### NORTHAMPTON AND PYTCHLEY HUNT MEETING.

March 30th.—Earl Spencer's Plate (Handicap) of 437 sovs., a handicap for three-year-olds and upwards; five furlongs.

Mr. D. Seymour's b. or br. c. Suppliant, by Atheling or Ashplant—Vesper Bell, 5 yrs., 9st. 1lb. (inc. 10lb. ex.) ....S. Loates 1  
 Lord Wolverton's b. h. Ugly, 6 yrs., 9st. 7lb. ....J. Watts 2  
 Mr. A. Stedall's ch. f. Oceano, 3 yrs., 6st. 8lb. ....Purkiss 3  
 4 to 1 agst. Suppliant.

The Althorp Park Stakes of 585 sovs. for two-year-olds; five furlongs.

Mr. J. G. Mosenthal's br. c. Efficient, by Senanus—Effigy, 8st. 12lb. ....Allsopp 1

Captain Laing's br. c. Footpad II., 8st. 12lb. ....Bradford 2

Sir J. Blundell Maple's b. f. Monopoly, 8st. 9lb. ....C. Wood 3  
 11 to 4 agst. Efficient.

March 31st.—The Northamptonshire Stakes of 925 sovs., a handicap for three-year-olds and upwards; one mile and a half and 200 yards.

Major Fenwick's ch. c. Barford, by King Monmouth—Warden Belle, 5 yrs., 6st. 11lb. ....H. Jones 1

Mr. E. Cassel's b. c. Marius II., 5 yrs., 7st. 9lb. ....S. Loates 2

Lord Ellesmere's br. h. Villiers, 6 yrs., 7st. 2lb. (car. 7st. 3lb.) N. Robinson 3

#### FOLKESTONE.—INAUGURATION STEEPLECHASE MEETING.

March 31st.—The Great Kent Handicap Steeplechase of 257 sovs.; two miles.

Mr. Spencer Gollan's br. g. Ebor, by Robert the Devil (Australian), dam's ped. unknown, aged, 12st. 7lb. ....Dollery 1

Mr. R. Bull's bl. or br. g. Idalus, 6 yrs., 10st. 10lb. ....Lane 2

Mr. R. C. Dawson's ch. f. Mill Girl, 5 yrs., 10st. 8lb. ....O'Brien 3  
 7 to 4 agst. Ebor.

#### LEICESTER.—SPRING MEETING.

April 2nd.—The Leicestershire Spring Handicap Plate of 284 sovs.; one mile, straight.

Mr. J. G. Mosenthal's b. c. Chaleureux, by Goodfellow—L'Ete, 4 yrs. 7st. 11lb. ....Allsopp 1

Mr. F. Hardy's ch. c. Privado, 4 yrs., 6st. 13lb. ....J. Hunt 2

Mr. H. G. Wyld's b. c. Everleigh, 3 yrs., 6st. ....Skarret 3  
 6 to 4 against Chaleureux.

#### NOTTINGHAM.—SPRING MEETING.

April 5th.—The Nottingham Spring Handicap Stakes of 462 sovs.; the straight mile.

Mr. C. S. Newton's br. h. Clipstone, by Friar's Balsam—Sweet Bay, 5 yrs., 8st. 1lb. ....S. Loates 1

Mr. A. M. Singer's br. c. Blossville, 4 yrs., 7st. 7lb. N. Robinson 2

Sir R. Waldie Griffith's b. or br. f. Merle, 4 yrs., 8st. 6lb. Rumbold 3

5 to 1 agst. Cliptone.



## ALEXANDRA PARK—APRIL MEETING.

- April 9.—The Metropolitan Handicap of 877 sovs. ; one mile and a furlong.
- |   |   |
|---|---|
| Prince Soltykoff's b. h. South Australian, by Sheen—Beltana,    |   |
| 5 yrs., 7st. 6lb.....N. Robinson                                | 1 |
| Mr. D. Seymour's ch. f. Lady Fisher, 4 yrs., 7st. 1lb. H. Jones | 2 |
| Mr. E. J. Rose's b. h. Brechin,                                 |   |
| 5 yrs., 7st. 9lb.....O. Madden                                  | 3 |
| 10 to 1 agst. South Australian.                                 |   |

## KEMPTON PARK.—EASTER MEETING.

- April 11th.—The Queen's Prize of £925 ; "Jubilee" Course, one mile.
- |   |   |
|---|---|
| Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's b. c. Jacquemart by Martagon—Fair Lady, 4 yrs. 8st. 6lbs....T. Loates | 1 |
| Prince Soltykoff's b. m. Sati, 6 yrs., 7st. 11lb. ....Toon  | 2 |
| Mr. Horatio Bottomley's b. c. Northern Farmer, 4 yrs., 8st. 2lb. ....F. Finlay                    | 3 |
| 100 to 12 agst. Jacquemart.   |   |
| The Rendlesham Two-Year-Old Plate of 460 sovs. ; five furlongs, on the Straight Course.           |   |
| Sir J. Duke's ch. f. Honey Bird, by Friar's Balsam—Warble, 8st. 11lb. ....Woodburn                | 1 |
| Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's b. f. Rosana, by Bumptious—Rosalie, gst. 1lb.                         |   |
| T. Loates   | 2 |
| Mr. Arthur James's b. f. Fascination, by Royal Hampton—Charm, gst. 1lb.....J. Watts               | 3 |
| 5 to 1 agst. Honey Bird.  |   |

## MANCHESTER—EASTER STEEPLE-CHASES.

- April 11th.—The Lancashire Handicap Steeplechase of 2,000 sovs. ; three miles and a half.
- |   |   |
|---|---|
| Mr. C. J. Cunningham's b. h. Keelson, by Panzerschiff—Red Shoes, 6 yrs., 10st. 3lb.         |   |
| A. Nightingall  | 1 |
| Mr. M. Firth's ch. g. Donner, 6 yrs., 10st. 6lb.....Mr. Cullen                              | 2 |
| Captain A. E. Whitaker's bl. g. Barcalwhey, aged, 10st. 6lb.                                |   |
| R. Chaloner   |   |
| 4 to 1 agst. Keelson.   |   |
| April 12th.—The Jubilee Handicap Hurdle Race of 862 sovs. ; two miles.                      |   |
| Mr. Reginald Ward's b. h. Regret, by Sheen—Farewell, 5 yrs., 11st. 10lb. ....A. Nightingall | 1 |
| Mr. R. C. Dawson's b. m. Irish Girl, 5 yrs., 11st. 8lb. ...Gourley                          | 2 |
| Miss A. O'Connor's br. m. Turkish Bath, 5 yrs., 10st. 11lb....Nolan                         | 3 |
| 6 to 2 agst. Regret.  |   |

## BIRMINGHAM—EASTER MEETING.

- April 11th.—The Birmingham Spring Handicap Stakes of 500 sovs. ; the Straight Mile.
- |   |   |
|---|---|
| Mr. E. C. Clayton's Simonburn, by St. Simon—St. Helen, aged, 7st. 12lb. ....S. Loates | 1 |
| Mr. A. Knowles' The Timman, aged, 8st. 4lb. ....Bate                                  | 2 |
| Mr. G. M. Inglis' False Step, 6 yrs., 8st. 8lb. ....Madden                            | 3 |
| 4 to 1 agst. Simonburn.   |   |

## NEWMARKET—CRAVEN MEETING.

- April 13th.—The Fitzwilliam Stakes of 500 sovs. ; for two-year-olds ; Rous Course (five furlongs).
- |  |   |
|--|---|
| Mr. C. D. Rose's b. f. Santa Casa, by Bona Vista—Lorette, 8st. 9lb.  |   |
| M. Cannon  | 1 |
| Sir R. Waldie Griffith's br. f. Landrail, 8st. 12lb. ...Rumbold  | 2 |
| Sir J. B. Maple's b. f. Monopoly, 8st. 9lb. ....C. Wood  | 3 |
| 6 to 1 agst. Santa Casa.   |   |
| The Crawford Plate (Handicap) of 400 sovs. ; Breyby Stakes Course (six furlongs).  |   |
| Mr. L. D. Rothschild's ch. g. Fosco, by Juggler—Merry Lassie   |   |
| 5 yrs., 7st. 2lb. ....T. Loates  | 1 |
| Lord Stanley's br. h. Melange, 5 yrs., 8st. 12lb. ....Rickaby  | 2 |
| Lord Howe's ch. h. High Treasurer, 5 yrs., 7st. 13lb. ...N. Robinson   | 3 |
| 95 to 20 agst. Fosco.  |   |
| The First Year of the Fortieth Newmarket Biennial Stakes of £454 10s., for three-year-olds ; R.M. (one mile eleven yards). |   |
| Mr. L. Brassey's b. c. Merry Buck by Merry Hampton—Papana, 8st. 9lb. ....Bradford  | 1 |
| Prince Soltykoff's b. c. Leisure Hour, gst. 5lb.....J. Watts   | 2 |
| Duke of Westminster's ch. c. St. Maur, 8st. 9lb.....Rickaby  | 3 |
| 10 to 1 agst. Merry Buck.  |   |
| April 14th.—The Babraham Plate (Welter Handicap) of 430 sovs. ; R.M. (one mile eleven yards).                              |   |
| Sir J. Miller's b. g. Pinfold, by Surefoot—Pinta, 3 yrs., 7st. 5lb.  |   |
| T. Loates  | 1 |
| Sir R. Waldie Griffith's b. or br. f. Merle, 4 yrs., 7st. 12lb. Rumbold  | 2 |
| Captain Laing's br. g. Kirkwall, 3 yrs., 7st. 9lb.....Newton   | 3 |
| 10 to 1 agst. Pinfold.   |   |
| The Wood Ditton Stakes of 340 sovs., for three-year-olds ; D.M. (one mile).  |   |
| Lord Penrhyn's b. c. King's Messenger, by King Monmouth—Swiftsure, gst. 5lb. M. Cannon                                     | 1 |

Lord Ellesmere's b. c. Pheon, 8st.  
12lb. .... O. Madden 2  
Mr F. H. Jennings' ch. c. Bonne-  
bosq, 9st. 5lb. .... C. Loates 3  
4 to 1 agst. King's Messenger.

The Column Produce Stakes of 20  
sovs. each, 10 ft., or 2 sovs. entrance  
to the fund if declared, with 400  
sovs. added, for three-year-olds;  
R.M. (one mile eleven yards).

Mr. H. S. Burn's br. Filly by  
Senanus—Scotia, 7st. 12lb.

T. Loates 1  
Prince Soltykoff's b. or br. c.  
Purser, 8st. 6lb. .... M. Cannon 2  
Mr. C. D. Rose's ch. c. Cyllene,  
9st. 5lb. .... S. Loates 3  
100 to 6 agst. Scotia filly.

April 15th.—The Craven Stakes of 500  
sovs. for three-year-olds; An. M.  
(1 mile, 22 yards).

Mr. J. W. Larnock's ch. c. Jeddah,  
by January—Pilgrimage, 8st. 5lb.

O. Madden 1  
Lord Stanley's b. c. Schonberg, 8st.  
5lb. .... N. Robinson 2  
Duke of Westminster's b. c. Cal-  
verley, 8st. 5lb. .... M. Cannon 3  
2 to 1 agst. Jeddah.

#### WINDSOR.—APRIL MEETING.

April 16th.—The Spring Handicap of 414  
sovs. ; one mile.

Mr. E. Craddock's b. c. Morfe, by  
Grafton—Scaramouch, 4 yrs.,  
7st. 2lb. .... Toon 1  
Sir J. B. Maple's br. c. King  
Hampton, 5 yrs., 7st. 11lb.

C. Wood 2  
Mr. R. C. Garton's b. f. St. Lucia,  
3 yrs., 6st. 7lb. .... C. Purkiss 3  
8 to 1 agst. Morfe.

#### EPSOM.—SPRING MEETING.

April 19th.—Great Metropolitan Stakes  
(Handicap) of 925 sovs. ; about two  
miles and a quarter.

Sir S. Scott's br. c. History, by  
Hampton—Isabella, 4 yrs., 8st.  
4lb. .... M. Cannon 1  
Lord Ellesmere's br. f. Villiers, 6  
yrs., 7st. .... Toon 2  
H. R. H. Prince of Wales's b. c.  
Oakdene, 4 yrs., 7st. .... H. Jones 3  
85 to 20 agst. History.

The Great Surrey Handicap of 430  
sovs. ; 5 furlongs.

Mr. W. Mills' ch. f. Othery, by  
King Monmouth—Clarice, 5 yrs.  
8st. 3lb. .... O. Madden 1  
Mr. G. MacLachlan's b. c. Lo Ben,  
5 yrs., 7st. 8lb. .... F. Finlay 2  
Mr. D. Seymour's ch. c. Sirdar, 4  
yrs., 9st. 7lb. .... S. Loates 3  
6 to 1 agst. Othery.

April 20th.—The City and Suburban  
Handicap of 1665 sovs. ; about one  
mile and a quarter.

Mr. L. Brassey's b. h. Bay Ronald,  
by Hampton—Black Duchess, 5  
yrs., 7st. 12lb. .... Bradford 1

Mr. W. Cooper's ch. h. Newhaven  
II., 5 yrs., 8st. 8lb. .... F. Rickaby 2  
Mr. F. R. Hunt, junr's b. c.  
Craftsman, 3 yrs., 6st. 2lb.

C. Purkiss 3  
100 to 12 agst. Bay Ronald.  
The Hyde Park Stakes of 457 sovs.,  
for two-year-olds ; 5 furlongs.

Lord M. Beresford's b. c. by  
Melanion—Irish Stew, 8st. 12lb.  
M. Cannon 1

Mr. R. H. Coombe's b. f. No  
Trumps, 8st. 9lb. .... Rickaby 2  
Mr. R. Devereux's b. f. Galopin  
Lassie, 8st. 6lb. .... S. Loates 3  
7 to 1 agst. the winner.

#### FOOTBALL.

March 28th.—At Wrexham, England v.  
Wales, latter won by 3 goals to 0†

March 26th.—At Belfast, Ireland v. Scot-  
land, latter won by 3 goals to 0†

March 26th. — At Coventry, Midland  
Counties v. Northumberland (Rugby  
Union County Championship), latter  
won by 24 points to 3 points.\*

April 2nd.—At Blackheath, England v.  
Wales, former won by 14 points to 7.\*

April 2nd.—At Glasgow, England v.  
Scotland, former won by 3 goals to 1.†

April 16.—At Crystal Palace, Notts  
Forest v. Derby County, former won  
by 3 goals to 1, and becomes holder  
of the Association Challenge Cup.†

\* Under Rugby Rules.

† Under Association Rules.

#### ROWING.

March 26th.—Putney to Mortlake, Oxford  
v. Cambridge, former won by about  
13 lengths.

#### RACKETS.

April 6th.—At Queen's Club, R. E.  
Foster and A. S. Crawley (Oxford) v.  
E. Garnett and T. A. Cock (Cam-  
bridge), former won the University  
doubles by 4 games to 1.

April 7th.—At Queen's Club, R. E.  
Foster (Oxford) v. E. Garnett (Cam-  
bridge), former won the University  
singles by 3 games to 1.

April 9th.—At Queen's Club, H. K.  
Foster and W. L. Foster beat P.  
Ashworth and F. Dames Longworth  
by 4 games to 2, and won the Amateur  
Championship (doubles).

April 9th.—At Queen's Club, W. L.  
Foster and W. K. Foster (holder),  
former won by 3 games to 0, and  
retained the Amateur Championship  
(singles).

# BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS and PASTIMES

JUNE, 1898.

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B. H. Life



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WITH  
Steel engraved Portraits of CAPTAIN W. H. FIFE, and J. T. HEARNE.  
Engravings of FOX-HOUNDS IN FULL CRY, and THE NIGHT MAILS LEAVING  
GENERAL POST OFFICE, 1836.

## Captain W. H. Fife.

No words of introduction are needed on our part to remind our readers that the face which stands opposite to this page is that of one of the very keenest of sportsmen, and perhaps one of the staunchest supporters of horse breeding and horse shows we have now amongst us. Scarcely a well-known horse show takes place without Captain Fife being present; while to him is due the credit of having established one of the most practical shows of the year—that in connection with

the Compton Stud, of which we shall have occasion to speak presently.

Captain Fife, who was born in the year 1845, though no one would think so to look at him, was a Cheltenham boy, and afterwards went to Magdalen College, Cambridge, then as now, one of the homes of horsemen, on the banks of the Cam. There he indulged in frequent gallops with the "Drag" always a great institution at Cambridge, and he also hunted with some of the neighbouring

packs of hounds, for the spirit of sport was strong within him.

The year 1865 or thereabouts saw Captain Fife, who had then finished with Cambridge, with a Commission in the 9th Lancers, at that time, if we remember rightly, commanded by Colonel Oakes, who had for his constant companion a short clay pipe. Between 1865 and 1875 the 9th Lancers were quartered in various places in England and Ireland, and no matter in what part of the United Kingdom the regiment might happen to find itself, the subject of this notice laid the hunting facilities of the district under contribution. During the time Sir Richard Glyn was Master of the Blackmore Vale—he succeeded Mr. Digby in 1865—the 9th were at Aldershot, and Captain Fife then kept his horses at Sherborne, and hunted with the Blackmore Vale, in which country he was afterwards destined to achieve success in another direction, as well as with the Duke of Beaufort's and the Vale of White Horse hounds.

While the 9th Lancers were in Ireland they organised their first Point to Point race, which was run over the curiously named, but very delightful district known as the "Cryhelp" country, in Kildare, and this contest was won by Capt. Fife. Nor is the subject of our biography unconnected with polo. The 10th Hussars are credited with having really introduced the game into England, by getting up a scratch game at Shorncliffe, when they borrowed a billiard ball from the mess table, mounted their chargers, and getting whatever sticks they could find, played an impromptu game. In due course, however, in the early seventies, the 9th Hussars and the 10th Lancers played the first game at

polo ever seen in England, the *locus in quo* being Hounslow Heath, and great was the excitement manifested on the occasion. Meantime Captain Fife won several regimental steeplechases both in England and Ireland, and thoroughly identified himself with almost all branches of sport.

In 1875 the regiment was ordered to India and thither Captain Fife in ordinary course went, and while abroad he continued to ride steeple-chases, winning a goodly proportion of the events for which he entered; no one, moreover, was more fitted to hunt the regimental pack of jackal hounds, so he was promptly appointed Master, and for three seasons managed to show excellent sport from Sialkoti, while he filled up his spare time with pig-sticking and big game shooting.

In the year 1877 Captain Fife returned to England, and at once renewed his acquaintance with fox-hunting, and two years later he was appointed adjutant to the North Somerset Yeomanry Cavalry, in which regiment he took the deepest interest, and it was this five-year appointment which possibly exercised no little influence upon an undertaking which he subsequently took in hand. During the time he was adjutant he was, by reason of his hunting, brought into contact with many a farmer, and he could not but have noticed how much horse breeding was neglected in Somerset and Dorset, counties which for various reasons are very favourable to the industry.

Readers of that delightful book of Whyte Melville's, "Riding Recollections," will remember how the author describes his ride to covert with a Dorsetshire farmer whose horses were famed for timber jumping, and the farmer imparted to the novelist the plan

by which he educated his steeds, and when they could jump five feet of timber in cold blood thrice a day the farmer added, "It's never put no higher; I'm an old man now, and that's good enough for me." "I should think it was," added Whyte Melville, "a horse that can leap five feet of timber in cold blood is not likely to be pounded, while still unblown, in any part of England I have yet seen." Since the date of Whyte Melville's experience circumstances would appear to have changed, for horse breeding would seem to have been given up in the county, and it was only revived by the exertions of Captain Fife when he started the Compton Stud in 1884, the horses being kept for the first year at Compton, and subsequently at Captain Fife's place at Sherborne. After a few years the stud outgrew the Sherborne premises and had to be removed to Sandley, where it is now.

The first stallions purchased by Captain Fife were those well-known hunter sires, King Crafty and Master Ned, whose stock have won so many prizes all over the country. Kingcraft, it will be remembered, was the sire of the mare Goodcraft, who has won something like £400 in prizes. Then, in 1885, that good horse Huguenot, joined the stud, and his merits were quickly recognised by his being awarded prizes at the Royal Show, and by more than one Queen's Premium. The famous grey, Scot Guard, was obtained in 1887, and while his stock have won an infinity of prizes; a yearling of his was once sold for 130 guineas. Besides Ruddigore, Queen's Counsel, Marion, Snowdoun, Life Boat, are Marshal Soult, and other well-known horses which have been connected with the Compton Stud. It may be

noted, too, as indicating something of the judgment which has been brought to bear upon the undertaking that since the formation of the Stud, the stallions have won prizes to the amount of £2,600, and their stock £6,000.

In addition to the half-bred establishment, the Compton Stud now includes a distinct branch for the rearing of thoroughbreds, and there the sires are Crafton (sire of Craftsman, Grig, Irish Car, &c.) and Amphion, sire of Dieudonne, while Avington stood there for two years before Lord Hastings bought him at the beginning of the present season.

Always possessing a taste for horse breeding, Capt. Fife lent willing and valuable aid in establishing the Hunters' Improvement Society, and in the doings of this body he takes the greatest possible interest. He is often present at the Council and other meetings and the words which fall from his lips on the questions of shows and hunter breeding are received with the attention they deserve. With regard to the use of sires, Capt. Fife is by no means opposed to the use of horses very nearly thoroughbred, especially for mating with small well-bred mares; but with mares not lacking in size and substance he would cling to the blood horse.

In the year 1879 Capt. Fife married the eldest daughter of Admiral Boyle, and retired from the service in 1885. In 1891 he migrated from Dorsetshire to Yorkshire, as by the death of his uncle, Mr. J. B. Fife, he succeeded to the Langton Hall estate (near Northallerton), which had been bought by the trustees under Mr. J. B. Fife's will, in accordance with that gentleman's directions.

At Langton Hall Capt. Fife breeds blood stock, the stallions there being Hazlehatch, by Her-

mit—Hazledean; Queen's Counsel, by Isonomy—Silk (Master Kildare's dam), and St. Simon-mimi, by St. Simon—Mimi, the

latter a winner of the Oaks, and it is to be hoped that the Langton Hall Stud will send forth many a winner.

## Condition.

WHAT a wide field that word covers! and how can it be brought into line with the ideas that readers of BAILY are wont to enjoy?

The dictionary tells us that it is derived from *condo*, to build up. The building up of nations, men, animals, birds, beasts and fishes. To say that condition is essential for the development of life seems a truism, yet such a truism is it that we may be the gainers by occasionally dwelling on it, and testing it practically from the standpoint of our daily habits.

Every year sees us going faster and faster. Record breaking has become monotonous, new ideas of sport succeed each other with such regularity that the elders of our generation fail to keep pace with them—small blame to them perhaps if they do—yet there is a moral in the life of to-day, which we cannot fail to recognise.

The condition of a nation, as well as of its individual members, is either one of health and vigour, or the reverse. It is tested in every action and thought, and we, as inhabitants of the British Isles, can truly say that we have no cause to shrink from that test to-day. Compared with other nations I think that without undue boasting we can compete successfully, man for man, in whatever work or amusement muscle and sinew may display towards mastery and endurance. Taking one's own personal epoch from 1850, when I

began my days at Eton, it is an inspiring thought to cast the eye backward through the long upward vista of progress, which nationally we have made in condition, through the last half century. It was then that things hung doubtfully in the balance. Personal indulgences and extravagance both before and after the Crimean War were sadly on the increase, and it was in a great measure the incipience, and growth of, the volunteer movement that checked laziness and luxury, as well as threw spirit and heart into the masses, culminating in our present condition. "*Mens sana in corpore sano*," was the title of a splendid article in the pages of BAILY, in March, 1864, by "The Gentleman in Black," which I recollect made a great impression upon me for good at the time, and perhaps on hundreds of others of my compeers, who were fortunate enough to read it. I must be forgiven for quoting some of his dicta, which are applicable to us of to-day, only I trust not so pronouncedly.

"You young gentlemen, who may be considered as the aristocracy of to-day (1864, recollect), are but few in number, comparatively speaking. I speak to you first one word—I believe there is very little difference between this and a former generation—I have the same good opinion of you, your pursuits are as vicious, your

pluck as great, your organisation as delicate, and your linen as irreproachable as ever theirs were. I do not see you colouring dirty pipes, dancing in ladies' houses with your hands in your breeches pockets, adorned with a profusion of sham jewellery, nor swaggering along the streets clothed by Moses. You are not so noisy as you were, and if it were not for Pratt's, the Arlington, and that eternal habit of taking the odds, or laying them, upon every subject from the weight of a newly-born babe to the greatest certainty on the Turf, gambling would have decreased amongst you to an alarming extent since the death of old Crocky. Altogether you look like gentlemen, which is something, and you act like it generally, which is more. But the sinews of a country like England cannot depend on its aristocracy; a good wholesomely cultivated mind and body taught to endure, disciplined to obedience, self-restraint, and the sterner duties of chivalry, should be the distinguishing mark of our middle class youth. A great deal has been said lately about the training and condition of our young men; their military tastes and inclinations, and above all that increased love of sport and hardy exercise which I promised myself when I set out, should be the basis of this essay. Let us look more closely into this part of our subject, and congratulate ourselves, if we can, upon the genuine ring of what looks very like electro-plate only." And here let me, before the quotation is continued, very strongly impress what follows upon our youth of to-day. It propounds what certainly is the pith of the subject as regards condition. "Training and condition, as employed in their ordinary sense, appear to be nearly the same thing. They are not so.

Training may produce a very high and efficient state of condition, but condition, as I understand the word for my purpose, often exists without any training at all. For example, a public school-boy, unless given exclusively to the choruses of Aristophanes, the Greek particle sapphics and alcaics, or toffee and ginger beer, ought always to be in condition, and never in training. Some men are never out of condition, that is out of a state for every active exertion at a moment's notice—at any time in their lives. Such condition is far from exhaustive, on the contrary it is the veritable *sanum corpus*. Such men have been in training, perhaps for some exceptional feat, such as a boat race or a match. Occasional training of that sort is essential for such cases, and many an amateur steeplechase has been lost more from want of condition on the part of the man than the horse. A man constantly in the open air, and taking strong exercise daily, is in a position to do many things that cannot be done by those apparently in like form; he may be said to be in excellent condition, but he will stand no chance with a man of equal calibre, who has come out of the professional trainer's hands.

"Some analogy may be said to exist between these cases and the circumstances of a racehorse, or the well conditioned hunter. I prefer myself the hunter that can be used for gentle hacking between May and October, and this horse would be more healthy, more available for service, and quite as long lived as under the most favourable circumstances of entire rest. Idleness is never wanted for the body, unless it be dilapidated and infirm; in youth lounging and every sort of sluggishness is unnatural, though not

uncommon, and even an over-worked mind is better pleased with variation and change than with total suspension of its faculties."

No apology is I am sure needed for this rather long quotation of well digested ideas on so interesting and important a subject as *condition*. Since that was written we have made vast strides in the direction indicated, until we have reached a point where training has almost superseded condition. Are not our young men as a whole too much in training—drawn too fine many of them for the good of their constitutions. Not satisfied with ordinary condition, are they not burning the candle at both ends to a more than ordinary or precedent degree? Yes, and the women also!

A bicycle ride of sixty miles a day is not a noteworthy feat nowadays for either man or woman. To play football up to the age of thirty with all the dash of a school-boy, to say nothing of the indulgence in all sorts of games, most of which were unknown in the days of "The Gentleman in Black." Our elders wisely indulge in golf, but I cannot so much commend them for standing all day to have partridges or grouse driven over their heads, or at the corner of coverts to shoot tame pheasants. Here is a sport, which is an exception to most of the others, in that its enjoyment has become a matter of luxury, and not so conducive to good condition as others; and yet we shall be told, and with some truth, that it requires a man to be in good condition to hold his own with two or three guns, and incessantly to be banging away at a stream of birds and animals thus appointed to be slain within a given time. The avoidance of a headache on these occasions requires in most cases a liberal

patronage of Dr. Cockle, and it may be also an avoidance of too much champagne; but after all it cannot be said with truth that the inveterate battue man is the best conditioned for any other sporting pursuit, if he cares to indulge in it.

If an example of a well-conditioned Englishman were needed we would go no further than our premier gentleman huntsman and M.F.H. of many years' standing, the owner of the finest pack of hounds in the world, who shows his back year after year to one of the most thrusting fields in the Midlands, and only a few days back rode his own horse over the Stratford-on-Avon Steeplechase Course, 3 miles, for the Warwick Hunt Cup, and finished fourth in a large field. Lord Willoughby de Broke, at his present age of fifty-four, is the type of a well-conditioned Englishman.

The over training of our jockeys crushes their condition. Fred Archer, Calder, and others I could name, would be alive now, but for the ever recurring wasting that they had to undergo, and which is much more hurtful as they grow to man's estate, and are married. It seems but yesterday since I heard a remark of George Stevens the night before he was going to ride The Colonel in the Grand National. It was at the Washington, and as he wished us good night, he said, "I think, sir, I shall be able to find my way home to-morrow better than those fellows," pointing to some of his *confères*, who were smoking big cigars, playing billiards, and drinking whisky, while George, one of the finest horsemen of his day, although of a naturally weak constitution, always husbanded his strength, and was one of the most abstemious of men. His words came true the next day, when he steered The Colonel most artistic-

ally clear of the ruck of horses, as you will see if you take the trouble to read an account of the race, and won cleverly; yet death overtook him from a fall from his pony close to his own door a few years afterwards.

Condition, however, may be false and deceptive, just as the gloss on a horse may deceive the uninitiated sportsman into the belief that the animal he admires is fit to be entrusted with his confidence in the hunting field, or on a racecourse. In this as in other things, experience will be his best and surest guide, for to trust to the eye in such matters is terribly fallacious, and this not of quadrupeds only, as the following clever old skit, written in 1862, on "Blooming Condition," tersely bears out.

"You, if you would be on the Turf a gainer,  
Know where to choose your stable and  
your trainer,  
If at the Ball it is likewise your ambition  
To bring your wife out in first-rate condition,  
There to behold her than the fairest  
fairer,  
Magnetic rock dew water from Sahara,  
Arabian soap and liquid alabaster  
Produce a bloom that will for ever last  
her!  
Such the receipt for youth and beauty—  
try it—  
Rachel will tell you what it costs to buy it;  
Your favourite trained with such consummate art,  
For beauty's prize, fond husband, let her  
start;  
Circassian bloom upon her radiant skin,  
Four times enamelled—she is safe to win."

As Shakespeare has said of such a case, "Oh what a goodly outside falsehood hath!" and have not our fair ones of to-day reason for keeping their condition without false aids, especially now that so many more calls are made upon their exertions than was the case fifty years ago? That deadly "Circassian bloom" is a tempting snare, to which our Gallic neighbours have fallen victims. Oh for

the pen such as was wielded by "The Gentleman in Black" to declaim far and wide against such fell practices as defame the true sweet features of British beauty!

It cannot be denied that in sport, as in all else, things are made more easy to us than of yore. Locomotion by road or rail brings us easily to the meet, or to the racecourse; and when there everything is catered for towards our comfort and enjoyment. It is very easy under such favourable surroundings to let condition fall into the background, especially at this gay season of the year when night may be turned into day at pleasure, and *vive hodie* is our prevailing motto. While professing to be the last person to curtail the many pleasures of youth, let me whisper a word now and anon reminding my younger readers that in order to excel in life, the body must be conditioned with unceasing care, self disciplined, not over exerted, nor over strained. Like the bright eye in a horse, that bespeaks health and vigour, a man should look cheerful, active, and confident—upright of carriage, with a graceful ease—the real swell, not merely the man of fashion.

The education of the middle and lower classes, much as it has been abused as tending to raise the masses above the classes, has undoubtedly had a material influence for good in *conditioning* the many, as opposed to the few of half a century ago. No observer of our British sporting tastes can fail to see that in this particular line a healthy tone has come upon our youths. The stigma once thrown at us by Napoleon, which has clung to us with such pertinacity, that we were "a nation of shopkeepers," can no longer be a reproach to us. Our costly Board Schools are training the rough

material of the lower classes into men of muscle and energy, their aims in life are higher, their records are their pride, their progress is England's greatness. There will ever be those frequent upheavals between capital and labour, which we all deplore, yet as long as we have *conditioned* men to fight our battles both in play and in earnest, so much the surer are we likely to keep up the standard of success—*Mens sana in corpore sano*.

But you will say that I am drifting away into political economy, which is beside the mark of your magazine's sphere; you will suggest that I should be more at home when discussing the condition of the Derby competitors, or the hounds on the Peterborough flags, and probably you would be right, and yet if you will only widen your understanding a little further, you will admit that condition in the animal creation is only secondary to that of the human race; and if we fall away in our own condition, and in our appreciation of it as a nation, we shall be at less pains to uphold it in our animals. There is no nation under the sun which depends so much as we do upon condition. Born and bred as we are in such an equable climate, and reared in such favourable conditions, it is the lot of so many thousands of us to be scattered over the globe, the majority in climates most trying to Europeans. Here it is that our condition tells. Here it is that as soldiers, sailors and colonists, we succeed. Simply because we have learnt, and are daily and yearly more and more learning, the value of condition, as the essence of enjoyment of life here below, and as long as we uphold

sport, so long shall we recognise the value of condition, and with condition, success. Alas, there are many marplots, away with them for to-day. Keep clear of what Bulwer Lytton called "Ladylike languor," that enervates people. The boy I like best is he that can climb the highest tree. Such an object lesson have I lately set my three younger sons. At the top of a very tall tree we happened in our walk upon a carrion crow's nest, the lads looked at one another as to which should make trial of this tree. "Ah," said the eldest, a stalwart collegian of twenty, "if I could only get up to that fork branch I could do it." Then came the next of nineteen, just returned from his sailor's apprenticeship round the world, with every muscle standing out on his brawny arms. "Get out of the way, now, and let me have a try to reach the yard arm," cried he. It was a proud moment for Borderer, as the lad easily swarmed that naked beech tree, and swung himself from bough to bough afterwards until the crow's nest was captured. That was condition such as all English lads with strength and pluck should possess. Not satisfied with this, I told them of a heronry hard by, where in some very inaccessible trees they might secure a rarer prize. This time I thought they would be mastered, and did not trouble to go with them, but in two hours' time they returned with their trophy, a beautiful sky blue heron's egg, all by fair climbing.

I hope notwithstanding this, that they will not aspire to reach the North Pole. We will leave that to Nansen for the present.

BORDERER.







*Laporté, Pinx.*

FOX-HOUNDS IN FULL CRY.

*[Engraved on wood by F. Babington.]*

# Animal Painters.\*

LII.—G. H. LAPORTE.

BY SIR WALTER GILBEY, BART.

G. H. LAPORTE was born about the year 1800, but no record of the precise date nor of the name of his birthplace can be found. He was the son of John Laporte, a landscape painter, whose studies of animals introduced as accessories in his pictures would appear to have been above the average in point of merit, as Seguer in his *Dictionary of the Works of Painters* remarks of his horses, that they "remind us a little of James Ward's." The son therefore was reared in a congenial atmosphere, and his artistic abilities developed surely, if with no precocious rapidity, his first work having been exhibited when he was about 21 years of age. G. H. Laporte seems to have made London his headquarters; but his pictures offer abundant evidence of his love of country life, of sporting tastes and intimate knowledge of horse and dog. He did not confine his brush to these subjects, but it is as a painter of horses and sporting dogs that he most excelled.

On the foundation of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours he became a member and constant exhibitor. His first work was shown at the Suffolk Street Gallery in 1821, and from that date onward to 1850 pictures from his easel were frequently shown at the various London exhibitions: on the walls of the Royal Academy he was seldom represented; from first to

last we find only nine of his paintings mentioned in the catalogues. It would seem that Laporte did much of his best work for private patrons and among sportsmen of the upper classes enjoyed great repute; the Duke of Cumberland had a high opinion of his talents and Laporte was appointed animal painter to His Royal Highness.

The sporting periodicals contain numerous plates from his paintings. In "The Sporting Magazine" alone we find no fewer than 43 engravings, many of them of very high merit and engraved by the best men of the day. In the number for January, 1824, appears a plate engraved by J. Webb from the artist's portrait of *Magpie*, a hunter. The October number of 1835 contains a plate from a picture of more than ordinary interest; it is from the artist's "*Lord's Cricket Ground*" and gives an excellent view of the ground and the old Pavilion.

Among many others worthy of mention may be noticed the plate engraved by Richard Parr from the portrait of *Juno*, a pointer, which occurs in Vol. 63. That engraved by H. R. Cook from the portrait of *Bonaparte*, a blood-like pony wearing cavalry saddle and furniture, in Vol. 83. The plate engraved by H. Setchel from the portrait of *Laurel*, an Arab, in Vol. 86. G. Cook's engraving of "*Pointers, the property of Colonel Lygon*," in Vol. 86. J. H. Engleheart's engraving of *The Royal Toxophilites' Ground*, in Vol. 88; the same engraver produced the plate from "*Hold Hard!*" a hunting

\* Under this heading will be continued monthly the series of brief articles connected with the lives of painters whose works appertain to animal life and sport and who lived between the years 1600 and 1860.

scene showing the Master turning in his saddle to warn the field off hounds at a check, which appears in Vol. 89. Volume 91 contains three noteworthy portraits of Arabs "presented by the Imaum of Muscat to His late Majesty, King William IV.": these are *The Bay Arab*, engraved by John Scott; *Arab Mare*, a flea-bitten grey with a well-grown foal at foot, engraved by J. H. Engleheart, and *The Black Arab*, engraved by Paterson. These pictures show great skill in portraying the characteristic points of the high caste Arab horse. In Vol. 93 occurs John Scott's engraving from *Made a Cast*, the huntsman cheering hounds upon the recovered line; and in Vol. 100 we find J. H. Engleheart's plate from *Returning from Hunting*. All these plates were published separately by W. Pittman of Warwick Square, London.

Engravings from G. H. Laporte's pictures are also to be found in the following publications:—

"*New Sporting Magazine*" (30 volumes, 1831 to 1846), 3 plates in Vols. 6 and 8.

"*Sporting Review*" (11 volumes, 1839 to 1844), 1 plate in Vol. 10.

"*Annals of Sporting*" (13 volumes, 1822 to 1828), 6 plates in Vols. 7 to 13.

"*Sportsman*" (19 volumes, 1833 to 1843), 8 plates in Vols. 17 to 19.

The plate which accompanies this article is reproduced from that of *Hounds in Full Cry*, which appears in Volume 8 of the *New Sporting Magazine*.

Very many of the plates in the *Annals of Sporting* are printed in colours: it will be noted that this publication and *The Sporting Magazine* were the first to adorn their pages with Laporte's work; the plates are executed by the best line engraver of the time, Thomas Landseer, as well as those whose

names are specified above in connection with particular plates.

Laporte's services were also in request to illustrate sporting books. A work in folio size entitled *Sporting*, edited by "Nimrod" and published in 1838 by A. H. Baily & Co., contains large pictures of British Field Sports, among which we find T. S. Engleheart's plate from Laporte's portrait of *Mr. Bian on Beanstalk*.

Four pictures illustrative of *The Liverpool Steeplechase*, engraved and printed in colours, were published by Messrs. Fores of Piccadilly. The horses and riders are portraits and the scenes depicted are:—

Plate 1.—Dixon leading.

Plate 2.—The Stone Wall appears. *Charity* refusing, *Powell on Railroad* is making headway, and *Lottery* is clearing it.

Plate 3.—The Ditch appears. *Dictator*, *True Blue* and other horses are merrily trying for the lead.

Plate 4.—The Winning Post. *Mason on Lottery* going clean away from the field.

The *Brookside Harriers* was painted by Laporte and dedicated to Sir George Sheffner, Bart., and the members of the Hunt. This picture was engraved by Giller, the plate measuring 21 inches by 15 inches; it was published in 18—. This work includes portraits of Mr. Harrison Carr on Harlequin, with three and a half couples of favourite hounds in the foreground; of Pierpoint the kennel huntsman, wearing a tall hat; and in the background the likeness of Dr. Hooker, the then Rector of Rottingdean, and his groom.

During Laporte's later years he executed a number of portraits of horses and dogs for the writer.

This artist died in 1878.

## Remarkable Match Against Time.

AMONGST the many million visitors to Monte Carlo since the opening of the railway from Nice, in 1874 there are not many living witnesses of the above remarkable performance, which took place in February of that year; and fewer still who recognise the famous hero thereof in the dapper, active, quiet looking, Mr. Edwin Prodgers, one of the oldest residents in the Riviera, and a daily *habitué* of the Casino when wintering in that country. As no record of the event has ever been published the description of an eye-witness may not fail to prove interesting even at this distance of time.

The match originated at a private dinner at the Mediterranean Club at Nice, in a bet of 1,000 louis a side between Captain Lewin, of the King's Swedish Guards, and Count Jaraczewski, familiarly known in English racing circles as "The Jar," on the one side, and Mr. Prodgers on the other, that the latter would not "get from his residence on the Promenade des Anglais at Nice to the Casino at Monte Carlo within an hour." The distance is over seventeen kilomètres to La Turbie, on the Corniche road, and the descent from that historical Roman village by the old mule path, the only route available to pedestrians, was an additional two and a half kilomètres. There was no mountain railway as at the present day, which is so much patronised by visitors to Monte Carlo, to enjoy the lovely panorama before and after luncheon or dinner at the new restaurant recently erected in that Alpine altitude; and as what is known as "the lower road" between Monte Carlo and Nice was not made, or even thought of, the only route for the

match was by the old post road to Turin and the Corniche, which rises to an altitude of 2,100 mètres until within two miles of La Turbie, where the historical tower was erected by the Roman Senate to perpetuate the subjugation of the forty-five Gaulish tribes.

The match commenced at 7 a.m. on a frosty morning in February, and it was freezing so hard the night before that Mr. Prodgers took counsel with the late Mr. George Payne, his umpire, as to the propriety of postponing it, which was found to be an impossibility owing to there being no conditions in black and white. It was furthermore intimated to the opponent of time that he must not have any assistant at starting to help him mount, which turned out to be a matter of no little difficulty, owing to the horse selected for the performance being an old Irish hunter of seventeen hands. At his first attempt, Mr. Prodgers "missed fire," but being a very light active man he was more successful at the second attempt, and got well away on his task.

Here let me explain that Mr. Prodgers was habited in ordinary costume of breeches and leggings, and dispensed with a heavy riding coat and waistcoat by wearing a thick jersey, or woollen "sweater" such as rowing men and cricketers adopt in cold weather. Being an old hunting man Mr. Prodgers took the precaution of wearing a respirator, "which won me the match," he afterwards remarked to me, owing to the intense cold. The morning was so frosty in fact that the precaution was adopted of having his horse's feet protected by some frost nails, and so gallantly did the veteran enter

upon his severe task, that he never blew whilst smoothly proceeding up the steep incline to Quatre Chemin, on the Corniche road, and was never touched by whip or spur. Mr. Prodggers, who was always as "fit as a fiddle" in condition, had taken the precaution of wearing his own watch strapped to one wrist, and a Craft chronometer on the other, which enabled him to time himself to a minute; and he arrived at La Turbie in thirty-eight minutes after starting. Being quite benumbed with cold his head went round like a teetotum, and it took him quite a minute to recover himself after jumping off his horse, which he turned loose amongst the few inhabitants of the village by whom he was well known. The pedestrian portion of the

performance alone remained to be accomplished, and being very active on his legs, and a capital runner, Mr. Prodggers bolted down the old stony mule track, with which all visitors to Monte Carlo must be familiar, and reached the Casino steps, the appointed goal, two minutes and a half within the hour, in ample time to welcome his opponents and others interested in the match, who started from Nice in a special train, after witnessing the start on the Promenade des Anglais. Mr. Prodggers' triumph created great enthusiasm, especially amongst the many English present, and Mr. George Payne won a good stake upon the match. "I always back the man," was his sage remark.

W. H. L.

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## "The World It Goes Round Upon Wheels."

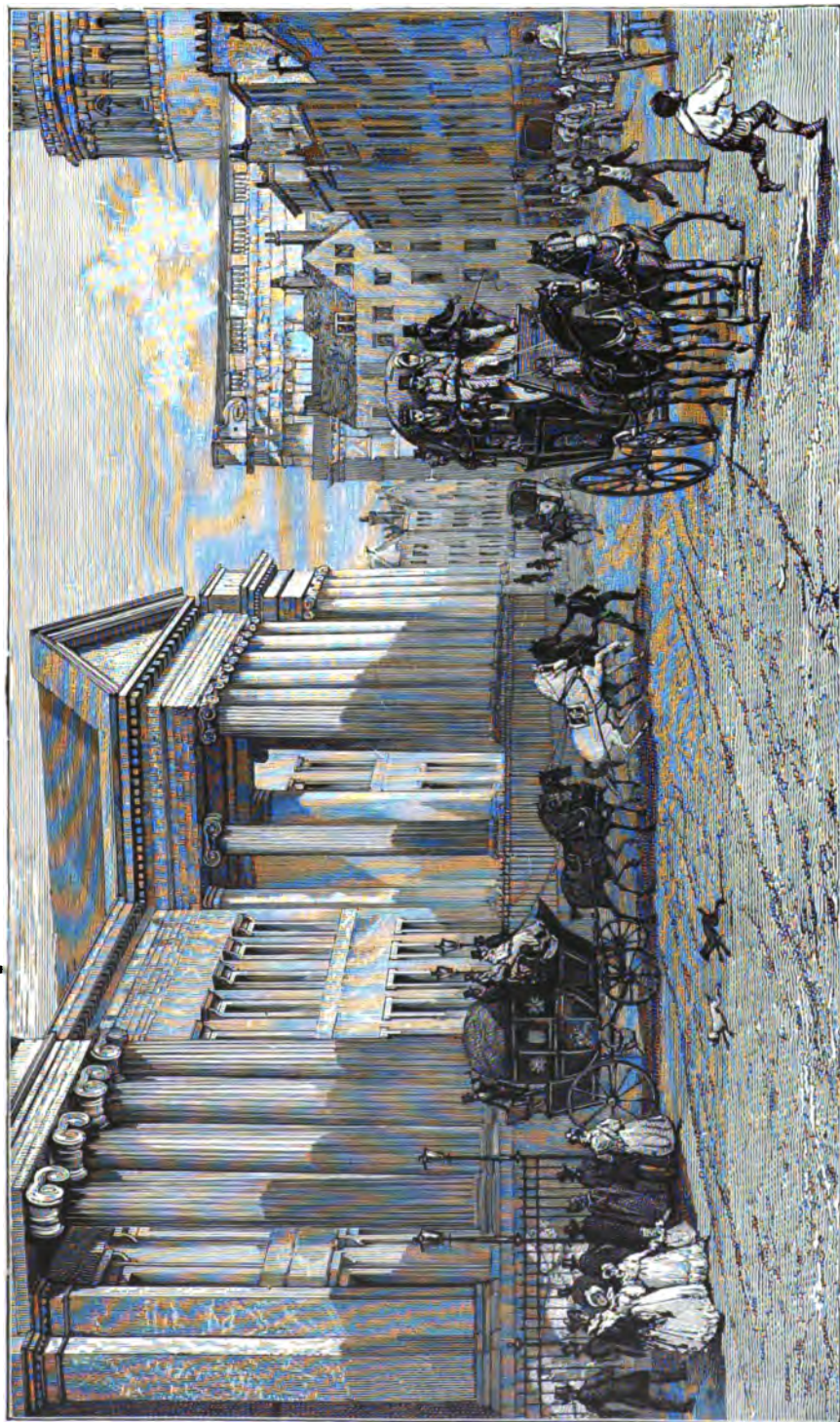
THIS title is all that I remember of an old song except the tune, which, never having learned a note of music, I cannot convey.

I feel much like the proverbial cat in a tripe shop, as in front of me are old prints, old "way bills," and old "balance sheets," dating from 1809 onwards, and numberless old coaching memories of what I saw myself, and what I heard from old coachmen from time to time crop up; so this is a story of the past.

There is nothing new under the sun. The bicycle is simply a reproduction of the "hobby-horse," which was a bicycle paddled by the feet on the ground, and an accurate picture of one is shown in Alken's well-known print of

"The Road to a Fight," published in 1816, in which a dandy of the Georgian era of the Regency is represented as arriving at an inn at Molesey on a hobby-horse. In a weekly periodical which commenced in 1822 and went on for many years, called *The Mirror*, I find a picture of a steam motor (which is reproduced here) invented and patented by Julius Griffiths, Esq., of Brompton Crescent. The weight of it was  $1\frac{1}{2}$  tons, and it was intended to carry 3 tons of merchandise in a vehicle propelled by steam at the rate of 5 miles an hour and at a great saving of cost to customers who used it. It was to supersede the old stage waggons, which required 8 horses and a waggoner,





THE NIGHT MAILS LEAVING GENERAL POST OFFICE, 1836.

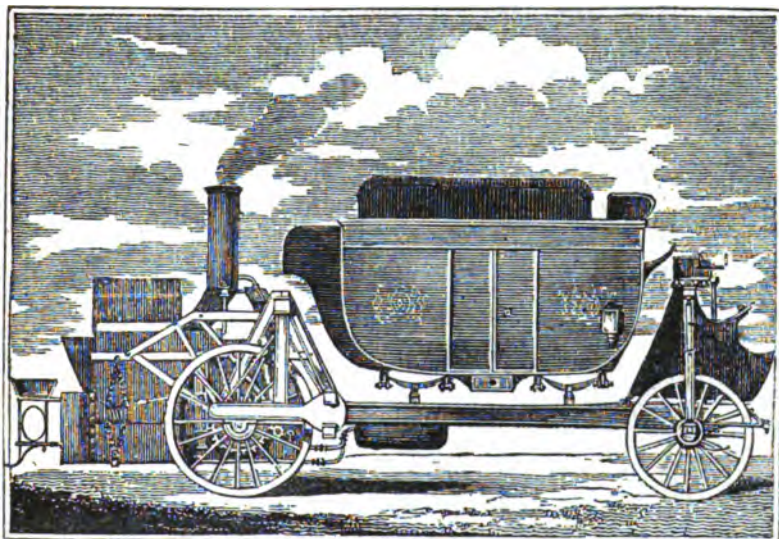
From Lewis's Maps of England and Wales.





who was often mounted on a pony. It does not appear whether it ever came into use. We old ones remember the heavy stage waggons, and how picturesque they looked on a dark night with the lantern swinging from the roof, and travellers by the night mail liked to hear the tramp of the horses and the jingling of the bells on their collars; and woe be to the waggoner if he was having a nap, and if the road were not

coaches to Birmingham; 40 to Brighton; 16 to Chester; 54 daily to Manchester; 56 daily to Liverpool; 12 to Preston; 10 daily to York; 12 daily to Hull; 6 to Newcastle; 13 to Glasgow; 39 to Edinburgh; 9 to Aberdeen, 3 to Inverness. As regards the western and northern roads, it is recorded that the mail coach department established a complete service without change of vehicle, from the extremity of the Land's End



STEAM MOTOR CARRIAGE, 1823.

From the *Mirror of Literature and Amusement*.

clear when the guard sounded his horn, and he was compelled to get down and pull the team to the roadside, with some "heavily shotted" remarks on the waggoner's sleepy eyes.

Turning to my old friend *The Mirror*, of 75 years ago, I find that the public had the opportunity of leaving London by 1,500 stage coaches, including coaches which plied for short distances, there being, *inter alia*, 40 daily

to Thurso, at the extreme summit of Scotland, a distance of 1,082 miles. It is also recorded that on the opening of Parliament in 1823 one posting house at Barnet had out at the same time 54 pairs of post horses. The posting was as great a matter as the coaching, the usual charge being 1s. 6d. per mile for a pair and 2s. 6d. or 3s. for four horses, and 3d. a mile for each post boy, so that plus turnpikes, and plus five nights on the

road at hotels, a nobleman or rich man travelling from Inverness to London, or *vice versa*, with a party of six—four of his family inside the travelling carriages, and two servants in the rumble (putting the distance at 600 miles)—would not see much change out of £160 or £170, and the party would have to travel 100 miles a day. In the present day the same party would do the journey under 10 hours well within £25. In the old posting days I have frequently seen two carriages and four belonging to one party, who were going to or coming from abroad.

It was a perfect fluke that I

young dandy, not much larger in the waist than a wasp (a lady's fan might have brained him, or rather cracked his skull), step into the street." Charles Dickens' description in "Sketches by Boz" of the old "break neck" cabs is the best record, and how to get in and out. "One bound and you are on the first step; turn your body lightly round to the right and you are on the second; bend gracefully under the reins, working round to the left at the same time, and you are in the cab; no difficulty in finding a seat, as the solid wooden apron knocks you comfortably into it and you are off."



OLD CABRIOLET, 1823.



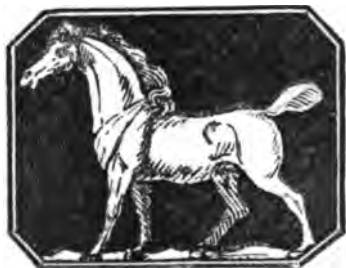
OLD CABRIOLET, 1823.

dropped on my old friend *The Mirror* in a country house last Christmas just as I was ruminating about an article on locomotion, and found out not only the motor carriage of 1823, but also an article on the new cabriolet of the same era, in which the driver sat on a side perch over the wheel (*vide* small carriage at the back of above picture). The new cab is described with a flourish of trum-pets, with much withering sarcasm on the old hackney coaches, "out of one of which," the writer says, "from its bulk appeared to have been the property of some deceased alderman, and I saw a

As to getting out, we recommend that you should make the driver alight first, and throw yourself on him. Those cabs were the most dangerous, awkward things in the world, and the drivers apparently were of the lowest class. Very often they wore no coat, but a waistcoat with sleeves, and a very bad white hat, and breeches which did not meet the Blucher boots, thereby showing a space of dirty stocking. If anyone called "cab" three or four drew off, each driver swearing he was the first, just as the wherry-men did at the river side, and the 8d. cab fare was a wild dream: in fact, the

scene of the cabman wanting to fight Mr. Pickwick was not the least of an exaggeration. The last "break-neck" I ever saw was at the Nine Elms station when the South Western terminus was there, bringing a school-fellow of mine to the station in 1840. My father used to delight in telling a story against himself. He had been breakfasting with Mr. Pressly (afterwards Sir Charles), one of the heads of the Inland Revenue, and was complaining of the extortion of public drivers. His host said, "You just call a cab at Charing Cross and drive to the White Bear and

wheeled cabs came in in 1838: the latter were called Clarences, and the first lot were put on by livery stable keepers, and were very superior. I know the date, as the first time I rode in one was at Christmas when I was going to see my first pantomime, "Peeping Tom of Coventry," at Covent Garden. The old hackney coaches, the most villainous contrivances, hung on till the early part of the forties, after the hansom cabs which came out in 1839-40, "the gondolas of the street," as Lord Beaconsfield styled them, and the 4d. steamers between bridges ran in 1838, and omnibuses much in-



SIGN OF OLD WHITE HORSE CELLAR

As copied from old Way-bill (1823) of Swallow (night) Dover Coach.

offer the man eightpence and tell him you are a friend of mine." The governor "went into the trap" charmingly, and called a break-neck at Charing Cross and drove to the White Bear in Piccadilly Circus. On getting out he opened his hand, in which were a half-crown and some loose silver, and said, "Now, my friend, I have been breakfasting with Mr. Pressly, you help yourself to your legal fare and no more." "If you will believe me," said my relieving officer (the old governor), "the scoundrel took the half-crown and galloped off."

The break-necks mostly disappeared as soon as the four-

creased and fares gradually decreased. Little two-wheeled covered jingles with a door behind had a very short life, as the fares often stepped out and forgot to pay. The hackney coaches were deplorable vehicles—dirty, clumsy, badly horsed, driven for the most part by very low class men; they had wet straw at the bottom of the carriages and greasy cushions. The drivers were much in league with resurrection men and burglars; and carried hospital patients, regardless of infection. In winter the drivers wore many-caped coats, cast-offs of noble-mens' coachmen, and hay-bands round their legs.

The omnibuses were few and far between, in my earlier recollection, and the fare was 6d. between Hyde Park Corner and the Bank, and extra beyond fixed distances, such as Kensington Turnpike, Bank, &c., &c. Most of the suburban traffic within a radius of ten miles was done by "short

his bunch of fives," a quality which Mr. Alfred Jingle admired in Mr. Pickwick's opponent: "Smart fellow that cabman, handled his fives well; but if I had been your friend on the green Jimmy, damn me, punch his head, cod, I would—pig's whisper; pie-man, too—no gammon!" Joey



**THE**  
**TALLY HO!**  
**FAST COACH,**  
*from*  
**THE ROSE INN.**

*Every Afternoon at Three o'Clock, excepting Monday,  
when it leaves at Five o'Clock in the Morning.*

*to the*  
**Spread Eagle**  
**Gracechurch Street.**

*And returns from the same Inn at a Quarter  
before Three every Afternoon*

**CLEMENTS, BOULTON, EDWARDS, CHAPLINS & CO**

Neat Post Chaise and Mourning Coaches.

CARD OF THE OLD CANTERBURY TALLY HO! 1828


stage" two-horsed coaches, of which anon. The great economist "Old Joey Hume, M.P.," inaugurated the 4d. silver coin for the purpose of paying cabs their legal fare of 8d. and no more, when one-horse cabs came in, but anyone who tried it on with an average cabman fifty years ago, ought to have been "handy with

also invented the half-farthings for colonies and very poor districts, but Sydney Smith killed them in one magazine article in which he attributed their creation to a demand for them by "benevolent Scotchmen who wished to subscribe to a charity." Poor old Joey; I was not of his politics, and never spoke to him, but he was

really "a grand old man," for I know the fact that when his father died and left a large fortune to him, leaving his brother out, as soon as the exact value of the estate was ascertained he drew a cheque for half the amount and sent it to his brother; and I always remember of old Joey that

to the best of my power some of the contents of the old coaching documents which have most kindly been lent to me by the family of the late Mr. William Clements, of Canterbury, who was almost born into coaching, and who died in his ninety-second year in 1892. His father kept the Rose Hotel

**ROSE COACH OFFICE.**



**CANTERBURY.**

**THE EAGLE.**

**Four Inside Coaches.**

*Every Morning at Half past Nine, and Twelve,  
and Evenings at Half past Eight.*

**Spread Eagle, and Cross Keys.**

**GRACECHURCH STREET.**

*Spread Eagle Office, Royal Circus,*

**HATCHETT'S**

**NEW WHITE HORSE CELLAR.**

**Piccadilly.**

**Brown's Gloucester Warehouse, Oxford Str<sup>t</sup>**

*And return from the above Inns, Four times a Day.*

**PARIS, DOVER, DEAL, MARGATE & RAMSGATE COACHES.**

*every Morning and Afternoon.*

CARD OF THE EAGLE DOVER COACH, 1828.

when Sir Robert Peel was killed, he instantly moved the adjournment of the House out of respect for his former opponent; and that when the Crimean War broke out he said that he would not oppose any grant for the Army and Navy as the country was in danger.

Now, I must try to summarise

at Canterbury, with a large livery stable attached to it, and was associated much with the late Mr. William Chaplin, whose name was world-known as a coach proprietor and carrier in the firm of Chaplin & Horne, as well as owners of some of the greatest inn yards and coaching inns in London, and contractor for post-

ing and coaching on the Western and Kentish roads. Mr. Chaplin had a wonderful family connexion, as his brother-in-law, Mr. Wright, the well-known "Sammy" Wright, who had the Fountain at Canterbury—for over half a century, now the home of "the old stagers" during the cricket week, had a large part of the posting on the Dover Road. Mr. Chaplin had *inter alia* Chaplin's Hotel in the Adelphi, and the Caledonian Hotel close by. As a young man, Mr. Chaplin to a great extent owned and drove the light Salisbury coach, so he was "thorough all round." The Spread Eagle, in Gracechurch Street, was his, as well as the Swan with two Necks in Lad Lane; the White Horse, Fetter Lane; and doubtless he had an interest in many another. It is well known that he foresaw that railways must crush out the road traffic, and he realised the fact that the first step was to put the road waggons on the railways, and bring them up to London, and so, at the proper time, he realised a great part of the capital which he had invested in coaching and posting and hotels, and put the money into the South Western Railway, of which he became chairman, and was returned M.P. for Salisbury; he was Sheriff of London, and left a large fortune created by unflagging industry, talent and honesty. He had a very good name amongst his *employés*, all of whom he provided for to the utmost of his power when road traffic declined, by getting them employments in connexion with the railways. I did not know him intimately, but came across him a great deal when chairman of the South Western, as I had much to do with the business of the company, and a shrewder man I never met . . . I must tell one story of his appreciation of

shrewdness in others. "Lawyer," he said to the late Mr. Francis Thomas Bircham, the South Western Company's solicitor, who was on a Saturday to Monday visit at his country seat near Basingstoke, and was returning with him from church, where the clergyman preached on the morning lesson, which was from the Proverbs of Solomon, "that Solomon was a very clever man; I should not have liked to buy a horse from him without a written warranty."

The late Mr. Bircham, whose Parliamentary branch of his business I managed for six years, told me this, and I must say a word about him, which is that I believe him to have been one of the most clever and honest lawyers I ever came across, and I believe also that the extraordinary success of the South Western Railway of to-day is much due to Mr. Chaplin and himself, who had helped to build it up; two such sets of brains as theirs were not often working together.

Now, I must couple Mr. Chaplin's and Mr. William Clements' names together, and on the principle *ex uno disce omnes*, as the starting of one coach was much the same as hundreds of others. I heard the account of the starting of the Tally Ho! from London to Canterbury from Mr. William Clements. In the early twenties, when agriculture was at its best, the farmers between Canterbury and London wanted a coach which would land them in London at noon on Monday and bring them back the same day, and promised to support it whenever they went backwards and forwards on ordinary days to London. This was communicated to Mr. Chaplin, who at once appointed a meeting at the Bull at Sittingbourne, and Mr. Cle-

ments, sen. (I suppose), organised the arrangements. It was settled offhand to start a coach; Mr. Chaplin said, "it must be a light coach, and we will call it the Tally Ho!" (*vide* Card of Tally Ho!) It was started on that day fortnight, and either on its first starting or soon afterwards Mr. William Clements, whom I knew for the greater part of my life, was coachman, and at first he drove the early five o'clock Monday coach from Canterbury to London and back in the day, 112 miles all told; but it proved too much, and afterwards he drove up to London, 56 miles, and down next day. Now for the coachman. The coach was always called Clements' coach, and he went by the name of "the gentleman coachman," for he had quite the courtesy of Sir Roger de Coverley, combined with the most finished skill in driving his team, and he seldom went a journey without having some lady who was travelling alone committed to his charge. I remember him first in 1829, when (aged six) I was transplanted from a Wiltshire village, which we thought quite in the world, as we were *only* eight miles from a turnpike road, and found myself in a world where night and day coaches, post carriages and express boys were rattling by the village of Rainham, half way between London and Dover, and I got quite accustomed to a "whirligig" world, and Rainham was my home for fourteen years, so road travelling of all kinds became very familiar to me.

I came across Mr. Clements in later life, some six years before his death, in Canterbury, and from that time onwards, on my visits to the old cathedral city, where I now generally stay some two or three times a year, I never

missed passing a long evening or two with him and his bright little wife, who was a very clever and well read lady. Fame says that she had been entrusted to him as a lady passenger when he was a young man, and that he took so much care of her that it ended in his passing his golden wedding with her some short time before her and his death. Mr. Clements was a very handsome old man with every faculty perfect, and full enjoyment of life; and many a time he turned over his old way bills, which show that he was interested in several coaches, and talked to me about the past, in the comfortable home of his retirement. The last time I saw him was in the spring of 1891, shortly before I went to Canada, and previously to my saying "Good-bye" to him, he said, "Perhaps we may not meet again, and I will give you something better than what the Archbishop has in his cellar, a bottle of the old tawny port, and a stage coachman's cigar; you know we never smoked bad ones." I should like a repetition of that treat very much; the port was the colour of toast and water, and oh! for the glory of its flavour once again.

Within twelve months of that evening I read in a Kent paper an account of his funeral at Canterbury, and it took many pipes and a very long ramble alone on the prairies of Canada to get toned quietly down. It is curious how it comes home to one's feelings when thousands of miles away we hear of a favourite old puppet dropping off the wires. As regards coaching, he said that he liked a hilly road, as the old Dover road is, there being only three level miles between Shooter's Hill and the outskirts of Dover—the level miles being one after climbing Chatham Hill, and two

level miles after leaving the half-way house between Canterbury and Dover. Chatham Hill, he said, was the devil, almost precipitous and on the chalk, with a right angle turning half way down, a regular elbow. He said that on the Bath Road, which is almost dead level, the coachmen were for pace and galloping which knock horses to pieces. Nine miles an hour with good strong wheelers in good condition was in his opinion as much as horses ought to do. He objected much to opposition and racing, and said, "an opposition coach, The Independent, was run against us, and my co-proprietors were for running them off the road, and sometimes I had to drive, and no mistake, but I did not like it." The Tally Ho! I fancy, was mostly his own and Mr. Chaplin's, and perhaps Mr. Benjamin Worthy Horne's, the latter Mr. Chaplin's partner, as carriers and coach proprietors, and whom I remember seeing when he was an old beau, well set up, with a fine tall figure, in 1847, at a ball at Mr. Chaplin's (to which I was taken by friends), attired in tight-fitting pantaloons buttoned at the ankle, light silk socks speckled like a thrush's breast, and smart pumps with large bows; and not only did he do "cavalier seul" with all the steps, but at the finish sprang up and "cut twice and turned the two ladies, with a bow which Beau Brummell might have envied."

Now, for the system of book-keeping and way bills: it was very simple. The way bill was contained on half a sheet of large thick foolscap, with three printed columns for inside, outside, and parcels, with the amounts paid on booking, and to pay at end of journey, together with memoranda of times of arrival and leaving

different places; and at the end of every four weeks the balance sheet, which showed all disbursements, all receipts under different heads and proportion of profit to each proprietor according to his share in the coach. It was impossible for proprietors to "plunge" without knowing it, as a child could understand the accounts. Parcels formed a considerable item in the bill. I fancy that bankers' parcels and things of great value did not appear in the bills, but were specialties, entrusted personally to the coachmen and guards, as I often saw in lawyers' bills of the past a charge for attending at the coach-office with title deeds and such like, "paid guard's or coachman's fee, a guinea." There were light and heavy coaches. On referring to the engraving of the Eagle (*vide* Eagle Card) you will observe there is a "rumble" with small side doors behind. This was a heavy coach, and carried a large cradle which swung underneath, for hampers and heavy parcels. The rumbles were comfortable, and when filled with straw, kept the wind off. There were one or two "long coaches," with a kind of waggnette behind somewhat low down, instead of seats on the roof or the rumble. These coaches were often used for short stages, to places within 10 miles from London. All coaches did not have guards, and mail guards only carried a horn. The horn meant that you were to make way or hurry up for the Royal Mails. Opposition coaches often carried a key bugler. The mail guards were Government servants, and had to go into a coach-builder's yard to be thoroughly instructed in a rule-of-thumb knowledge of doing repairs on the road, if a wheel or any part was out of order, and they



had their tool box with them. It was a beautiful sight to see the mails come out of the Post Office yard at 8 o'clock p.m. (See the illustration reproduced from a picture to a large set of Government maps of 1836.) I witnessed the sight many times. The outside passengers were limited to one on the box, and three or sometimes four behind. The guard, whose chronometer was contained in a small locked box, was time-keeper, and responsible for punctuality, called on everyone to make way for the Queen's Mail, and would jump off and catch hold of the horse's head and drag a nobleman's carriage, if necessary, out of the way. The guard had a small "dickey" to himself, but in later days, especially on day mails, three or four seats were allowed on the roof behind facing the guard. This was a good thing for the guard, who got well tipped.

There are two excellent works on the old coaching times: "Coaching Age, 1885," and "Old Coaching Days, 1882," written by a great friend of mine, the late Stanley Harris, who lived at Barnet, the first stage out for the northern coaching. I purposely abstained from looking at his books until I had finished this paper, as I am not a pirate; but I must borrow back from his ghost three little anecdotes which I gave to him when he was writing his books, one of which is excellently illustrated by Mr. Sturgess, in reference to the squabble with the soldiers and hunting scenes which I gave him. The first illustration represents the guard's claim to right of way, and the second is an adventure with the foxhounds—now for reproducing them shortly.

No. 1. Scene—The narrow streets of Chatham where the

Military Road crosses; Time: somewhere in the forties. Regiment with band coming down Military Road; Dover mail coming down main street, which is at right angles with Military Road, myself sitting behind coachman; all traffic stopped to allow the soldiers to pass. Elwin, a north country guard, whom I knew very well, to Watson, the coachman (in tone of command), "Drive on, Watson, this is the Queen's highway; d—n the soldiers, they shan't stop us." Watson drives on as ordered; officer (with glass in his eye, by Jove!) gesticulating with his sword for mail to stop; mail goes on; soldiers divided, ultimate result utterly unknown to me, beyond that we, the passengers, "pulled up our collars" and "cocked our hats," we had won; when we passed through, strong remarks by officer with glass in eye—for he spoke the "great damn" as well as the guard; let us hope not more than was necessary for carrying on the Queen's service. And doubtless Elwin was not forgotten. Now for two others, which record the only occasion when I was in danger outside a coach.

No. 2. Time—dusk, a few days before Christmas, 1841; Place: the Kent side of Shooter's Hill; the side which faces the Nore was a mask of ice; two yards on the left hand side of road "pecked up" by road makers to give a hold for the drag; drag on, and Clements driving the Tally Ho! keeping the horses cleverly on their legs; coach suddenly seems to slip forward; true for you, it did; drag chain had broken; Clements says "sit tight, gentlemen, for God's sake—drag broken, and I must go for it;" and he *did* go for it, as the only chance of keeping the coach from running on the

wheelers' hocks was to "go for it," and we went at a gallop, the coach swinging like a kettle to a dog's tail, and "so it came to pass that we escaped all safe" on the level again; and I think we were all very thankful for our escape, I am sure Clements was; in after days he told me that he never forgot that escape.

No. 3. Now for No. 3. Time—Autumn, anno 1842; Scene: Syndale Hill near Faversham; the writer of this on one of the heavy Dover road coaches—query? Eagle, or Phoenix? Coachman an old fashioned man in a long frock coat like a huntsman's coat in George III.'s time, a low broad-brimmed hat and top boots, and no conversation; sound of cheerful horn on the left; apparently a mad cat crosses the road; second thoughts "by Jove, it is a fox;" right you are, my boy; two fields away white spots skimming along quickly; hounds, by Jove; coachman, thinking aloud, "and I have the old hunter off leader, oh Lord!" so he had; off leader on hearing horn squeaked and stood first on his hind legs, and then almost on his nose; dashed round and kicked a steady old wheeler three times in the belly; on receiving each of which the old horse groaned—*gemitumque dedere cavernæ*. Fortunately the old coachman was a good workman, and managed to save us from a very nasty accident, but it took some minutes to steady the team, and the hounds and huntsmen crossed a little in front of us. Do you remember the old song of our boyhood to the tune of "Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen?"

"Here's to the old ones of four-in-hand  
fame,

Harrison, Peyton, and Ward, sir," &c.

Some dozen years ago a livery stable keeper, Mr. Percival, of

Eaton Place, South, often talked to me about the old coachmen, and said, "I expect Charley Ward, who drove the Quicksilver mail from Plymouth, in half an hour; he is going to pay me a bet of a bottle of champagne about the sale of a horse, and you will make a good third man." Mr. Ward had stables close to Tattersall's, and was nearer 80 than 70 when I saw him. His face was as fresh and ruddy as a Ribstone pippin, and he was driving a splendid pair of horses in a brake. We had a long talk. He said, "I believe truthfully that we did eleven miles an hour by the Quicksilver mail, actual travelling, between Plymouth and Hyde Park Corner. Two minutes was the outside time of changing horses, and competition was very great."

All the coachmen on the Dover and Southampton roads whom I remember were very superior men and well bred. Boulton, formerly coadjutor with Clements on the Tally Ho! and afterwards with Watson, worked the Dover day mail, and Elwin, a north countryman, and who was the favourite guard, were good specimens of first class roadmen. The Dover day mail was a splendid coach, and in the spring, when the orchards were in bloom, the drive from the "Bricklayers' Arms" to Dover was glorious, and it was a sad day when the mail dropped to a pair-horse coach on the eve of the extermination of road travelling. The Dover road lasted the longest for road travelling, as the people of North Kent stood out the very last against railways. Mails were first carried by rail in 1838, when the now North Western was open to Birmingham. The opening of the South Western to Southampton, in 1841, almost denuded

that road of traffic. Amongst other coachmen whom I knew was Jack Piers (perhaps I ought not to spell it with final s), who drove the Red Rover on the Southampton Road; he was a splendid whip. His brother, Tom Piers, was equally celebrated on the Brighton. The Red Rover was a "dashing" turn out, the coach was red and also the horses' collars. It was in 1838, when on my way to school by the Red Rover, and in the days when the South Western was open to Woking, and *quasi* "pirate" coaches started from the Woking terminus for Southampton, Jack Piers, with some contempt, on meeting one of the "pirates" remarked "that tea-kettle travelling will do as a novelty, and this young gentleman"—meaning me—"may live to see it popular, but the road will last my time." Poor fellow, many years afterwards a paragraph appeared in *Bell's Life* that Jack Piers was found dying of consumption in a workhouse. I put a few lines in *Bell*, suggesting that old Wykehamists ought to tip the coachman once more. Frank Dowling, the then editor, told me that lots of volunteers had come forward directly his first notice appeared, and that their number was much increased after my supplement; one old Wykehamist, an old schoolfellow of mine in Devonshire, who drove his own four-in-hand, sending a "pony" to him, with promise of another if needed.

A long time since I was coming up by the last bus from Richmond in the dull season and sat by the coachman, who was a very superior man whom I rightly supposed to have been one of the old whips, and at a halting place half way, where the horses had some water, I suggested a little refreshment

and offered him a glass of sherry, a favourite coachman's drink.

"Ah!" he said, "it is long since any gentleman asked me to have a glass of sherry; in old times it was difficult to refuse offers of wine."

It came out that he was Tom Piers, who I heard had fallen very low in the world when coaches ceased.

"Did you ever drive the Dover Road?" I asked.

"Yes, for six months," was his reply.

On being asked if he remembered Rainham, he said, "Yes, I remember Rainham well, as I always looked out for the parson and his little black long-tailed Shetland pony, the most perfect trotting pony I ever remember; he drove the pony in a very light two-wheeled carriage, and often his boy, a curly-headed little monkey, about 9 or 10 years old, drove him, and I saw the parson nudge the boy as we met, and the youngster tipped me the coachman's salute which I never omitted to return."

It was funny that we met again, as I was the little curly-headed monkey of the past.

Charles Dickens must have sketched Tony Weller and his fellows from the Cockney short-stage coachmen near London, the class who accompanied Sam Weller to the Fleet were not the men who drove the best coaches. He missed a grand opportunity in his description of the Pickwickian tour by the Commodore to Rochester, by which I often travelled, by omitting to describe Chumley, the coachman, one of the best drivers, and greatest humourist on the road. He was not a vulgar man, but remarkable for his wonderful good temper and quaint chaff, and he had a large following by the Military and Cathedral and Church party at Rochester.

"Bring an action against me, Mr. Moss?" he remarked to a very excited tradesman of the Hebrew persuasion, who was conspicuous by long curly ringlets excessively oiled; "you must be dreaming, now don't be angry, I have not lost your parcel; look at my way bill; of course I will inquire about it, but just answer me a quiet question."

"What is that, Mr. Chumley?" said Moss, softening.

"Why, where *do* you get your Macassar oil for your beautiful ringlets?"

No one could quarrel with a man like that.

Many gentlemen drove stage coaches for a living; names do not matter now. I will mention one who was worth seeing. In the thirties I was taken to the White Horse Cellar (*vide* copy of sign taken from old way bill) to see the Brighton Age start; Sir St. Vincent Cotton, who had run through his fortune, was the coachman. He arrived in his private cab with a tiger behind;

possibly this was part of the arrangement, as crowds assembled to see him start. He was a splendid whip, and doubtless in tipping the coachman old friends often slipped in a sovereign.

There now, I have tried hard to write down old impressions of what I really *saw* or heard myself from stage coachmen, and have scrupulously kept away from popular books on travels, and have avoided "horsiness." As regards coach travelling, in fair weather it was charming; in wet, windy weather, especially in the down country, it was literally infernal when facing the wind. Albert Smith was a regular Cockney, but he made a funny answer to a slang commercial gent who gloried in the good days "When I sat behind four spanking tits, sir," and extolled those days over railway travelling. "I differ from you wholly," Smith replied, "and prefer railways; possibly I was unfortunate in my coach travelling, and 'the tits never spanked' when I sat behind them." F. G.

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## Piscator-Viator.

For the best part of three days the mist had driven in from the German Ocean, and the streets of the ancient capital of Scotland were dank and gloomy, while the cloud-banks swept in serried masses over King Arthur's Seat and blotted out, with enveloping mantle, the higher battlements on the old Castle Rock. The great Sir Walter's own romantic town was for the time nothing but a monotone in grey, the flashing waters of the Scottish Ægean were, if they could have been

visible, anything but blue; and the classic city, with its stirring memories of love and war; its gay scenes of mediæval chivalry, and its later days of a golden age of literature and art, was dull, soulless, and dead as only an east wind and a "haar" from the North Sea can make it.

But in the very early hours of that Monday morning, as I stepped out of our dwelling to take the first mail for the North, my spirits rose immeasurably, and the barometric depression which

had sealed them for at least the last forty-eight hours passed quickly away, as I discerned a faint streak of blue on the Eastern horizon and felt a shaft of sunlight warm the chilled damp air; and by the time the Vale of Atholl was reached I was, for a time at least, in the full blaze and glory of a summer day. I think it was Browning who sang: "Oh to be in England now that April's there!" and no doubt April has a special enchantment of its own. But in these Northern latitudes it is, as a rule, safer to postpone one's longing till a later day, for April may bring you but icy blasts and driving snow showers, and, for my part, I should rather choose the riper charms and the full-blown, yet fresh and tender greenery of leafy June. And certainly as we sped along that morning in early June it would have been a revelation to the English sportsman or tourist who but rushes to the North when the heather is purple and the grouse is on the wing, and the Summer has changed to Autumn, to see the colours of this accomplished Spring. The mist clouds, pierced every now and then by the sunlight, hung in great masses of black and grey round the peaks of Badenoch and the wild Cairngorms, but the valleys were a blaze of vivid greens and golds, for the gorse and the broom were in unparalleled magnificence of yellow blooms, while the pink hawthorn, the dark pine and the brilliant larch, yet in its first fresh and tender foliage, were each and all a glory in themselves.

By loch and river, by mountain and fell, it is a common way which bears its thousands northward every year, yet many of them, doubtless, alike oblivious and indifferent to its associations and its charms. A beaten track certainly,

commonplace now if you will, but, let us hope, destined never to be utterly vulgarised.

You ask me, perhaps, whither I went, and I say, yet with all courtesy, I may not tell you. There must be some spots on this small island of ours kept sacred and shielded from the public gaze so long as that is possible. Yet so much I may discreetly disclose. It was a place with an inn and a trout-loch; it lay in a pleasant valley of the North far from the sounds of the railway engine and the crowded haunts of men. It had a circle of surrounding hills, rugged, heather-clad, granite made. Beneath your feet you found a crisp velvety turf; beside you a winding stream with grassy banks, birch-clad here and there, and on the margins of the trout-loch, sand, yellow as the sea shore; while above it all was a sharp, vitalising, health-laden air. No! I cannot tell you more about it. Yet I am glad that I have found it, and if its existence, its local habitation and its name, ever come to you by chance or seeking, keep them specially as a possession for yourself and those who, as Tennyson says, "call you friend." This I know is the very essence of selfishness, and selfishness, materialism, and opportunism are, among other things, the curses of the age, but still in this matter I pray you be selfish, be expedient, for otherwise you will live to regret it!

My companion on that journey was a soldier who had had, among other experiences of life, his baptism of fire; but he was likewise a keen sportsman who had hunted in many lands, and withal an intelligent and appreciative lover of literature, art, folk-lore and many other subjects of speculation which add somewhat to the purpose and zest of life,

and, above all, he was not ignorant of the mysteries and charm of trout-fishing. Now, it is not every day that it is given to a man to combine all these things in one personality, and so I am free to admit that I was peculiarly fortunate and happy in my choice of a friend, and the result was, I believe, a companionship alike pleasant and exhilarating, and which, by the exigencies of time and duty came to an end only too soon.

Our impedimenta consisted of that array of rods, reels, baskets and landing-nets, &c., of which I am sure that the average fisherman burdens himself, as a rule, with much more than an ample sufficiency, while the gaff for the "occasional," but usually phantasmal, salmon was not forgotten.

The shadows of night had not yet fallen when we reached our destination. It was a plain, unpretentious Highland hostelry, with, happily, but limited accommodation for guests. I say "happily," for by reason of it we were delivered from the horrors of the modern hotel. The table d'hôte dinner, the supercilious landlord, the inevitable German waiter, the vulgar tourist, the deadly silence and dulness of "The ladies' drawing-room," and the thousand and one conventionalities which stifle and paralyse life and pleasure in the great caravanserai of modern Christendom were conspicuous by their absence—unwept-for and unregretted. Our host of the McCracken Arms was host, butler, valet, and groom of the chambers in one, and our hostess was the cook and general supervisor of our comforts—and we asked for nothing more.

When Charles Kingsley went with those keen angling friends, Tom Hughes, the author of "Tom Brown's School Days," and Tom

Taylor, the dramatist, to a little inn in Wales, he wrote some verses in the Visitors' Book which among others contained this couplet:—

"And that onion sauce lies on our souls,  
For it made of us three gluttons."

And we have even now a grateful and tender recollection of that first dish of lake trout, caught by ourselves but an hour before dinner and sent up by our good hostess of the McCracken Arms—pink as salmon, or more so, of delicious flavour and crispness; cooked and served to a thought! We were not *gourmets*, but we may be permitted not to forget those trout.

But our chief concern was, happily, not with eating trout but with catching them. It is, I suppose, almost an axiom in angling that while the stream-fisher is, for the most part, dependent upon the state of the water for his chances of success, the loch-fisher is subject first of all to conditions of atmosphere, light, sky, and wind for his, and to obtain an ideally perfect day; for the loch is always, in this uncertain climate of ours, not only a matter of anxiety but of difficulty, for a votary of this form of the gentle art. I think, moreover, that the longer one observes the habits of the lake trout the more is one puzzled to account for his seeming caprices and generally unreasonable conduct in the important questions of appetite and diet, and the particular days and hours when he feels inclined to dine! On the most seemingly favourable day when there was a nice grey sky, broken now and then by glints of sunshine, a moist warm wind making a fine steady "curl" on the water, and the hill-tops clear of mist, I have found it next to impossible to persuade a trout to rise, except perhaps a stray and extra hungry specimen

now and then; while again on days when you would hardly expect to see a fish on the surface of the water, with a keen north wind blowing, a sky of heavy black clouds drifting overhead, or perhaps a cold mist driving across the surface of the loch, or sharp hail shower breaking its surface, and a thunderstorm in progress, I have known them to rise freely. Then again, on some particular days they will take in the early morning, some days in the afternoon, and at other times only in the evening, immediately before or after sunset; while on certain days they will either rise more or less freely all through the day, or, perhaps, not at all; sometimes only if the flies are kept on the surface of the water, and at other times not unless they are sunk an inch or more below it. Verily, therefore, the loch-fisher must exercise at times a vast amount of fortitude and patience, often under trying circumstances, and always, even under the most apparently adverse conditions of time, atmosphere, and place, "keep his flies on the water," as the boatmen say, if he is to woo successfully the speckled but capricious inhabitants of the lake. There was an infinite amount of truth in the saying of the Highland boatman to an ease-loving angler who preferred the *dolce far niente* now and then to the hard and ceaseless toil of the ardent fisherman: "How can you expect to catch fish, sir, if you will be lying in the stern of the boat and smoking *paper shugaretties* all day?"

Well, with us the sun often shone brightly, the wind came at times cold from the nor'-east, and the mist lay down on the water, but nevertheless, by dint of hard work and the virtues of patience and hope, we tempted those trout and they fell. Strong, lively, beauti-

ful in shape and colouring, their speckled and lustrous sides often gladdened our fisher's eye as they danced and struggled in the landing net, victims for the most part to their love for those little flies, known to the angler as the "Zulu," with its fuzzy black body and tip of brilliant red; the "Alexandra," bright with silver tinsel and gaudy peacock wing; and the old familiar "Claret body and grouse wing,"—all of them dear, evidently, to the eye and palate of the trout! We had no phenomenal baskets to chronicle, but on a very moderately favourable day as to fishing weather, sixty trout, weighing something over 21 lbs., was a basket with which we were not discontented, for a number of them were fine fish as yellow trout count in Scotland. I use the word "yellow" advisedly, for in my boyish days, when I killed many a good one on mountain loch and swiftly flowing hill burn, we never heard of the word "brown," and the angler is, for the most part, keenly conservative in matters pertaining to his art and deeply dislikes change, and all new-fangled words and methods.

But the surroundings of that good northern loch rise before me as I write and recall me to the present and its interests. Even now we see its limpid waters margined by golden strand, green reed, and rocky headland stretching and winding away between the hills. On the right there rises a bold, rounded hill clad with the mountain birch, which our boatman tells us is the best place for woodcock in the country. In that distant bay, with the little islet in front of it, is the shady nook where we landed for our modest luncheon on that hot June day, when, at the hour of noon, the sun shone out fiercely above us and cast a hopeless sheen upon the water; yet to

be followed, ere the afternoon hours had passed, by black thunderclouds and rain, which drove and hissed along the surface of the lake as it came sweeping towards us. There, motionless in the water as the statuesque Life Guards of Whitehall, stands a solitary heron: over our heads sweeps in hurried flight the beautifully marked oystercatcher; a mallard drake skims swiftly across the water in front of our boat, and from the distance comes the cry of the curlew. The grouse are silent now, though we know they are all around us, for it is "nesting time," and even the predatory old blackcock is for the nonce invisible.

But the signs of animate nature which have caught our eye and ear have added a fresh zest and interest to those angling hours, as we drift gently across the loch with the easterly breeze, yet it is an interest which vanishes suddenly into space as we see the quick swirl and dash of a trout in the water, and hear the joyous music of the reel. My little roft. rod bends like a whip over a lusty fish in the prime of condition and gameness, and I think we have hooked a 2-pounder at least. How he bores and dives and runs out once and again another twelve or fifteen feet of line. But at last I get him to the top of the water, he has one final leap in the air for freedom, and in a brief space of time Donald has him safe in the landing net. I exclaim "He is a beauty, and well over a pound at least!" and then comes the frequent question "What fly has he taken?"—as he is consigned to the company of his fellows in the capacious fishing basket.

I reel off my line once more for a cast in this most "trouty" looking bay. Then in the next drift out spins the Soldier's reel, and another fish, quite as good

as the last one, is fairly hooked, played, and landed on the small rod and fine tackle, to be followed, as the hours roll by, by a goodly number more.

Donald, of whom I have spoken, is a good specimen of the Highland keeper or gillie, but he has withal certain peculiarities of his own. He has a quick eye for the sights and sounds of Nature and of life among the solitudes of the heath and rock-clad hills of his native land; and the habits of birds and beasts, the signs of cloud and sky, and other things which to the dweller in cities are for the most part unknown or unobserved facts in life, are to him things of direct personal interest and moment. That is not unusual with the best of his class, but Donald had also been a kilted soldier in his youth, and had marched with the gallant Sir Colin Campbell and his Highlanders to the relief of Lucknow. He had seen then something of the mingled bravery and horror of those Indian days, and now his mind has taken (although not of course by any logical sequence) a distinctly theological turn. And on certain questions which concern him most he is even now engaged in a fierce conflict of correspondence with the minister of the neighbouring parish—and he thinks he has the best of it! It is very typical and characteristic of the Scottish character, this keen theological combativeness, though in one of his station and class we might perhaps have expected to find it rather in the Western or Southern Lowlands than in the Highlands of the North.

But the shades of evening are beginning to fall, and the sun is sinking over the western hills. We have had a long day on the loch, and the old dog-cart, with our host on the box, is waiting to



take us home to a late dinner, with a small and modest flask of "Long-john," the pipe of peace, and sleep. And so we row quietly back to the boathouse and haul up our craft on to the beach; the rods are taken down, the fish are counted, the

baskets are weighed, and we set out on our return to the hospitable shelter of the McCracken Arms, with nothing but pleasant recollections of the past day and fonder anticipations for the morrow.  
J. A. S. M.

## "Midget"; or, the Autobiography of a Polo Pony.

THE first three years of my life may be passed over; they were spent in the South-west of Ireland on the rock-strewn moors which slope down to lake and valley, with the hare, curlew and plover for company, and were absolutely without incident worth recalling. I therefore begin with the day that saw my introduction to mankind; intimate acquaintance I mean, for of course I had known men from foalhood.

I have a lively recollection of the dance I led those men before they caught and put a halter on me; I did not so much object to that indignity, but I listened with feelings every self-respecting horse will understand, to the remarks that were made on my personal appearance by my captors, after they had critically examined me.

"*That filly* will never be worth breaking! What a nuisance these undersized weeds are! On her breeding she should win races, and look at her! Not fit to carry a man's boots. Yes, if you want something for the boy to ride to the Post Office, you had better get her in and break her."

The man who said this was my master; and the man he addressed was Paddy, his *factotum* in all matters pertaining to horse-flesh. Paddy stood rather shamefacedly

surveying the landscape while he listened; it occurred to me afterwards when I knew him better that this was the only occasion on which he had not been ready with a reply to his master. When Paddy and I were left alone he looked me up and down.

"Ah, now," he said, "sure yez ought to be ashamed of yourself, and your dam winning races at Punchestown and your grandsire a Derby winner, and me recom-mendin' the master to buy the mare and feedin' ye, too! It's divil a ha'porth of corn ye'll be gettin' from me now."

I shall not dwell on the next few days; they were full of disagreeables, but when I understood what was wanted of me I did it; by consequence my lessons soon came to an end and I was dashing along to the post every day with six stone of concentrated mischief on my back. It was rare fun, in spite of the ash-plant which at first played rather a prominent part, owing to some trifling differences of opinion between my rider and myself. That boy was a sportsman, nothing short of the demesne wall stopped us after a week or two of work.

I was rising four years when the turning point in my life came. The soldier of the family was at

home and I suppose that I caught his eye, for one day in the stable yard he strolled up, looked me over and remarked that I ought to make a polo pony. I myself hadn't a notion what he meant, but old Paddy spoke up for me at once, though he had never forgiven me my want of size—just as if I were to blame for it!

"An' why wouldn't she, now?" he echoed; "and she bred fit to win the National, no less! the Midget!"

I soon got an idea of what being a polo pony meant; one non-hunting day "the captain" had me out and after a smart breather (which, judging by the way he "made much of" me, seemed to give him great satisfaction) I was introduced to a rather alarming thing called a polo stick and subsequently to the polo ball. I somehow realised that this latter was a thing for me to play with, so for the first time or two I leapt in the air and tried to stamp on the ball with my fore-feet. I often laugh now at my first ideas of the use of a polo ball, but I suspect that my antics at the time gave the captain a good deal of trouble. He was exceedingly gentle and patient with me; when he drove the ball a sort of fascination compelled me to follow it and I quickly learned that this was the right thing to do.

One of the right things, at least; a polo pony has ever so much more to learn than a post-boy's pony. For days the captain kept me at these new lessons, galloping me after the ball while he swayed his body over to one side, using the snaffle and making me change my leg in spite of myself. The thing that tried me more highly than anything else was learning to stop in two strides while going as fast as I could gallop. My new master evidently considered it particularly

important that I should be able to do this and kept me at it until he was satisfied and I with aching limbs almost wished that I had not looked like making a polo pony.

I could not forget my gallops to the post office, and as I was never required to jump at polo practice, began to think my education under the ash-plant had been wasted. It was not, however; before I became really a polo pony the master's little daughter had a few weeks' hunting on me. What fun that was! The little lady did not know what fear was, and enjoyed herself as much as I did. Ah! what entrancing delight to race like a wild animal and cross country as lightly as a bird. Racing down the ground three lengths ahead of anybody is exciting enough; but surely the brightest and happiest moments of a horse's life are those spent flying in the wake of hounds.

I only enjoyed this pleasure for a few months, then it was "good bye" to Ireland and the hunting field; rail and boat conveyed us to Aldershot, where I began my career as a polo pony in earnest. I found that I had still much to learn, but playing regularly in practice games under a good player teaches one much, and I learned to subordinate myself to the least movement of my rider's body.

I was nearly up to tournament form in a couple of months, and having grown really fond of the game, was in hopes that I should be allowed to take part in the matches about which the older ponies talked so much in the stable of nights. It was a great disappointment to be left at home when the regimental team went to Hurlingham, and only after more mature experience did I realise that my owner's decision not to

play me so soon in such hard games was wise. Keenly as I enjoy a match, I see very plainly that if I had been played in a hard fought tournament as a four-year-old, the business would have sickened me.

I heard all about it from my companions when they returned: they came home defeated and therefore not in the best spirits, but they had not been disgraced. In the second ties they met the team who proved eventually the winners of the tournament, and after a fearful tussle had just, and only just, been beaten when the score stood at two goals all, after playing twenty minutes over time. They said it was a fluke, and I've no doubt they were right. This, of course, is merely the gist of their account; they used to stay awake all night for weeks to talk about it while I listened, jealous lest I should lose a single word. The Arab had been down once, and another pony was on the sick list for a week or more; the cuts, treads and bruises the whole string brought back made me think of the battles the Syrian Arab used to describe; I thought that a tournament must be like a campaign in miniature.

I don't know whether it is due to those nightly stable talks after that tournament, but all my life I have felt nervous and excited before a match. I have never got over the feeling; but the moment the ball is thrown in it leaves me altogether, and in its place comes a "do or die" sort of excitement, under whose influence I would charge a dray-horse if I got the office and he crossed me when we were in possession of the ball. One never thinks about getting hurt; in the intoxication of the game the pain from knock or cut goes unfelt.

What stories those old stable

companions of mine used to tell! The Syrian Arab, a beautiful dark chestnut, had been up the Nile on an expedition, and had seen service. He had suffered the horrors of thirst and hunger, and once carried his master in a race for life across the desert. Most of us, I think, could have given him a stone and a beating; but his glossy coat and the silky swish tail he carried so well proclaimed him a gentleman by birth, and also we felt that his experience gave him claim to our respect. He could play the game, too, though he had to wear a net to prevent him from eating the other side: a little weakness of his. It certainly was whispered among his enemies that he was not too good at riding out, but on his day when the ground rattled he justified his boast that his rider hit the ball thrice to every-one else's twice; and at No. 2, his place in the game, he had frequently got two goals in ten minutes. One can't ignore things like that.

"Besides," he would add, as a clincher—he *was* rather given to blowing his own trumpet, I must admit—"I don't pull my rider about till he is tired and misses the ball; he has a rest and a pleasant ride, and that's where I come in." And to this we British ponies had not much to say.

Another stable companion was, as his tick-marked coat showed, a native of South Africa. He had been foaled in Basutoland, and was very proud of his grandsire, who had won the Leger. It was only in confidence he told me that the union of his dam and sire was not hallowed by the presence of a stud groom or fee, so perhaps I ought not to mention that here. He had distant memories of veldt life, trotting alongside his dam on a cattle raid into neighbouring

territory, and hearing the bullets whiz as the cattle were headed from the enemy's kraal; but he did not regard these early experiences as entitling him to a medal or even to any special respect from us; the latter I am bound to say he did receive, for he was a cool and collected pony of great force of character, who could stay all day; no one had ever got to the bottom of him in the hardest match.

Brought up in such company and with the advantages of an education so ably directed, it was only in the natural order of things that I should turn out a good player; of course no four-year-old nor even five-year-old pony can be really first-rate; he has neither the *nous* nor quickness of the perfectly trained and practised pony who has years of experience behind him; it is only experience that teaches one to watch the ball and jump off like lightning when an opening occurs. Nevertheless I made progress, and after hearing my master one day refuse £80 for me, I began to fancy myself. I remember exactly what he said:—

"No, I shall keep the pony and hack and drive her short journeys; get some good feeding into her and some muscle on her back and loins. The others can be kept in the rough and cool their legs down."

He did hack and drive me, and with lots of good food as well as work I filled out and furnished till an old stable companion, six months afterwards, said he hardly knew me. That year saw a great event in my life: I played in my first match. My owner felt quite a different man in a match, and played like a demon; his riding inspired me, and I surprised myself. But for my training and my good shoulders I think I

should have been down half-a-dozen times in the first period; I was swung round without the slightest warning, banged against and barged into again and again. When the bell rang after ten minutes of the hardest galloping I ever had in my life, I felt that I had had enough, and thought my master most considerate when he jumped off my back in the middle of the ground and led me in. I am still sure thought for my comfort was also in his mind when he did this, but the other ponies declared it was his wish to prevent me learning to hang to the side of the ground where the ponies stood.

The groom stripped off my saddle, scraped and sponged me down, and washed out my mouth, and twenty minutes later I was as right as a trivet, thanks to the good oats and hay I had had all the winter, and to the work which had kept me in condition. The next ten minutes I played was just as hard work as the first; harder, perhaps, for I was "interposed," as the Rules say, a dozen times in order to save a stroke, and glad I was when our side hit a goal and gave my rider the chance of doing the quick change business on to another pony. I was a bit tired that night but I didn't care, for the match had been won and I had done my share in my maiden tournament. I felt, as many a young human player has done, that tournament play and ordinary games are different from each other as a battle and a field day. A well-earned white drink and a linseed mash put the finishing touch to our contentment.

I ought to mention that our master was his own stud groom, and always looked after our comfort himself. We always had good oats and sweet hay free from

mouldiness; if a pony left his feed our master saw it and found out the reason; a skilled hand passed down our legs and over our feet; the smallest cut or bruise was carefully dressed; our teeth and mouths were inspected regularly. There was no chance of anything going amiss or undetected under our master's *régime*; I can tell you; ours was a very different lot from that of ponies left to the tender mercies of the hiring or livery stable keeper.

We always wore good polo boots made of felt, which saved us many a knock. It is only beginners who hit their ponies instead of the ball, and flourish their sticks in a scrimmage and commit other atrocities with swishy sticks on friends, foes and their ponies alike. When we played in a match we had our regular turns. Looking back on my experience I see that only thorough attention to our condition can render a polo team really successful. Grooms like ponies to look fat, and are not too fond of exercising them. No one in his senses would back a fat man or fat horse for a race, and we polo ponies, playing in a hard fought tournament, with perhaps three or four ties a week, undergo far greater exertion than a race-horse, and we ought to start fit at the beginning.

Such treatment as I have described was too good to last; our master was ordered to Egypt and what a contrast was my lot after he had gone!

Sailing at a moment's notice, he confided me to the care of his subaltern, and so long as he played me I had nothing of which to complain. The senior subaltern went on leave, however, and during his absence, another lately joined sub., by whom my master, I know, would never have allowed me to be played, ordered me to be taken

down to the ground that he might help to make up a game. I shall never forget that day.

The moment I saw that young man approach I could tell he was a tailor, for on his painfully new-looking boots he wore sharp spurs.

Sharp spurs! with which to ride *me*, me, in a practice game!! Why, in the final of the severest match my own dear master never wore sharp spurs. I had never in all my life felt such things, but other ponies had told me what it is like to be ridden with them and I suppose that I was nervous. At any rate, while he was mounting I moved away, and promptly got a dig with the spur as he reached down with his hand to put the stirrup on his foot. Of course I bounded forward, nearly knocking down the groom, and was sharply jobbed in the mouth with the bit. As soon as he had settled himself in the saddle he began to bully me; I was not used to bullying, and this finished what the first dig of the spur had begun; my temper was thoroughly upset. In five minutes my sides were bleeding and my mouth was callous; I can conscientiously say I never played worse in my life than I did in that practice game. My rider was furious, and as he got down I heard him say to a rather senior Captain:—

"Well, if that's Jock's best polo pony I don't think much of her, a more pulling, fighting brute I never got on to."

The old fellow turned sharply on him.

"If she pulls and fights how is it you've got blood on your spurs? You tinker! You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Go and take them off and don't put them on again till you've learned to ride, and those horrid yellow boots of yours are a better colour."

He went off grumbling like a

departing thunderstorm about the "infernal young asses they send us now-a-days," while my late enemy went to get a cup of tea, much more hurt at the insult directed at his boots than at the imputation on his horsemanship.

Such men should never be allowed to ride anything more sentient than a bicycle.

Though the "tinker" never rode me again I was delighted when my own master returned from "furrin" parts. A horse loves and serves a man who makes him do what he wants without fussing, just as soldiers will work for a stern disciplinarian, and women love a resolute man.

\* \* \* \*

And now once more I am back in the Emerald Isle and to-morrow we hope to carry off the Irish Military Cup. Seasoned old stager as I am I feel excited and

anxious, though the result can only be another win for us.

\* \* \* \*

"Yes, poor chap! I knew we should not see him at mess to-night. I can't say how sorry I am for him and no wonder he is cut up."

"The tears were rolling down his cheeks when the veterinary surgeon said the kindest thing was to shoot his good old pony."

"Ah, well, one can't help thinking it's best for 'dumb creatures here below' to die like that and not to come down in the world."

"Old Midget would never have fallen if that brute had not taken an unfair advantage and crossed her."

"Yes, she has carried him well for six years, and he has refused £250 for her ever so many times, tho' God knows he is hard up enough."

"Hot water? No, bring me a strong whisky and soda."

RIEVER.

## Country Life at Burlington House.

A WRITER in a daily paper has attempted to make merry over what he calls the "Specialist Critic," and rather taboos the doctrine that details enhance the value of a picture, regarding as hypercritical any remarks which suggest anachronisms or inconsistencies. We would not for a moment be hard upon any artist who made some slight error in detail, but at the same time, so far as sport and country life are concerned, the best prices would naturally be paid for those paintings which are accurate in every detail. It may, of course, be taken for granted that every canvas hung on the walls of the

galleries at the Royal Academy reaches a high artistic standard so far as its execution is concerned: but it does not equally follow that because a picture is beautifully painted it should commend itself to every admirer of the subject of which the picture treats. A picture representing cub-hunting, with the field clothed in scarlet would not in itself be satisfactory to the hunting man, nor would the shooting man derive pleasure from gazing at a picture in which foxhounds did duty for pointers, or which represented pheasant shooting as taking place in June or July. A regiment of Hussars dressed in the uniform

of the Grenadier Guards would not meet with the approval of a soldier, nor would a painting representing an Atlantic liner on the lines of a junk easily find a buyer, no matter how good the execution might be. With these preliminary remarks we shall proceed to notice some of the pictures at the Royal Academy which deal with sporting and rural subjects.

Taking the rural pictures first, one cannot help noticing No. 41, "A Morning in Autumn," from the brush of that veteran artist, Mr. T. Sidney Cooper, R.A. In almost every respect, it is a pleasing landscape; but it would be possibly too flattering to say that some of the cows are quite up to Smithfield or Dairy Show form. For breadth of treatment we liked Mr. Hook's "Turn in the Lane: Blackberries," which represents a small boy reaching with excellent judgment at some berries growing on a high brake, a little farm cart being drawn up at the roadside for his convenience.

As a study of horses "The Austrian Cuirassiers at the Battle of Dubitz" (90), by Mr. Torromé, should not be passed over without notice. Professor Muybridge's most interesting series of instantaneous photographs of horses in motion have quite shaken most people's ideas as to how horses progress at their various paces, and if anybody be inclined to work out the subject they will find an opportunity in this picture. In one case both near side legs are off the ground, and so is the off-fore, while the horse is apparently leaning to the right. This position is somewhat extraordinary, but one is by no means prepared to say that it is wrong.

Mr. E. G. Hobley has a rather curious picture which he has named "A Shaft of Light" (149). A couple of white calves are in

an outhouse, in the front of which is a hole, and through this the sun streams brightly, throwing a curious streak of light across the calf lying down. The idea is by no means bad, but there is something about the picture which prevents us regarding it as entirely satisfactory. Those who appreciate vigorous landscape painting will possibly pause at Mr. Leader's "In a Welsh Valley" (188), a picture representative of a typical piece of Welsh scenery, which must be familiar to a good many who have taken their holiday in the Principality. Mr. Peter Graham's Highland cattle in "Moorland Quietude" (229) are lifelike as usual, while Mr. Gow's "A Gentleman of the Road" (269), is a picture which will appeal to many. A highwayman who has just stopped a coach on a road running across a common is retreating over the country at his very best pace, while the guard, who has been shot in an attempt to defend his passengers and goods, is on the ground, being looked after by the passengers. The guard, it will be noticed, wears a red coat, but there is a question whether guards, other than mail guards, did wear red coats as a rule. Mr. Brown's "Labourers" (308) is a picture of rural life, some farm horses being depicted as drinking at a pond at the end of a day's work. This canvas one cannot help liking, the horses being very well drawn.

Only a few numbers on (333), one comes to Mr. E. Burnand's "Fin de Journée," in which oxen take the place of horses. They are within sight of their home quarters, after having drawn a very heavily-laden van for some distance. At 359 we have Mr. Booth's "Homewards," farm horses making their way to the stable. The artist has evidently

attended the Shire Horse Show at Islington, for he has given his horses that abundance of "feather" which experts of the breed so much like.

Farm horses again enter into Mr. Farquharson's painting (388), the patient steeds having just been released from their ploughing labours; and Mr. H. Davis' "Under the Greenwood Tree" (287) should not be missed, as the deer in the park are very good.

Mr. Johnson's "Through the Forest" (432) we took a fancy to. It represents one of those glades one so often sees in extensive woodlands, with a view of the distant country beyond; some natives are resting under a tree, while a man on a rough white pony is either "passing the time of day" or asking his way. The story presumably told by Mr. West's "Unwilling Accomplice" (443) is, that a young couple are about to elope, and just at a critical moment the tiresome horse attached to the gig jibs; but whether they are really going to elope, or are merely about to pick up the coach at the cross roads or the next change is not known. The horse is very well done, and so is the elderly groom who is doing his best to coax the refractory steed into something like an amiable mood. The only possible shortcoming in "Gordons and Greys to the Front" (446), a Waterloo incident from the brush of Mr. S. Berkeley, is that the horses ridden by the Scots Greys are perhaps too much like the "great horse" of old for the time. They appear to be rather more related to Blossom or Smiler than cavalry horses would have been even at the time of Waterloo. The picture is well conceived and admirably painted. There is some humour in Mr. Reid's "Hiding the De-

serter" (470). A couple of men of the Grenadier Guards have tracked the fugitive to a farm where possibly live his parents or his young woman, or some one known to him. The deserter has taken up his temporary quarters in an outhouse with rails on one side of it, and through these rails the fugitive, with a boldness one would hardly expect, is watching the proceedings. The people at the farm are pointing in the opposite direction, indicating to the pursuers that he in whom they are in search of is "over the hills and far away," and they are too anxious to look behind them.

Mr. F. Calderon has chosen for his subject "The Crest of the Hill" (580), a representation of five farm-horses having drawn to the top of a hill in the wood, a heavy timber-carriage. Of the five horses one is in the shafts, and there are four leaders. The carter has evidently had all his work to do to come over the hill, and the spectator can very well see the straining of the horses at the last few yards of the pitch. A somewhat melancholy interest attaches to this picture, Mr. Calderon, the artist, having died since it was hung. Miss F. M. Hollams contributes a picture "Destined for the Fair," ponies driven in from the moors and bound for Bampton Fair (646). We are not quite sure that all the ponies exhibited show the typical Exmoor points, still the painting is deserving of notice, but it would have been better if some object had been introduced into the body of the picture, so that the size of the ponies might be gauged. In the absence of any sort of standard they might be anything from 13 to 16 hands. This is a very common fault in horse pictures, and artists would do well to bear in mind that in



representing horses it is of great importance to show whether they be large or small.

A capital picture is No. 747, by Mr. A. Pisa, who shows Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday, with all the diversions which exist on the heights of northern London, and he has introduced a very good donkey. A word of praise must be awarded, too, to the ponies represented by Mr. A. E. Stewart (888). They belong to gipsies, and many of them are just the malformed, straight-shouldered animals one finds in such ownership. Mr. Yeend King's "Blackmore Vale" (898) is a Dorsetshire landscape, but those who have hunted with Mr. Merthyr Guest, and before him with Sir Richard Glyn, would not be slow in recognising the glorious pastures and the somewhat intricate banks which are the characteristics of that excellent hunting country. Mr. W. Hathe-rell (941) shows a capital picture "John Ridd's Second Meeting with Lorna Doone," which the readers of Mr. Blackmore's most interesting book "Lorna Doone" will look at for a long time. The Devonshire landscape is well portrayed, while the figures are just those which Mr. Blackmore would himself have chosen as illustrations for his work.

Turning now to the sporting pictures, we first come upon the presentation portrait to Mr. James Hunter (15), the late Master of the Berwickshire Foxhounds. The artist is Mr. Llewellyn. We do not know whether the clothing commends itself to the writer in the "Tailor and Cutter," but the hunting-coat as a whole strikes us as being well depicted. It is a first-rate likeness, and so is that of Mr. Walter Neilson (25), painted by Mr. R. C. Crauford. The picture is unluckily hung

very high, but the subject has evidently been hunting, or at least on horseback, for he is wearing brown leathers and also carries a hunting whip. "Gone Away" (43), by Mr. G. P. Jacomb-Hood, shows us a good run in a plough country. In deep ground the horses are galloping somewhat wearily, while the hounds are going at a rapid pace over the crest of a hill. The pace seems almost too fast to last, but it is a spirited picture, and the field sit their horses very much as they should do. Mr. V. T. Garland's "Home, Sweet Home" (108), shows a pack of hounds returning to their kennel after hunting. One couple have speedily made their way to the benches, while the others are hastening thither. There is little fault to be found with the hounds, but the artist would probably have shown to greater advantage had he made his picture on a more extended scale, instead of crowding so many hounds into so small a space. At No. (233) we come upon the face of a well-known sportsman, the Earl of Pembroke, painted by Mr. H. T. Wells. Lord Pembroke was Master in Lord Radnor's old country from 1887 to 1890, and can therefore well be included in the list of hunting-men. Mr. A. S. Cope has painted Lord Colville, of Culross (239), a former Master of the Royal Staghounds, but he, like the Earl of Pembroke, is not depicted in the panoply of the chase. A hunting picture is painted by Mr. Tythrow (260). "On the Scent" is its title, and it represents a pack of hounds working on a somewhat moderate scent through a woodland, in which there is not much warm lying. In the foreground are some children, who are watching the approach of the hounds with evident inter-

est, and it is to be hoped that they have not headed the fox. This picture will commend itself to hunting-men, as it represents the typical sort of covert which is met with in most countries.

One must not omit the portrait of the Duke of Connaught (300), by Mr. Downing, for the picture has been painted for the Artillery Mess at Aldershot. The Duke has patronised hunting more, perhaps, than most of his family, and has done his best to further the sport. Not a few hunting men will halt for some time before the portrait of Mr. John Lawrence (406), painted by Mr. John Charlton; and this, it will be remembered, was the testimonial presented by the Duke of Beaufort to the veteran Master of the Llangibby at Newport not long ago. It will also be remembered that Mr. Lawrence's portrait appeared some time ago in these pages, and he has kept hounds for very nearly seventy years, and so holds a record amongst English Masters. Mr. Charlton has exactly hit off his subject's expression. He is clothed in scarlet, with a green collar, but he wears black boots in lieu of tops, and altogether he looks what he is—a thorough sportsman. Lord Middleton's portrait, painted by Mr. Urwick (258), is the likeness of a Master of Hounds. He is painted in his robes, in lieu of hunting costume. Mr. Elsey's picture, "Hard Pressed" (463), reminds us somewhat of an incident connected with Mr. Stotford's Staghounds, when the Benicia Boy made his way into a girls' school. Mr. Elsey's fox, whose coat, by the way, is much too long, and whose brush is far too big, has made his way into an infants' school, and is being followed by the hounds in full cry, creating, of course, no little consternation.

Mr. G. Wright's "A Shoe Loose" (542), represents a pack of hounds being delayed at a blacksmith's while one of the hunt servants has a shoe put on his horse. No. 547 is a picture by Messrs. Freyburg and E. Bucknall, entitled "A Refuge in Distress." A spreading tree stands by a village house, and the trunk is hollow. Up this trunk the fox has gone; he has emerged from a hole, and made his way along one of the branches. One of the hounds has followed him, but is apparently unable to make his way through the aperture. He is gazing with his head and neck through it very intently at the fox on the bough. The portrait of a gentleman on horseback with hounds (642) is the work of Mr. T. Blinks, but who the gentleman is the catalogue does not say. As Lord Stamford remarked, when he was asked if a certain member of the Quorn Hunt "went," "I do not know, but I should think he did, for he hangs a very good boot." The same may be said of the subject of Mr. Blinks' picture. He is attired in strictly proper costume, sits in his saddle like a horseman, and is mounted on a hunter which would fetch a very long price at auction.

"The Ferry" (873), also the work of Mr. Blinks, represents some hounds, the Atherstone, it is said, being ferried across a river with the Master, a lady, and the hunt servants. This struck us as being a very nicely-finished picture, and the details appear to be very correct. Close at hand, that is to say, No. 884, is Messrs. Cope and Charlton's picture of the Earl and Countess of Harrington, the Earl being, of course, the popular Master of what were the South Notts Hounds. Lady Harrington is mounted on horseback, while

Lord Harrington stands by her side, and in the distance is the second horseman, holding his horse. A few hounds are grouped around the Earl and Countess; and the likeness must be regarded as a very great success, as those who have seen Lord Harrington in the hunting field and on the polo ground will at once admit. Mr. Herbert Ward's "Tony Lumpkin" (900) is a typical representation of that well-known character, and his long-skirted coat and somewhat deep tops are appropriate to the period which it represents.

In the water-colour section are but few pictures which come within the purview of these remarks, but we may notice Mr. W. T. Bishop's "A Hunting Morning" (1052). There is apparently an absence of scent, and the hounds are working the line through a woodland. We confessedly like this little work. In the Black and White Room we find Mr. Dobie's "London to York," after Mr. Dendy Sadler (1496). Here we see the coffee room of an inn, while the passengers by the coach are breakfasting. Some of them are getting

through their food as quickly as possible, and a barber is shaving a passenger on one side, while at the door is the guard blowing his horn to inform people that the coach is ready to start, though those at the table have not yet despatched their meal, nor has the gentleman who is being shaved been deprived of more than a half of his lather. Mr. Norman Hardy's "The End of a Good Day" (1546) is worthy of notice, and so is Mr. Small's "Water Polo" (1553).

On the whole, there are more pictures this year dealing with sport and country life than has been the case for some years, and taken altogether they reach a very good standard. A distinction must of course be drawn between those works which profess to give portraits of hounds or horses, and those in which either or both are introduced merely as incidents to the painting. There need be no hesitation, therefore, in asserting that those who are addicted to country pursuits, will find a considerable amount of pleasure in going through the galleries at Burlington House.

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## The County Cup and the Hurlingham Polo Committee.

THE Hurlingham Polo Committee need to be restrained in their reckless desire for legislation. They have considered a re-arrangement of the conditions of the County Cup, and the suggestions which have been forwarded to the County Secretaries cannot, in the opinion of the writer, but give dissatisfaction. Surely a little patience is necessary before deciding to

abolish the County Cup, for it is hardly two years since the question was first raised. Have players forgotten how long it took to fix a standard height for ponies in England? It was all very well for hot-headed generals and reckless subalterns to settle the question for India at a single session of their Polo Association. Hurlingham, however, is so different.

But unfortunately in these days the ruling club of a game which attracts eager spirits all over the Empire cannot be left alone, nor can it transfer its responsibilities to other people's shoulders, and yet retain its position. Either the first Polo Club in the world must frankly accept the situation and the trouble as well as the influence, or they must decline it and in so doing practically moderate their positions. It would not be sufficient for them to say, for example, to the County Clubs, "there, take the Cup and settle your own conditions, and if you are good boys and we can spare the time you shall come and play the final at Hurlingham."

This would be a short-sighted policy indeed. Not for some years perhaps can the County Cup Tournament rival in interest the splendid contests for the Inter-regimental. But the increasing County Clubs are the source from which we draw polo recruits from all over the country; they stimulate the supply of ponies, they add a new interest to the lives of men who spend the greater part of their time in the country. They help to create a polo public. What is desired is not a Cup, but a fortnight's play every year for these Clubs in London, to enable them to see polo at its best and to learn their own weakness and their own strength by pitting themselves against better teams. They want, too, to see the best ponies and carry away the make and shape of such in their memories, that they may know what to breed for and how to buy. But for this end it is necessary to take as much pains with the County Cup Tournament as is done with the Inter-regimental. It may not be so interesting a contest but it may be doubted whether it is not quite as important in the interests

of the game. Polo needs no encouragement in the "service." Soldiers can look after their interests in a game which is peculiarly their own. On the other hand, country polo needs all the help that can be given to it and all possible encouragement from headquarters. No Club can arrange Tournaments better than Hurlingham. Sir Walter Smythe's long experience and the personal liking and gratitude felt for him by all polo players smooths away difficulties. But of course no manager can do anything without a free hand and no success is possible without some sacrifices.

If an object lesson be needed, look back at the question of a standard height for ponies. This was said to be a most alarming innovation, and was bitterly opposed, and every effort was made to avoid a direct solution of this question. Somehow or other the step was taken, and no disturbance has been created, no hardships inflicted, and I think no one would doubt for a moment that when the Hurlingham Polo Committee passed the measuring rules, they added another to the many benefits they have conferred on the game and its supporters. If the Committee would treat each question as it arose in the same way, no murmurs would arise. When a question comes up it is best either to legislate or to say boldly that no change is required, and every one would acknowledge that decision as worthy of respect, coming from men whose practical knowledge and experience is so undoubted. What does harm is the policy of procrastination or shelving difficult questions with perfectly unsatisfactory compromises. It is a failing of all committees that they will often try to avoid coming to a decision, forgetting that it is better to come

to a wrong one than to none at all, if the responsibility of giving an opinion lies on their shoulders. Such bodies too often hold discussions in which each member strengthens his own indecision by the help of his neighbour's doubts, and nothing is done, or, at all events, nothing satisfactory.

There will have to be a County Cup or some similar contest arranged in London for the benefit of county polo, and if the Hurlingham Committee rejects it the game must go elsewhere. But no other Club could do it so well. There is a working model of such a tournament before our eyes in the well managed and successful Irish County Tournament. It is not more difficult for Wiltshire and Essex to meet in London than for Westmeath or Sligo to go to Dublin.

Of course it is possible that some members of the Hurlingham Club might feel it somewhat of a hardship that for so many days their ground should be occupied by strangers, during the short polo season. But surely this would be a narrow and illiberal view to take, besides being an entire reversal of the policy of the Club. It is the wise and generous line taken by the Hurlingham Committee with reference to their ground, that has established the Club as the centre of polo. A more selfish and exclusive line would have retained the Club as a pleasant and friendly resort for the chosen few among the followers of the game. But Lord Monson and Sir Walter Smythe, with the support of their Committees have made of Hurlingham something much more than this. The services to polo of the Committee and the Secretaries are incalculable. Other clubs may flourish but they do so by their imitation and development of the

Hurlingham ideas. Nor can any place ever be quite the same to polo players. That old irregular ground under the shadow of the chestnut trees is to them what no other ground can be, whatever its size, its perfection of shape, or its beauty. Hurlingham possesses the associations of the past, and it takes no very vivid imagination to people again the space in front of the pavilion with absent friends. They are scattered widely, those keen players and staunch comrades. Some in India, in Africa, Australia, and others in that more distant land whence there is no return. So the great position of the Club, and its memories and associations, seem to forbid even the thought of a narrow and selfish policy. If such has ever been thought of, the influences of the place must be too strong for it to prevail.

What is it that is really wanted? Surely the Committee are the best judges; but, if a suggestion were asked for, I should say that the qualification of players who had kept at least two ponies within ten miles of a county ground for a given time was the most practical. I believe also in the exclusion of certain clubs which obviously draw their membership from a wider source than any local qualification can supply. Nor should a club be allowed to play a member in its team who notoriously very rarely plays on the club ground. But, if the Cup were a reality, county captains would naturally reject such men for the very simple reason that a place in the team would be greatly coveted by regular attendants. Yet after all, the main point is that Hurlingham should warmly take up the welfare of County polo and do their best. To drop the County Cup when county clubs are more numerous and more full of life

than ever before would be something more than a mistake, but this is what it means, and if the present suggestions from Hurlingham were attempted to be carried they must result in failure.

There is of course another side on which I can barely touch, and that is the duty of local clubs if such a contest is fairly established. No one doubts that the tournament will be a benefit to polo, but if this is to be the case, the county clubs must respond by sending teams to compete. To say "we

have no chance and therefore will not go," is unwise and short-sighted. Polo of all games is the one in which it is most desirable to see the play of others and in which, as a well-known soldier team has shown us, discipline, patience and practice, avail more than aught else. Well-trained rather than expensive ponies, combination and frequent play against better men than themselves, are the secrets of a success which lie open to any team to obtain.

## Cricket.

MISERABLE, indeed, have been the early days of the Cricket Season of 1898, and cricketers have had a gloomy time standing about in cold winds waiting for the imminent rain which shall put an end to the dismal entertainment.

What is one man's meat is proverbially another man's poison; and so the soft and weather-beaten wickets have proved a source of joy to the bowlers just returned from the heart-breaking occupation of bowling on Australian wickets under an Australian sun. Tom Richardson must have felt quite himself again when he took six of the Cambridge University wickets at a cost of something over thirty runs. Of all the bowling brigade, though, Jack Hearne has best availed himself of his opportunities, and in the early Club and Ground matches at Lord's has made the best possible use of the treacherous wickets, his best performance, perhaps, being against Yorkshire, when he took in the first innings eight wickets at the moderate cost of 48 runs. It is interesting to turn from the catalogue of

small scores which have characterised the commencement of our season, and to glance at the record score made by Melbourne University against the Essenden Club last March.

The total of 1,094 runs for a single innings is so remarkable that it is as well to regard the items of which it is made up: here is the complete score:—

L. Miller, c. Ramsay, b. Smith	205
H. J. Stewart, c. and b. Washington	23
C. Miller, c. C. Christian, b. Washington	57
E. C. Osborne, b. O'Shea	190
W. O'Hara, hit wicket, b. Griffiths	7
J. J. Quirk, b. Sampford	179
E. Feilchenfeld, c. Gaunt, b. C. Christian	176
H. Bullivant, not out	139
W. S. Ross, b. Griffiths	32
A. Gray, b. H. Christian	22
T. Lewers, c. C. Miller, sub., b. Washington	26
Byes	31
Leg Byes	2
Wides	5
Total	1,094

Following upon this innings, which must have entailed a terrible amount of fielding, the

Essenden Club could only total 76 runs; but it should be mentioned that by the time their turn had come to bat, they were short of three men who had presumably been settled by their long outing. Cricket in Australia may be regarded as a somewhat serious form of recreation when there is a possibility of having to field out for more than a thousand runs at a time. The analysis of the bowling in the match, if kept, would prove interesting reading. We cannot refrain from expressing our sympathy for W. O'Hara; the men who were batting whilst he was waiting to go in made 205 and 190 runs respectively, so it is likely that his wait was a protracted one, and then when his opportunity arrived to smash up the tired bowling, we find that he was out hit-wicket before he had reached the dignity of double figures. This was all bad enough, one would think, and with five wickets down for a very substantial score, Mr. O'Hara may well have reckoned upon taking some active part in the game as a fieldsman before many hours elapsed. Who could have guessed that the next batsman would make 179 runs, that he would be succeeded by another who helped himself to 176 before he was out, and that yet another should come along and take 139 runs before the last wicket fell, with the total just six runs short of 1,100?

It must have been gratifying for followers of cricket in South Africa to read of the success of their two representatives who played for M.C.C. against Lancashire. Captain R. M. Poore has seen nothing but foreign service for several years with the 7th Hussars, but in India, and afterwards in South Africa, he has built up a great reputation as a batsman. Against the team which

Lord Hawke took to the Cape in 1896, Captain Poore twice scored over a century, and this by fine free cricket upon the cocoa-nut matting wicket. His *début* at Lord's this year took place under conditions very different to those under which cricket is played in South Africa, but upon the slow wicket and against the strange bowling the gallant Captain played a masterly innings of 50, made, as was only natural, at a slower pace than usual. We understand that his services this season are at the disposal of Hampshire, and he should certainly prove very useful to the southern county. The other South African, Mr. C. H. O. Sewell, is by no means a stranger to English grounds, since he played for Gloucestershire regularly until he missed last season; he has seldom, however, played better than he did for M.C.C. against Lancashire, and his contribution of 111 runs was most meritorious and made by good all-round play. Following as it did upon a good score against Sussex the week before, this ought to be good evidence that Mr. Sewell is to have a good season.

Yorkshire made a good start by beating a strong Marylebone Club and Ground team by 99 runs, a result chiefly due to the good batting of J. T. Brown, who made 46 and 19, and Wainwright, who hit up 63 in the second innings, showing to much greater advantage upon the treacherous wicket at Lord's than he did upon the perfect pitches in Australia during last winter. Mr. F. S. Jackson, too, distinguished himself as a bowler, and in the second innings of M.C.C. he bowled unchanged with Rhodes, being responsible for the dismissal of six of the best of the Club batsmen at a cost of only 45 runs, whilst the *débutant* at the other end took the remain-

ing four wickets at the price of just 6 runs apiece. Mr. Jackson is generally successful when he bowls for his county, but for the last few years Yorkshire has been so well supplied with first-rate professionals that his opportunities have not been very frequent; however, the old Harrovian has made a good start this season, for in addition to his success at Lord's he took five wickets for 27 runs in the preceding week for Mr. C. I. Thornton's team against Cambridge University.

This latter match also was to a great extent spoiled by the weather. Mr. Thornton, as is his wont, had brought together a very powerful team, and the Cantabs had to play without their best all-round cricketer, Mr. Jessop, who was suffering from influenza, whilst neither Mr. Fernie nor Mr. de Zoete was able to assist his University. Two days' play saw the Light Blues defeated by seven wickets, the highest and probably the best innings of the match being the second effort of Mr. Burnup, who made 59. The old Tonbridge boy, Mr. Worthington, played well for 42 in the first innings, but since the totals of Cambridge only amounted to 250 runs, it is clear that there was no high scoring. Mr. Charles Townsend and Lord Hawke were the top-scorers for the scratch team with 41 and 40 respectively. Mr. Thornton, for once in a way, did not take part in the match, although he was present on the ground, and considering the inclement weather he was to be congratulated upon his judgment. Mr. Hind, the Uppingham freshman, made a very promising *début* for his University by taking seven wickets for 30 runs in the first innings of Mr. Thornton's eleven, and also two of the three wickets

which fell in the second innings. Bowling slow left-hand he kept a good length, and should be a valuable recruit to the ranks of the Light Blues.

The first Inter-County Match of the season was commenced at Birmingham on May 9th, when Warwickshire opposed their neighbours from Leicestershire. The match was entirely spoiled by the weather, and ultimately abandoned with the score standing—Leicestershire 139 and 49 for the loss of two wickets, whilst the Home County had completed an innings for 171 runs, of which Lilley, the celebrated wicket-keeper, claimed 66. An interesting feature of the match was the appearance of the veteran Nottingham cricketer, Richard Daft, as a professional umpire. There is no doubt that good cricket draws a lot of money and the members of the Surrey County Club must have felt decidedly opulent as a body when their annual report was laid before them. Twenty years ago the idea of expending £37,000 upon a new cricket pavilion might have appeared rather a large order, but this is what they are doing now at Kennington Oval, and certainly a new pavilion was badly wanted, for the Club membership had quite outgrown the accommodation of the old building.

A very pleasant feature of the Surrey meeting was the presentation to Mr. C. W. Alcock, the popular and well-known secretary of the Surrey Cricket Club, of a great silver bowl and a cheque for £450. Mr. Alcock has been secretary at the Oval now for twenty-five years, and it was good news to hear him declare in the course of a neat little speech that he has no intention of declaring his innings closed.



# My Grandfather's Journals.\*

1795-1820.

[Being episodes in the military career of Colonel Theophilus St. Clair, K. H., formerly of the 145th Foot, and some time Assistant in the department of the Quarter-Master-General.]

EXTRACTED BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

## X.—BADAJOZ & SALAMANCA.

AFTER the fall of Ciudad Rodrigo I found myself in a position of some difficulty, hardly able to decide upon my future movements. I was divided between several lines of employment. Should I serve on with the regiment in which I was only junior major, hoping on for an appointment on the general staff which I had been half promised, or should I accept an offer to join the Portuguese Army where-with some old High Wycombe friends, D'Urban, Hardinge, and others, were serving and doing well? Sir William Beresford, at their instance, had offered me the command of a battalion of Caçadores, and it seemed to offer me a fine opening. I might get no such chance with the "Royal Rascals."

While I was still hesitating, my mind was made for me, a little abruptly and unpleasantly. I had rejoined the regiment and we were on the line of march from Castel Branco to Villa Velha when the divisional staff came clattering along the road and overhauled our column of route. General Picton, who was at the head, eyed me as he passed, with first an inquisitive, then an angry glance, darkening his heavy face, and he pulled up short, saying fiercely:

"So you've condescended to come back to your corps at last, Major St. Clair?"

I was quite taken aback, I could only protest that I had been detached on special duty—with the staff—

"The staff, ugh! It's the same with all you young Jack-a-dandies. So highly educated that regimental duty is not good enough and you must serve on the staff. I know all about the staff, sir, I've been on the staff myself, sir, and I tell you your proper place as a major on full pay of a regiment is with that regiment. I don't like your flying away to other things, sir, and I won't have it, d'ye hear? By — I won't."

"I was acting under the orders of the Commander of the Forces, sir."

"Damme, sir, will you bandy words with me? I tell you you should have been with the columns assaulting the breach at Rodrigo; that was your proper place, not hanging about the staff, avoiding being shot, and saving your skin."

This was more than I could stand, even from General Picton, especially in the full hearing and observation of my comrades, for the General's voice was like the roar of a lion, and when he gave way to temper (which was often enough) he had a way of showing his excitement by beating his horse about the head with a light cane he invariably carried.

"No man, sir—not you, not Lord Wellington himself shall

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cast such an imputation upon me," I cried hotly. "He should answer for it, and so shall you, General Picton. I beg you to say where you will receive my friend."

"Hoity toity!" roared Picton. "You d——d swash-buckling young jackanapes! What! A Major challenge a Major-general? By ——, the discipline of the Army is going to the d——d dogs! I'm ready enough to fight you, but by —— we'll do it before the enemy the next time we meet the French." And he rode on blustering and coughing loudly, leaving the atmosphere reeking with his full-flavoured oaths.

But I would not let the matter rest there. The affront had been too public and I sent Aylward, my Colonel, to the General to demand satisfaction; failing that I said the facts must be laid before the Commander of the Forces. I believe Picton was truly sorry for his outbreak and unjustified aspersions, but he would not apologise, and we should have fought had not General Le Marchant, who knew us both well, interposed to make peace. There was no man with the Army for whom I had a deeper regard; I owed him much, and, remembering it, was willing to listen to his advice. He assured me I was wrong in taking the matter so seriously to heart, at the same time he blamed his brother general and succeeded in making Picton write me a very generous letter disclaiming all intention of imputing improper conduct.

General Picton asked me to dinner *tête-à-tête* the same night (an uncommon bad one it was) but we talked far into the night and over our wine were thoroughly reconciled. We got, by chance, on very delicate ground—the West Indies. I happened to say that I

had been on the staff in Trinidad, quite forgetting for the moment how painful the mere name of that island must be to General Picton. A dark flush crossed his stern face and he glared at me with sudden anger which as quickly faded away, and when he spoke it was gently, sadly.

"Of course, you know—the circumstances—hardly the rights, of that affair—"

"I know, sir, that you are remembered with sympathy and affection by every right thinking person in Trinidad. They believe, as we all do in the Army, that you were cruelly ill-used.

"Thank you, St. Clair, thank you. It is pleasant to hear that. Yet they brought me before the Courts like a common malefactor," he cried. "Even now I am under the ban of the law. That monstrous verdict given on perjured evidence has never been reversed. I hardly thought I could stand the shame of it, I believe I should have laid hands on myself then; there are times now when I pray for an honourable death on the field, as the only way to vindicate my name and fame."

"Surely you have done it already, sir."

"No. I shall never be quite cleared till I am killed, as I pray God I may be, by an enemy's bullet. You quarrelled with me for what I said—I was wrong to say it, I had no right to say it, and you were entitled to take me up—but what was it compared to the base charges they have heaped on me? What! Have a woman whipped and tortured—I, Thomas Picton, an English gentleman, a soldier, an officer bearing the King's commission, I, stoop to any such dirty, cowardly, cruel devices. By G——d if Fullarton had but given me the chance I would have crammed the

foul lie down his blackguard throat."

He stopped short, fearing perhaps that he was saying too much, and lapsed into such moody silence that I rose and quietly left him.

After that we were fast friends and he was ready enough to show me his friendship in the stormy events which were near at hand.

It was no secret in the Army that Wellington was planning a bold stroke against Badajoz, and before long the siege was begun (17th March) under Picton's direction. I will not follow the siege operations, which were very irksome and arduous. We were often knee-deep in mud in the trenches, and the enemy's fire was incessant. The breaches were hardly practicable, but in nineteen days the order was issued for the assault. The place must be taken at all costs, for Soult was advancing from the south, Marmont from the north to relieve the beleaguered fortress, and Wellington was resolved to forestall them by capturing it.

When all the arrangements for the assault were made, we found that to the third division fell the escalade of the castle, which stood thirty or forty feet above the river level, and was unbreached; we must climb its high walls with ladders as best we could. We were nothing cowed by the difficulties before us—our men were in great heart and prepared for the stiff business as eagerly as for a birthday parade. Here and there a man more serious minded than the rest walked apart communing with himself, and I was rather shocked to find Vicars, my brother major, brooding alone with a set grave face not in keeping with his naturally gay nature.

"I shall not come out of this alive, St. Clair," he said quickly

as I went up to him and rallied him on his gloomy looks.

"No, it's no use; do not try to reason me out of it. I've got my billet. I shall be killed to-night."

He grew more cheerful as the evening fell. We paraded silently, and he assumed command of the ladder party, an honour I had sought but was forced to yield to him as my senior officer. Our brigade were to attack the left flank, and we went forward under Picton's own eye. He had ridden up after us, but dismounted to lead on foot. I saw that he walked a little lame having had a fall in camp, but he strode forward lustily, and I heard him as he passed us in sharp colloquy with the acting engineer who was to guide our column; but the General was not quite satisfied with his escort.

"Are you sure you know the way, sir?" asked Picton testily.

"I believe I do, sir."

"Believe? By — if you lead us astray I'll cut you down where you stand. D'ye hear me?"

"It shall be through no fault of mine if the attack on the castle fails, sir," retorted the acting engineer.

"It had better not be so, and I warn you. But why should it fail? I shall be prepared to forfeit my life if it does not succeed.\* Lead on, sir, and be careful."

As he spoke these last words the pitch dark night was suddenly illumined by a vivid flash, then a widespread glare of unearthly light; the enemy had thrown up fire balls and carcasses, no doubt to make out what we were at, and in the weird brilliant light I saw the stalwart figure of Picton, enveloped in his great cloak, looking like an ancient statue with an arm extended towards the fortress. For now our advanced brigade

\* Historical.

under General Kempt must have been discovered near the walls and the burly-burly began, the boom of big guns, the rattle of musketry, interspersed with the barking of dogs, ringing cheers, the shrieks of the wounded and loud words of command.

As we pressed forward in hot haste I heard a sharp cry from Picton and the General fell, wounded, as I learnt, in the foot. Colonel Campbell who was next in rank took chief command, and under his inspiring words and gestures we ran on right under the Castle walls where the fight was already raging fiercely. We moved more to the left of Kempt's people, and Vicars, at the head of his ladder party, directed five to be placed close to each other against the lofty wall. He was himself the first to mount, the first to fall, for the French at the top opened a very vigorous fire and threw back many of the ladders. Some were still held there and the Colonel boldly climbed one, I forced my way up another and the men came clambering and swarming up behind us encouraged by our example. Aylward was shot down as he set foot upon the rampart, and knowing I was now in command of the regiment I gathered my men together and led them forward, a pretty numerous body, to sweep the enemy before us in a way not to be denied. Others joined us, the bayonet play was terrific and irresistible; inch by inch we drove the defenders back towards—and then through—the great gates that led into the town beyond.

The castle was ours for the moment, but we were not suffered to hold it without several desperate counter attacks, all of which we repelled. Meanwhile down below to our left, we heard

unceasing tumult, and saw from the quick flashes of fire that the conflict was maintained obstinately, but yet we scarcely realised that we alone had gained a firm foothold within the place. However, Colonel Campbell who now led us, for General Kempt had also been hit, wisely resolved to keep fast all the ground we had gained; he caused the great gates to be closed and prepared to defend the castle against all comers, a decision soon endorsed by an earnest message from Lord Wellington. We were still there when daylight broke upon the hideous scene of wreckage and awful slaughter.

Presently we learnt that another entrance had been effected at the far-off bastion of San Vincente, although to the last nothing effectual had been achieved at the breaches. The fortress had passed into our hands, and the chief credit of its capture was due to the Third Division. Some days afterwards, when I visited our general on his sick bed, he assured me with tears rolling down his hard cheeks that Lord Wellington had been to see him and to thank him.

"He told me, St. Clair, that the Third Division had saved his honour," cried the gallant old soldier—"that but for us he would never have taken Badajoz."

It was a glorious triumph, yet I blush to write it, our laurels were tarnished by shame and indelible disgrace. Our men, the "Royal Rascals," infamously maintaining their soubriquet, took the lead in the brutalities and excesses that stained the sack of Badajoz. Robbery and spoliation, the lust of rapine, the mad thirst for drink, produced scenes so atrocious, so indescribable, that I can do no more than refer to

them. I collected together all the officers I could find, and we essayed in vain to check and control these ruffians who no longer deserved to be called soldiers; they resisted us, even fired on us, and continued their vile, beastly debauchery. Many paraded the streets drunken and maudlin, rigged out in clothes they had stolen; in priests' or nuns' vestments, in ladies' dresses, with lace scarves on their heads, or broad-brimmed hats; others lay where they had fallen dead drunk; I saw three men literally drowned in brandy, for they had dropped, mouths downward, into a great pool formed by the liquor running to waste in a wine-vault. These horrible revels lasted all through the day of capture; possibly they would have continued longer, but the Provost Marshal came with his assistants and raised a gallows high in the market square. The warning was significant, and order was gradually restored.

After Badajoz there was some talk of an invasion of Andalusia, but then we spread out into cantonments along the Portuguese frontier and we were once more on our old ground near the Agueda, to remain there, as we found, until the summer harvests were gathered in. It was a long breathing space, which I used to restore discipline and good order to my "Royal Rascals." I was now in command of the regiment, for the Colonel's hurt had been severe although happily not mortal. Poor Vicars, however, had justified his forebodings, for he was found at the foot of his scaling ladder riddled with shot, and with his neck broken by the fall.

I owed my men a deep grudge, I confess, for I could not forget Badajoz, and I let them know it. I do believe they were heartily ashamed of themselves, and al-

though no doubt they grumbled finely they showed an excellent spirit, taking my perpetual parades as a matter of course and showing an extraordinary pride in their appearance and conduct; so much so that our General complimented us at his inspection on being one of the smartest and best behaved regiments in the Army. It was not General Picton, by the way, who had been invalided home, but Lord Wellington's brother-in-law, Edward Pakenham, in temporary command, a very smart and practical young soldier.

The Army moved forward in June against Marmont, first on Salamanca, then as far as the Douro, and we were kept constantly on the march, manœuvring and counter-manœuvring until Marimont took the offensive. Wellington fell back again towards the Tormes. It was generally thought that the French had the best of us, and there was a strong feeling of dissatisfaction with Wellington about this time. He was accused of being over-cautious, timid, in fact, and we hated to be now retreating before the people we had always beaten so easily. I never joined in these murmurs for I had a firm belief in our General, and it is pleasant to think that I was not wrong.

On the night before Salamanca, our division remained alone upon the northern bank of the river occupying the extreme left of the army. It was a terrible night, sultry and black with thunder clouds, which at last gathered and burst in an awful storm with torrents of rain. We had entrenched ourselves and were glad, for our position was exposed, and the enemy, under cover of the warring elements, might otherwise have surprised us.

Next morning broke superbly fine, and as the grateful sunshine

dried our sopped clothes, we gladly heard the order to march across the river by the fords. It was easy to see that our army had completely changed its front; from the left our division became the extreme right, with the bulk of the German and Portuguese cavalry immediately in our rear. There was some sharp fighting in progress far away on our left, for the sounds plainly reached us; but the day wore on without our being engaged and it was already late in the afternoon when we saw an aide-de-camp gallop at full speed across our front towards the spot where the divisional staff was resting, idly expectant. I recognised him easily, it was young Lord March, and he brought momentous orders direct from the Commander-in-Chief.

Like lightning the word was passed along to "unpile arms," and "fall in;" five minutes more and we were marching forward briskly by brigades in line of contiguous columns. Our direction was southward towards Rodrigo. Could it be that we were continuing the retreat? On and on we pressed, never pausing, never halting while the staff rode in among us, correcting our intervals, and Pakenham himself came with a frank and cheery word to urge us on. "It's a battle, boys," cried the fiery Irishman, as keen as if at Donnybrook Fair, "and we are going to begin it. Hurroo!"

What he meant was not made plain to us till we had marched for more than an hour. But then we were met by a galloping crowd, and out of the dust it raised a single figure rode to the front, the slight spare man in the short white cloak and plain cocked hat whom we all knew so well. It was "Old Nosey" himself, as the soldiers called Lord Wellington, who held up his right hand as

if to deprecate the cheers that so often welcomed his appearance in the field. Coming up to Pakenham he said, and those of us who were near that flank heard him distinctly:—

"Do you see those fellows on the hill, Ned? Open out to wheeling distance; form line to the right. Then advance, and drive them to the devil."\*

The orders were soon passed on and as I completed the wheel of my battalion which took the left of the first line, I passed close to Wellington and heard him say, pointing to Pakenham, "There's a chap that knows his business, he'll do the trick, and well."

Now, rising the slope and pushing through the low brushwood we saw not a hundred yards in front of us a long straggling line of French infantry columns exposing their right flank to us. Without waiting for any formal order we brought our bayonets to the charge and went in. The French tried in vain to wheel round and face us but nothing could stop our impetuous advance. The enemy broke almost at once in dire confusion and fled before us.

Then followed one of the most splendid sights I ever saw; one of the finest perhaps exhibited on any field. For, while the beaten and broken French infantry were scattered right and left, a great whirlwind of clattering sounds and glittering steel passed us, Anson's and Le Marchant's cavalry charging and trampling down the enemy. I saw my good old friend Le Marchant galloping far ahead of his men, saw him, then lost him, for he was down, with many more. Now, Marmont had sent forward other forces to the help of his discomfited left and their fire was severe.

But then the fifth division hav-

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\* Historical.

ing joined us and two battalions of guns, we continued our advance, always out-flanking the enemy's left.

We had little more to do that day; indeed the day was already drawing to its close, for our first charge was not made till 5 o'clock. But all this time another battle was raging in the centre and with varying fortunes, although Wellington, having the last reserves, was in the end victorious; and but for the treachery of a Spanish Colonel hardly a single Frenchman would have escaped.

Such was Salamanca so far as I saw it. It is not given to the subordinate actors in any great

fight to know more than what goes on about them, and my experience was sadly limited to mere bludgeon work and butchery. It was indeed, the only battle in which I commanded troops and although it gained me the brevet of Lieutenant-Colonel and a gold medal, I was not sorry to exchange regimental work for the larger duties of the Staff.

A day or two after Salamanca I was permanently appointed to the Quartermaster-General's Department, and as it was known that I was acquainted with Valladolid and the country around towards Madrid, I was sent on with the advance guard.

## The Sportsman's Library.

FOR some long time past it has been the custom of distinguished English cricketers to write a book dealing with their experiences of the noble game, and now the system has spread to the Colonies, and we are indebted to Mr. George Giffen, for some years the finest all-round cricketer in the Colonies, for a very readable work.\* The author explains that he has made no attempt to write a consecutive narrative of Australian cricket events for the twenty-five years over which his experience extends, neither is the work to be regarded as autobiographical, but Mr. Giffen has written down some of his recollections of great matches—and he has taken part in some four hundred first-class matches—and

great cricketers, and he has contributed an interesting addition to the literature of cricket. With regard to the vexed question of the "Follow on," it is interesting to learn Mr. Giffen's views upon the subject; he is in favour of increasing the statutory margin from 120 to 150, and he says "our wickets as a rule last remarkably, but the weather is apt to change with startling suddenness. Suppose for argument's sake that Victoria led South Australia by 150 to 175 runs on the first innings on Saturday at the close of the second day's play, I venture to think that Harry Trott would not care to send us in again with batsmen like Lyons and Darling to lead off against them (in the match just alluded to this pair put on 142 runs for the first wicket in our second innings). His second innings would be at least three days off in the ordinary course of events, and it takes a clever

\* "With Bat and Ball." Twenty-five years' reminiscences of Australian and Anglo-Australian cricket, by George Giffen, with hints to young cricketers on batting, bowling, and fielding; with eighty portraits. London: Ward Lock & Co., Ltd., Melbourne and New York, 1898. 8vo.

weather prophet to foretell three days ahead what meteorological changes are going to happen even in midsummer. If we began our second innings on a Monday, our opponents might have to bat on a sticky wicket on Tuesday. There not being the incentive that there is in England to compel a captain to dare all for a win, I feel sure that without a follow-on rule (Mr. Giffen clearly means if the follow-on were made optional) skippers would very, very seldom let their opponents follow-on unless the wicket were sticky. They would, to be on the safe side, nearly always go in again themselves, and the result would be that matches which already last sometimes five days would be extended to six or seven, with a consequent diminution in public interest, because it is not likely that there would be much excitement about a contest in which one side had begun its second innings with a lead of, say, 150 runs. Let me just state a case in point of the first test match with Stoddart's team, in 1894. We went in first and completed our first innings late on the second day for 586. The Englishmen were all out for the first time on Monday afternoon, but they were 261 runs in arrear. Had we the option, considering the importance of the issue involved, we should scarcely have allowed them to follow-on, yet if we had gone in again I suppose all zest in the match would have ceased immediately. As the law stands, however, they followed on, and as everybody knows, won by 10 runs." We are gratified to find that Mr. Giffen shares the opinion which we have always expressed in these pages upon this moot topic.

Of the Grand Old Man of Cricket the author speaks most kindly :—"During our tour of

1884 Grace three times started his side with a century, viz., 148 for the Gentlemen, 110 for Gloucestershire and 170 for England ; and as I stood there watching him bat I would think to myself 'What a difference to Australian elevens it would make if there were no W. G. to go in first and kill our bowling.' Steel, Shrewsbury and Stoddart have all been thorns in the sides of Australian elevens, but, after all, there has only been one W. G., and the first Australian team which meets England with no Grand Old Man to lead off the batting against them in the test matches may think of what I have said. Long may it be before that day comes to pass." Very interesting are the chapters dealing with the series of so-called test matches that have been played between England and Australia, and well qualified is Mr. Giffen to deal with the subject, since he has been absent from but few of them.

The phrase "The Fight for the Ashes," has become more or less popular in Australia in connection with international cricket, and it is interesting to learn that it originated from a notice published in the *Sporting Times*, in August, 1882, after the sensational victory of Australia at Kennington Oval. The notice ran as follows :—

In affectionate remembrance  
of  
ENGLISH CRICKET,  
Which died at the Oval  
on

29th August, 1882,  
Deeply lamented by a large circle of  
sorrowing friends and acquaintances.  
R.I.P.

N.B.—The body will be cremated and the  
ashes taken to Australia.

Mr. Giffen deals at length with contemporary celebrated Australians, and the volume is lavishly besprinkled with portraits of cricketers belonging to either



hemisphere, whilst in a brief appendix the distinguished South Australian gives some hints upon batting, bowling and fielding

which should command attention. The book is well worth reading, and its price places it within the reach of all cricketers.

## J. T. Hearne.

To frequenters of Lord's Cricket Ground there can be no more familiar figure at the present day than that of the celebrated bowler whose portrait adorns the title page of this volume of BAILY'S MAGAZINE.

John Thomas Hearne is *en vidence* in almost every match played at Lord's during the chief part of the season, for in the bowling department he has for the last few years been the mainstay of the Middlesex County Club, who play all their home matches at the headquarters of cricket, and when Middlesex are not using the Ground and the Marylebone Club place a team of their own in the field, there again is Jack Hearne to be seen bowling away as one of the most distinguished of the Ground staff. Moreover, in the matches played under the title of Gentlemen against Players, he has generally secured a place in the eleven representing the professionals of England, and when the selection has been narrowed down to the extreme point of placing in the field eleven cricketers picked from the whole of England to represent the Old Country against Australia, Jack Hearne has been amongst their number.

It is no uncommon thing to find cricket run in families, and certainly in this respect the Hearne family are exceptionally gifted, for there are no fewer than nine of them to be found in the list of cricketers in Wisden's Almanac, associated

either with Kent or Middlesex. We understand that it was at Chalfont St. Giles, in Buckinghamshire that the subject of our sketch was born, on May 3rd, 1867, and his *débüt* in big cricket took place at Lord's in May, 1890, when he made his first appearance for the Metropolitan County, whose team at that time was sadly in want of a trustworthy bowler. That Mr. Webbe had discovered such an one in J. T. Hearne was speedily understood, and as proof of his value to the side we need only mention that for each of the last seven seasons he has succeeded in taking over one hundred wickets in Middlesex matches.

We have said sufficient to indicate that during the summer J. T. Hearne is always busily engaged, but we must add that his last few winters also have been devoted to cricket; as cricket instructor to the Marajah of Patiala he has spent some enjoyable winters in India, and it will be fresh in the memory of our readers that he formed one of Mr. A. E. Stoddart's team, which spent last winter in Australia.

J. T. Hearne is a first-class bowler of the academic type; possessed of an easy delivery he bowls well over medium pace with an amount of spin sufficient to make him difficult upon any but a very true wicket, and the precision with which he keeps a good length just about the off stump makes it no easy task for a batsman to score off him with any

rapidity. J. T. Hearne is a good batsman too when occasion requires, and he can moderate his ardent desire to bombard the square-leg boundary. For the Players against the Gentlemen at Lord's, in 1896, he made a score of over 70, and Middlesex cricketers must remember how some years ago against Lancashire, at Liverpool, the visitors won by one wicket and it was Jack Hearne's square-leg hit for four that settled the matter.

Always trying his hardest, and always nice to everybody he may meet at the game, J. T. Hearne may properly be regarded as one of the most deservedly popular professional cricketers of the day, and since he has youth and health on his side we shall look forward to watching the well-known run and graceful delivery for many happy seasons to come.

Our engraving is from a photograph by Messrs. E. Hawkins & Co., Preston Street, Brighton.

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## “Our Van.”

**Epsom Spring Meeting.**—The two attractions of the Epsom Spring, are, of course, the Great Metropolitan and the City and Suburban, each calling for the possession of staying qualities, though some profess to think that the mile and a quarter of the City and Suburban is too easy a course to draw much upon a horse's stamina. But it is not the miles we travel, but the pace we go that kills, and most horses find the distance far enough by the time the winning post is reached. For the Great Metropolitan Bird on-the-Wing was a strong fancy, the fact not being known, apparently, that he had gone off his feed after running second to Barford at Kempton. That he had by no means recovered was made plain by the poor way he ran, being beaten quite early in the race. Villiers flattered once more, only to deceive, and History, who finished up last season by winning the Free Handicap at Newmarket, scored a gallant, and by no means unanticipated victory.

For the City and Suburban a

splendid field went to the post, the eighteen runners including as handsome a lot of horses as one can hope to see together. The appearance of the Australian crack, Newhaven II., made matters very interesting, for this horse has a tremendous antipodean reputation. Compared with the best of the English horses, he did not shine in the matter of coat, but we must remember that our seasons are directly opposite to those of the land of his birth. He is not precisely trustworthy in his running, for occasions have been known when he would not try at all. When he has won, it has been from start to finish, practically. Though Kilcock was carrying 9st. 4lb. he shared favouritism with Knight of the Thistle. He looked a picture, whilst the lively Bay Ronald looked fit for anything, and he was very busy with his heels. Kilcock and Knight of the Thistle both ran very well, but it was Bay Ronald's day, and he had won the race a quarter of a mile from home. Newhaven gave exhibitions of his two styles, not going at all in

the earlier portion of the race, but coming at a tremendous pace in the straight and passing his horses as though they were standing still. Such a mowing down has rarely been seen in a big race, and it opened people's eyes thoroughly to the merits of the Australian, who ran with a fine sweeping stride. Sister Angela, in the Westminster Plate and the Irish Stew colt by Melanion, in the Hyde Park Plate, corroborated the excellence of the winning form in the Brocklesby. The Irish Stew colt had only just before been purchased by Mr. King, who was fortunate enough to score at the first attempt with his first horse.

Complaints were loud as to the way bad characters were allowed in the "reserved enclosure," and we understand that the state of things prevailing has been brought to the notice of the Jockey Club. Discomfort one is accustomed to at Epsom; and we do not want danger as well.

**Sandown Park.**—The three days' meeting at Sandown was crammed full of interest, and there was money galore to be run for. The Tudor Plate was looked upon as a "pinch" for Bridegroom II., on whom odds were laid; but John Porter was running something of the Duke of Westminster's, and as its chance was so little fancied that it started at 20 to 1 (whither had fled the thick and thin followers of Mornington Cannon, who was on its back?) of course, it won. The something was Ameer, by Orme, whose solitary outing last year was in the Buckenham Stakes in which he was last of three to Leisure Hour and Chon Kina. In the valuable Walton Two-year-old Selling Race Melfi proved that his defeat at Liverpool by Rosana and Mack Ollive was mainly due to failure to get well away, for

here he turned the tables completely on Mack Ollive and cost 760 guineas to buy in. Filassier also redeemed two poor starts at Derby and Epsom by winning the Princess of Wales's Handicap. In the Stud Produce Stakes such fancied ones as Efficient, Rosana and Sidelight were made mincemeat of by Footpad II., who had run second to Efficient at Northampton.

The sensation of the meeting was caused by Diakka in the Esher Handicap. At the Newmarket Craven Meeting, Diakka had run in the Crawford Plate without a quotation, and he ran nowhere. For the Esher Stakes he was very well backed and won with supreme ease. The improvement in form in so short a space of time was wonderful indeed. It was not more surprising, perhaps, than the improvement shown on the following day by Bird-on-the-Wing, except that in the case of the last named we knew what had been the matter. The third day of the meeting was devoted to racing under National Hunt rules, and Bird-on-the-Wing won the Great Sandown Hurdle Race, beating Regret (ridden by Mr. Ward), Bayreuth and Priestholme, amongst others. In the Grand International Steeplechase Mr. Ward again had hard lines with Cathal, whom, with his other horses, he had just previously sold. He finished second to Queen Bee, but no one was surprised at an objection being lodged, so hampered was Cathal by the winner. A long investigation resulted in the judge's verdict standing, but no astonishment would have been expressed had the issue been the other way. Knight of Rhodes pulled up a dead weary horse after just beating Ulterin at 5 lb. in a 3½ miles' flat race.

**Newmarket First Spring.**—Although the Two Thousand and One Thousand Guineas monopolise the interest at this meeting, there were very few races that did not possess interest to the student of form, and a number of what we term useful horses were seen in running mood. Amurath let us have a second look at him in the Newmarket Two-year-old Plate, in which he carried his 10 lb. penalty gaily to victory, and he stamped himself thereby as a real good colt. Ravensdale completed his disgrace in the Ely Plate, in which he was yet once more trusted, in view of receiving a matter of 36 lb. from Ugly. But five furlongs does not seem to suit him better than any other distance, and Ugly made a hack of him.

The Two Thousand Guineas Newmarket had with one accord presented to Ninus. Disraeli, said the touts, had no chance whatever, and people believed them once more. Ninus looked all that was claimed for him, but not better than Jeddah. Batt looked miserable, but moved well, whilst the stride of Hawfinch in the preliminary canter was something to behold. An unevenly grown Sheen colt belonging to the Duke of Portland, and named Wantage, was fancied by his people in a quiet way, and he did not disappoint them in the race, for he beat everything but the contemned Disraeli, who won in excellent style by a length and a half, thus showing decisively his superiority to Ninus, who was third.

For the One Thousand a nice field of fillies came out. Lowood and Airosa were much admired. as no doubt Nun Nicer would have been, but, like Royal Footstep, she was not on view in the paddock. The race went to Nun

Nicer, who was ridden by S. Loates, who thus completed his winning sequence in the "classics." He was also on the back of Disraeli in the Two Thousand, and it is a curious fact that, previous to running this race, he had had a run of forty-four consecutive losing mounts. This unenviable record the same jockey beat badly a couple of seasons ago, by the way.

**Hurst Park.**—At the one day meeting at Hurst Park, Clipstone put in a sterling performance by winning the Spring Handicap of a mile from a good field. This was Clipstone's second win for his new owner, who must feel satisfied that he has bought a good horse at a very reasonable price. Clipstone is of the cut and come again order.

**Chester.**—Just as there is only one Ascot, one Goodwood and one Stockbridge, so there is only one Chester. A model course the circle of a mile and a few yards on the Rhoddee certainly is not, but it has served the purpose a long time now (the Dee Stakes was the eighty-sixth of the series), and there is no possibility of doing anything material to the course, hemmed in as it is by the city wall, the river and the railway. The railway, it is understood, is about to encroach somewhat, but the company was not able to ride roughshod, after the manner of its kind, over the racecourse company, who have extorted the provision that what the railway takes away in one place it adds on elsewhere. Something in the way of a river bank is to be constructed, what does not signify, it being understood that next year the course will be shifted bodily riverwards. The racecourse company have been striving to obtain a new lease for twenty-one years, and when this is granted about

£12,000 will be spent on re-erecting stands, weighing rooms and enclosures. The main body of the old stand will remain, which is well, for it could scarcely be improved upon, but the confusing conglomeration of stairways and subterranean passages below will be subjected to material alteration. Whilst on this subject, may I call the attention of the management to the block that invariably takes place on the staircase leading to the top of the stand from the rear? There may be space for a couple of hundred more people but it is useless to late comers because earlier arrivals congregate in a mass at the top of the stairs, and in this way numbers, in the course of a meeting, are prevented from seeing anything of a race. Staircases should, first of all, be broad, secondly, they should be so placed that nothing of the racing can be seen from any part of them, and thirdly, they should have an official—preferably a boy in blue—at the top, to keep people on the move. So many ladies frequent the top of the stand at Chester that late arrivals cannot push their way through as they could were men only to be encountered. Not half enough attention is paid to the arrangements for reaching and leaving stands on racecourses. What, for instance, could be more dreadful than the two flues that lead to the top of the Grand Stand at Epsom? They are approached by two winding staircases, the whole arrangement forming a splendid field of operations for the light-fingered brigade on busy days. It is in cases like this that the Jockey Club should interfere and insist on adequate arrangements being made.

It is satisfactory to learn that the Chester racecourse company has in hand the whole of the

money it is proposed to spend, for this says wonders for the continued popularity of the meeting. And astonishingly popular it is. People make long pilgrimages to see the Derby or Grand National run, because they are the races they are, but at Chester no epoch marking race is decided. Yet the country is agitated for many miles round, Liverpool and Manchester being as interested in the Cup as in their own corresponding big races. It takes an energetic north countryman (and woman) to rise with the lark and drive over to Chester from Manchester, or some other distant Lancashire town, as is a common practice, and few courses only can boast of a larger array of vehicles on the public side than is to be seen at Chester. The town goes mad on the occasion; and not all the visitors that crowd into it for the races are drawn from select circles of society. The annoyance from card-sellers is something terrible, and it would be a mercy if the Chester corporation were to imitate the example of that of Manchester, and forbid the sale of cards in the street. There has been no appreciable distress amongst the card-selling class of Manchester since the prohibitive edict, and no one can seriously maintain that the commerce of a town is affected one way or the other. From railway to course, a considerable distance, the wayfarer is pestered to buy a race card; and if he had one in each hand and a third stuck in his hat, he would be pestered just the same. Diversion was created this year by the selling wholesale of pirated and incorrect cards, and several perpetrators of the fraud were prosecuted and fined. This is what the selling of race cards in the streets does for the commercial morality of Chester.

The circular shape of the course

makes the inner station very valuable to a horse or jockey able to profit by it at the start. Allsopp is of course a jockey who is just suited to such a course, as he proved by winning five races on the three days, which is much above his average, to say nothing of the fact that no other jockey scored more than twice. On the principle that the jockey cannot go on without his horse, it may be suggested that Allsopp's winning mounts were on either first or second favourites; but one of the reasons for their short price was the fact of Allsopp being up. We think the result of the draw for stations should appear on the number board, or elsewhere, for the information of the public.

We think it will be granted that one element of popularity in the Cup is the perfect view that is to be had of every yard of the race. On such a course the horses find it difficult to get away from one another, and the issue is generally left to the very end, as it was in the present instance. The Rush who won in 1896, had grown into a firm favourite, but the Robinson brigade came out on the day of the race with something bottled in Laughing Girl, whilst Webb thought that he could win with the Cesarewitch winner, Merman. Piety, second last year, and The Rush, both in the same interest, ran on their merits, and it was no secret that the stable estimate was a length between them at the weights. The Rush was nicely handled by Wood, and as the horse wore down the opposition, finally overcoming Merman at about the distance, spectators were rousing themselves up for an outburst of enthusiasm, for all seemed over, when out from the clouds swooped down Up Guards, who had been badly placed and had had no chance of getting

through before. Fifty yards from the chair he caught The Rush, and going on strongly, won by a length, Piety passing Merman and corroborating the stable estimate by finishing three-quarters of a length behind The Rush. Wood, of course, did not anticipate any farther danger when he had settled Merman, but we do not think that he could have saved the race, so strongly was Up Guards finishing. Up Guards is own brother to Count Schomberg, last year's winner of the Cup, and when he had won everyone recalled how well he was thought of as a hurdle racer. Thus was The Rush prevented from winning the Cup a second time, a feat that has been performed by several animals, by some two years in succession.

At a quarter past three on the following day Mr. Dobell handed in a protest against Up Guards on the ground that his sale to his present owner had not been registered at Weatherby's. Why it should be so registered has not yet been explained, nor can it ever be, seeing that there is no rule to that effect. Nor could there be any such rule if the dictates of common sense are to be followed. We take it that a man is at liberty to dispose of his own property at any moment he pleases, even though the property be a racehorse, and he might very easily do this by word of mouth whilst the horses are at the post, or whilst the race is in progress, for that matter. How, then, could he "register at Weatherby's?" To sustain this plea the objectors cite from Rule 92 the words: "In all cases of sale by private treaty, the written acknowledgment of both parties that the horse was sold with engagements is necessary to prove the fact," as if it had any-

thing to do with the case. Rule 92 comes under "Part X.—Sale with Engagements," which is drawn up solely for the purpose of making clear what are the respective liabilities as to engagements and forfeits of seller and buyer. The Rule has nothing to do with the disqualification of horses any more than have the Rules as to jockeys' licences and and jockeys' fees. Up Guards was sold by private treaty, and no notice of the fact was sent to Weatherby's, because there is no rule requiring that this should be done. Rule 92 does not say that the "written acknowledgment" has to be lodged anywhere. It has to be produced in the event of a dispute arising, or the sale practically never took place, and it matters nothing to any one else other than the buyer and seller, whether the documents exist or not. In Rule 94, dealing with partnerships, it is laid down clearly enough what must be done before a horse "can be entered or start for any race." Nothing could be more definite than the way the two Rules, found in two distinct Parts, differentiate between an actual sale and a horse "sold with contingencies, or leased, or which is a joint property." If Rule 92 were intended to operate in the direction of disqualifying a horse, something definite towards that end would appear. But nothing does appear, because that is not the object of the Rule.

There was not time to adjudicate upon the case at Chester, and it was taken at Kempton on the Saturday so as to facilitate the Monday settling. The Chester stewards were represented by Lord Durham, the Hon. C. M. Howard and Mr. J. H. Houldsworth, who decided against the objection, stigmatising it as vexatious and frivolous. The decision

having given rise to acrimonious remarks in print, the last has possibly not been heard of the affair, though anything that may transpire farther will arise out of a not unimportant side-issue, which, sooner or later, must come to the front. Indications are not wanting that it will be sooner.

The Great Cheshire Handicap was won by Lady Ernie, who won it in 1897.

**Kempton Park Spring Meeting.**—Kempton, not to be outdone by Sandown, provides liberally for the two-year-olds at its Spring Meeting, 3,000 sovs. being provided for the Royal Two-year-old Plate, nominators of first, second and third coming in for pecuniary recognition. As usual, the majority of the field of thirteen were making a first appearance, the best public credentials being possessed by No Trumps, second to the Irish Stew colt in the Hyde Park Plate at Epsom. These were, however, almost disregarded in face of the private reputations of others, notably of Mr. T. Cannon's North Britain, a Melanion colt; Eventail, a well-named filly by Ayrshire out of Fanchette, though the bulk of those who go racing missed the application, regarding Eventail as a compound word made up of "even" and "tail"; and Saint Vaast, by St. Serf. Marsh regarded the chance of Eventail, who is the property of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, very highly, but the paddock critics were not quite satisfied, thinking her small, and North Britain was preferred. Mr. L. de Rothschild's Galopin colt St. Gris looked very neat but did not show in the race, which resulted in a desperate finish between Eventail and No Trumps, Eventail winning by a head. North Britain was third and I shall not be surprised if history repeats itself. Last year Nun

Nicer was third in this race to Chon Kina and Dielytra, to each of whom Sir J. B. Maple's filly can now give some pounds.

The attendance to witness the Jubilee run was not so large as it has been, but still it was very large. Kilcock was once more top weight and was not thought out of it on his City and Suburban running. With Minstrel it was now or never, whilst Alt Mark, Eager and General Peace were all looked upon as being well in. But Robinson superseded all these on the betting with Dinna Forget, whose racing career was once thought to be over and done with. Robinson had got the horse round and it was enough to know that he was something like his old self of 1896, for him to have a tremendous following, so he started a 9 to 4 chance. Strong running was made with him, young Robinson, acting on orders, urging him all he knew and he just got home (as most of Robinson's good things that have come off this season have contrived to do) by a head from Bridegroom. It is by no means certain that Dinna Forget would have won had Minstrel run clear of mishap, but drawing the coveted first station, he was first of all knocked on to the rails and subsequently found great difficulty in getting an opening, in spite of which he was a good third, catching the first and second fast.

It is surprising to see Kempton lagging behind the times, and failing to provide armlet numbers for the boys leading horses in the paddock. While riding Rampion in the Mid-weight Handicap, Mornington Cannon sustained a severe injury to his foot through colliding with the rails, and he did not ride again that day, or for several days afterwards, the injury being a nasty one.

### **Newmarket Second Spring.—**

A very welcome resuscitation of form was seen in the Newmarket Stakes, Cyllene in this race showing conclusively that his dumbfounding defeat in the Column Produce Stakes was due solely to temporary indisposition, of what nature has not transpired, no one apparently being able to account for the extraordinary loss of form. Nothing could have been deemed more improbable a month previously than that Cyllene would start for this race a 9 to 2 chance, but he did so, Wantage, on his running in the Two Thousand Guineas filling the position of first favourite. He supplied the place that Cyllene did in the Column Produce, running a hundred yards' worse horse than he did a fortnight previously, this form of course being all wrong as is made clear by the position in the race of Heir Male, who beat Wantage as far as he was beaten by that horse in the Two Thousand. Jeddah again did badly. Whatever the calibre of the field beaten by Cyllene, it can only be said of him that he had it sprawling a long way from home and won in fine style. The Payne Stakes produced another disappointment. Dunlop, for whom 4,200 guineas had recently been paid at auction, failing completely, the race falling to Batt, who just managed to beat an ordinary lot. Dunlop could not move at all, and it remains to be seen if this be his true form.

In the Breeders' Plate a new one in Musa, a Martagon filly, made her appearance, and she is clearly an animal of merit. People knew all about her, and she started favourite. Her general appearance suggests Champs de Mars, and she won in very taking style. Despite her run of successes, Sister Angela was allowed to start at very slight odds on for the



Somerville Stakes, the Lady Yardley filly and Melfi being well befriended, and she won in good style.

**Gatwick Spring Meeting.**—Another new two-year-old that will have to be reckoned with in future came out in the valuable Worth Stakes. This was Capt. Machell's Gallinule colt, Blackwing, that had foregone the Dyke Plate at Newmarket, and is an extremely nice animal. A glance at him was sufficient to account for Newmarket's infatuation in his chance, and he thoroughly justified this, for never was a race more easily won. Lord Durham's St. Vaast was again a runner, but had to give way to the undoubted superiority of Miss Unicorn, who was a good second best. On the second day the attraction was the Prince's Handicap of a mile and a furlong, for which a splendid finish was seen between Teufel, Portmarnock and Northallerton. Neither Teufel nor Portmarnock had been out previously this season and though each was strongly fancied by its party after its own fashion, Northallerton was a strong favourite. He had to put up with third place, a head behind Portmarnock, who was beaten a neck by Teufel. Seeing how well Northallerton has been doing, the running of Portmarnock and Teufel is very creditable. Craftsman and Cherry-heart, two that are in the Derby, ran in this race, Craftsman doing very badly indeed, especially after his forward show in the City and Suburban. The meeting had an excellent attendance.

**Polo.**—**The Opening of the Season.**—The polo season of 1898 will be remembered for the number, vigour, and activity of the country clubs. The members of these clubs are the very backbone of the game. If polo has gained much by its association with clubs

like Hurlingham and Ranelagh there have been some drawbacks, and the game has needed, what it now has, a wider basis of popularity. Whatever may be the case in London, in the country, polo is within the reach of all who can keep a pony or two, while the country clubs supply farmers and breeders with an intermediate market for the best animals they raise. Wiltshire is a standing example of what polo will do for a district and what effect country clubs have on the supply of ponies. Anyone who has attended Tattersall's spring sales of polo ponies must have observed the number and excellence of the ponies from this county and the generally remunerative prices they have brought to their enterprising owners. But though one county may be taken as an example there is no reason why others should not be as successful. Speaking generally, the supply of ponies, though it has not yet overtaken the demand, is larger in quantity than ever before and excellent in quality. Altogether the prospects of the season are bright, though somewhat overshadowed by the bad weather during the early part of May, which deprived Ranelagh of nearly a fortnight of a season all too short as it is.

From nearly all the clubs come a satisfactory account of the condition of the turf, which has been benefited by the singularly open winter we have enjoyed. The Hurlingham turf is always good, but the caretakers have had over twenty years' experience and work. The most striking improvement that the V.D. has seen, however, is on the match ground at Ranelagh, where the soil is certainly not good for turf. To the inquiry as to how the change was wrought the reply was, "top dressing and incessant rolling." Bonedust and

the roller are no doubt the two best means of improving a ground. I believe, however, that a good deal of relaying at Burn Elms has been done here as well.

**Changes and Retirements.**—

At the two senior clubs the polo staff remains as last year. The North Middlesex have a new secretary in Mr. G. B. Game. Eden Park have appointed Col. Sander Darley polo manager, and he is succeeded in Paris by Mr. H. Stewart Savile. Sir Thomas Fowler succeeds the Rev. J. M. Ford with the North Wilts. Liverpool has Mr. Bertie Pilkington instead of his brother, Mr. Lee Pilkington. In Dublin Major Rimington succeeds Major Wood.

Among players the sale of ponies at Rugby reminds us that we shall see Mr. Gerald Hardy no more in tournament matches. Mr. Gerald Hardy has played polo for a long time and belongs to the elder generation of players, of whom unfortunately few are left to us. His keenness and knowledge of the game will leave a blank not easily filled in the Freebooters' team and his sound judgment will be missed from the Polo Committee at Hurlingham. Mr. W. H. Walker, whose black brown team of coach horses and beautiful bay mares are so well-known at Hurlingham, is giving up tournament play and before BAILY reaches its readers the sale of his ponies will have been a most interesting event, recalling as it does, by the presence of Dynamite and Nimble, Mr. Peat's sale, which has been overshadowed by the greater prices realised by Messrs. Miller at Rugby. Mr. F. Siltzer, the late Master of the Ashford Valley Harriers, sold off his ponies early in the month and is giving up the game altogether. Mr. Neil Haig sold his ponies on taking up a staff appointment

in Australia. Mayflower, a well-known weight-carrier, brought 250 guineas and was cheaply purchased at that price, as she is easy to play and knows the business thoroughly. I heard, however, at Hurlingham, that Mr. Haig will certainly be back for the tournament and this, if true, is good news. Captain Bushe, the "back" of the Bays will not be playing this year on account of ill-health. The V.D. heartily congratulates Major Kirk, No. 3 of the team, on his promotion. Another old friend who has been promoted, is Colonel Locke Elliott of the Bombay Lancers, who has been made Inspector-General of Cavalry in India. General Elliott is as good a sportsman as he is a soldier, and that is saying a great deal. He was, perhaps, better known at racing than polo, but still I have seen him play and play well at the latter game. Captain Persse of the Bays, who was wounded while scouting before Atbara, is doing well and is coming home for a short spell of leave, but I fear he will not be able to play.

**Ranelagh.**—This charming playground has been secured for us in perpetuity by the committee, who have a lease for 999 years of the estate, to which they have added twenty acres on the other side of the Beverley Brook. A new block of stables has been built near the Putney entrance, which have already been taken up by the Messrs. Miller, Lord Shrewsbury, and Sir Humprey de Trafford. These stables are quite the best I have seen in London, and should be looked over by any one who wishes to put up polo pony stables on a limited area. Original members of the Ranelagh Club (it is hard to realise that the Club has only been in existence for five years, so completely is it a part of our life in town), will re-

joice in the return to the Secretaryship of Mr. G. A. Williams, who was the first to hold that office. Of course the Club's great triumph is its polo pavilion. I am not going to describe it because it is possible I might seem to say too much, but I strongly advise all polo playing readers of *BAILY* to see for themselves. The ladies' tea room on the pavilion is so pretty and convenient that I can well believe what I hear, that it is likely to be one of the most fashionable resorts for afternoon tea near London.

Of the polo ground I have already spoken elsewhere, unluckily I have not been able, with one exception, to hit upon a day when rain has not made polo impossible. It is a great pity, for the bad weather has interrupted the Handicap Tournament which had good entries and opened well; but I think I will leave that till the final has been played.

There is, however, an excellent programme just out for June, including such events as The Hunt Cup, The Subalterns' Cup, The Novices' Cup, the latter a capital idea for a tournament, which has been well worked up by Mr. Miller and to which a fortnight is devoted. In addition to this there is the Pony Show and some good individual matches if only the weather will be propitious. Ranelagh has always had good fortune on its side in the matter of sunshine.

**Hurlingham.**—It is sometimes difficult to avoid appearing to write coldly of the Senior Club. The fact is everything has been said that can be said of it, and no particular improvements are in contemplation here. There has been some talk of changes in the pavilion but nothing is yet done and things are much as they were last season. The opening day this year was spoilt by rain, and

the match to be decided, *Hurlingham v. Royal Horse Guards*, was obliged to be reduced to two periods of ten minutes each. The game, therefore, was no test, but the R.H.G. regimental team impressed every one very favourably and one of our best players told me he expected that they would win the Inter-Regimental Contest. This I think is to say a great deal as we have seen scarcely anything of the other teams. The R.H.G., Mr. Marjoribanks, Mr. R. Ward, Mr. Rose, and Captain Fitzgerald are all well mounted, go fast, and are very well in their places, especially considering the early period of the season and the fact that two leading members of the team have been away in India.

**The Hurlingham Handicap Tournament.**—The management may be congratulated on having successfully brought off their annual handicap tournament. The entries supplied seven teams, and Mr. St. Quinton made the handicap. The eventual winners were seen in the first round. These were E team: Mr. Harrison, Mr. Freake, Captain Makings and Mr. Lockett, who played well together. Mr. Freake is a good player and has some very fast ponies, and Mr. Lockett knows the game thoroughly. This combination beat A team easily by three to one. The second game of the series was much more exciting, as B team, Mr. Leighton, Mr. Jameson, Mr. Batchelor and Mr. A. Rawlinson, although they beat G by three goals to one, by no means had matters all their own way. Next day on a soft ground F team beat C, the score being the same, three goals to one. The winners, Mr. F. J. Church, Captain Mackenzie, Mr. T. M. Pitt, Comte de Madre.

On May 12th the tournament was continued, B *v.* D being the

match set down. As the ties were played off, the games increased in interest, but with Mr. Rawlinson, who was quite at his best, playing in B team, it again proved victorious. After this E team beat F team, and again three goals to one was the score. The final was played on Saturday, E and B teams being left in. The weather was fine overhead, but the week's play had cut the turf about sadly, and before the game had gone on long the ground was slow and bumpy. E Team, which in the course of the tournament had got together well, proved too strong for B, which had Mr. Buckmaster instead of Mr. A. Rawlinson at back, and won easily by five or six goals to one.

**Edon Park.**—This club has opened its second season well, its best game up to date being the match against a team of the R.H.G. It need not be said the latter was not *the* team. The result was a victory for the young club, which is doing a great deal for polo in its own district, and which will probably rise to a leading place among the clubs near London. I hear the best of their matches draw many spectators, and that non-playing membership is much sought for. I would suggest to various polo reporters that the well-known player whom I have seen variously described as Lieut. *Drybraugh*, Lieut. Dryborough, and Mr. Dryborough—this last by a paper indignant at the misspelling of another scribe—is after all, plain Mr. T. Drybrough, well known to polo players as the first secretary and founder of the now flourishing Edinburgh Club.

**Dublin.**—The 13th Hussars are leaving Dublin for Aldershot in June, and if Captain Maclaren is back in time we ought to see them in the Inter-regimental Tourna-

ment. The Westmeath are practising hard for the Irish County Cup, and have a nice lot of ponies coming on. Lord Huntingdon is working to get the new King's County team into shape for matches, and they will, it is to be hoped, also show up at the Irish County Cup.

**Plymouth.**—Major Alexander, R.A., has also begun a second season with good prospects. There is never much doubt of polo catching on at Military Stations, and Plymouth may be expected to take a foremost place among the new polo clubs. The players were Major Alexander, Major Hilton, Captains Westmacott, Mason, Hawker, Roberts, Humphries, Messrs. Seden, Brooke and Conolly. The polo club were "At Home" on April 27th, when many people came to see the play and listen to the band of the 1st Worcester-shire.

**Stansted.**—This club has begun play and had the first match away from home at Hurlingham on May 12th. Sides—Stansted: Messrs. P. Gold, Gerald Gold, H. Blyth, L. A. Routledge; Hurlingham: Messrs. W. McCrury, F. Hargreaves, Captain Macan and A. Stuart. A close game resulted in a victory for Stansted by 1 goal, the score being 5 to 4. Another victory was also placed to the credit of Stansted in their match on the following Saturday, the 14th, when they beat Eden Park by 6 goals to 5 after a good galloping game.

**The Inniskillings.**—This team seem to be in great form this season. At all events they have won all the matches they have played, so far as has come within the V.D.'s ken. On the opening day in the Phoenix Park, they played a picked team of the A.I.P.C., Mr. C. O. Jameson, Captain Wise,

Mr. Church and Major Smithson. It will be noted that three of this side were 13th Hussar men and Mr. Jameson is well known, so that it afforded a good trial team. The Inniskillings had Captain Paynter, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Higgins and Mr. Holland, an entirely new team, though at one time Captain Paynter used to play regularly at Hurlingham. They played the full match time and the Inniskillings won with a score of 8 goals to 1. They must either be very fine players indeed or have very fast ponies. Then the Dragoons crossed over the Mersey and played three matches with Liverpool, Wirral, and the Lancashire Hussars, winning all three very easily.

**The Liverpool Polo Club.**—Mr. Lee Pilkington has retired from the secretaryship of this club and been succeeded by his brother, Mr. Hubert Pilkington. The retiring secretary was entertained at dinner and presented, on behalf of the members, with a handsome silver cup, by Mr. W. L. Gladstone, who was one of the founders of the club, now one of the older polo clubs out of London. The Liverpool Polo Club provides various other games for its members and has a fine pavilion with a ladies' tea room and a roof from which the games can easily be seen.

**Wirral.**—This is another club which has a long polo history. It was founded more than thirteen years ago and has played the game steadily ever since. It is, and always has been, a very well-managed club, and it has some good players, its team making a better fight with the Inniskillings than any other of the Lancashire men.

**Warwickshire.**—Partly owing to its nearness to Rugby and partly to the enthusiasm of its

secretary, Mr. Leaf, this club stands very high among county clubs. Almost at the same time that Old Cambridge were playing the prize game of which I have already written, the Warwickshire were giving an Oxford team a lesson in polo. The county team had Messrs. O'Rourke, Leaf, Jones and Tree; the University, Mr. Tiarks, Mr. Ward, Mr. Nickalls and Mr. Cardwell (back). The Oxford men have yet much to learn in the way of combination, for they scattered a good deal when the pace was hot and were beaten easily by 5 goals to 1.

**Burghley Park.**—Lord Exeter has given the use of Burghley Park Polo Ground to the above club on the same terms as they held it from his father. This club has been going on in a quiet way for some time, most of its members being well known with the Belvoir.

**A Hunt Cup Trial.**—The Avon Vale and the Badminton had a capital trial match on the North Wilts ground on May 9th. The Badminton: Sir Thomas Fowler, Mr. Coleman, Mr. Harrison and Mr. Speke, beat the Avon Vale: Mr. Ford, Mr. Emmor, Mr. Phillips and Mr. Spencer, by 1 goal in a hard game. Both teams might well fight their battles over again in the Ranelagh Hunt Cup Tournament.

**Edinburgh.**—This club, which has won the County Cup twice, still flourishes and should be able again to get a team together. The presence of the Scots Greys in Edinburgh will give them plenty of good practice, and most spectators at last year's Inter-regimental contest will remember Mr. Conolly, who played so well for the Scots Greys regimental team. The Edinburgh Club opened their season with an Under Thirty and Over Twenty match, which ended

in a draw. In England the young ones generally win. Edinburgh is fortunate in having two such good polo regiments successively as the Inniskillings and the Scots Greys, but it must be remembered that no club has laid itself out more to meet the wants of the soldiers, or taken more pains to give the regimental teams that practice *as teams* which is so necessary for their success.

**India.**—The 20th Hussars made their first appearance at a first-class Tournament at Mhow. This regiment has only been a short time in India, and the polo men have had to struggle against the usual difficulties of want of ponies, and the unaccustomed hardness of the ground. The former difficulty was, however, overcome by the purchase of some of the 18th Hussar ponies. The team consisted of Messrs. James, Hessey, Dunbar and Lee. They succeeded in beating both the Royal Fusiliers and the Central India Horse, their form improving with each game. Another new native team came from Indore, captained by the Hon. A. S. Napier, which promises well, and though they were defeated by the 4th B. C. the reverse was by no means a crushing one.

Of the Rangoon Tournament I have two excellent accounts, but as they played on what we should call the "Handicap" principle, it is difficult to give a satisfactory account of it at such a distance of place and time. The final was won by Mr. Skinner, Mr. Todd Naylor, Surgeon-Major Peterkin and Mr. Russell, who beat Mr. Meynell, Mr. Darwood, Captain Thomson and Captain Davies after a sharp and close fight, in which the latter at one time looked like winning, till at last the eventual winners scored twice in succession when only three

minutes remained to play. The last three minutes was a desperate struggle, but neither side succeeded in scoring again. From Rangoon to the Nilghiri Hills is a long way, but from Ootacamund, too, comes an account of play which will continue all through the season at this most delightful hill station in India. Tourists often go to Simla, hardly ever to Ootacamund, but the latter is the place for polo, the Simla ground not being much above the size of a large soup-plate.

**New Zealand.**—The polo in this colony is very good and men are most keen. They have, too, most excellent ponies. There is a well supported Annual Polo Tournament, which will be held at Hastings. In the report to hand it seems that when Auckland (Messrs. Elliot, Touks, Bloomfield and Gordon) met Wangaroa (Messrs. Scavill, Upton, H. Bull and F. Bull), the former won on a wet and bumpy ground, having better trained ponies and more combination. I believe one leading New Zealand polo player, Mr. O'Rorke, is in England, and another, Dr. Challoner Purchase, is on his way. We may perhaps see a New Zealand team over here as we have already an American and a Buenos Ayres team.

**Australia.**—A leading Sydney player writes to me in reply to a question as to the present condition of polo at the antipodes. "Teams that are considered good here back up well, but do not stick to their places, as I understand the best English teams do. For instance, it is no easy matter to get a No. 1 who will stick to the other side's 'back' [Not so very common in England either.—V.D.]. In fact in all the matches I have myself played 'back' in, I never remember being troubled at all

by No. 1. Riding off is another thing that is not sufficiently attended to as far as I have studied the game." My correspondent also adds that Arab sires are looked upon with favour in Australia for polo pony stock, but I gather that the Arabs imported have not been there long enough to enable breeders to judge of results so far. In India we used to think highly of the few "Waler" ponies we obtained. I see that at the 18th Hussar sale—which as I have pointed out elsewhere was a record—of fourteen ponies, three were Australians and all fetched high prices, Lock, a chestnut gelding going for Rs. 4,000, only Rs. 500 less than the record price; the roan mare, Lola, for Rs. 2,900, and a grey for Rs. 1,000. So that Waler ponies have not gone down in value.

**Madras—The East Coast.**—The benighted Presidency has certainly been a long time finding out the value of polo as a station game in India. Since 1896, however, the pastime has been steadily growing in popularity, and there are now clubs at Waltair, Nellore, and Voragapatam. The establishment of the clubs and the regular practice at the game naturally suggested a Tournament, and the Waltair Gymkhana has offered a Challenge Cup for the East Coast Clubs to play for. It is a far cry to Madras, but no doubt they read *DAILY* there and the V.D. will be glad to record the result.

**Hound Poisoning.**—The poisoning case in the Tetcott country has come to a very satisfactory end, that is to say, the conviction of the offender. A gamekeeper named Tapp, placed on land at Northlaw some poisoned rabbits, with the result that a dog, some of Mr. Scott-Browne's hounds, and a brace of foxes were poisoned. It was proved that strychnine was in the rabbits and also in the

stomach of one of the hounds, so the Bench considering that the offence was clearly brought home to Tapp, fined him £3 and costs, £9 19s. 6d. in all.

**The Last of the Hunting Season.**—For the next few months there will not be very much to say about hunting—except otter hunting. A good many Masters will be away, and although a huntsman never has an idle time, the bustle of the season is over, and it is to the health of the kennel in general, and the welfare of the young hounds in particular that the attention of the staff will be chiefly centred upon. On July 6th not a few hunting men will foregather at Peterborough, as on that day the foxhound show takes place, the harriers and beagles making their appearance on the following day.

**Distemper.**—One is sorry to hear that distemper is playing more havoc than usual this year among the puppies, and not a few packs which have sent a goodly number out to walk may find themselves rather short. Like influenza, distemper does not take one form only; it attacks hounds on different parts of the body; but this year's epidemic is said to be very serious.

**Rugby Hound Sale.**—The day has not arrived when a hound sale shall be a feature of the Peterborough Show, as has been so often suggested and wished for. For the present the *locus in quo* is Rugby, and there the other day a goodly company assembled when Messrs. Tattersall disposed of several lots. Mr. Barthropp finding two countries too much for him has elected to give up the Suffolk pack—he has changed about a good deal from one country to another in the Eastern Counties—and so sent the contents of

his kennel to Rugby. They did not appear to be up to the standard required by the buyers present, as those which were sold outright realised no more than about three guineas a couple. Nearly half the pack was bought in, and some of them were afterwards disposed of privately. It is a great pity when Masters go chopping and changing countries so often, as unless a man settles down to one, and makes hound breeding a study it is seldom that the kennel ever reaches a very high standard, and at Rugby people would hardly look at the Suffolk pack.

There was, however, a brighter side to the picture. Mr. Chandos Pole is a hound-breeder of distinction, or if he buys he knows exactly what is wanted, and ample testimony to his judgment was forthcoming when a couple of second season hounds brought twenty-one guineas. Mr. Evans and Major Shuttleworth, joint Masters of the Cambridgeshire, had no cause to complain when six couples of hounds (three couples of entered and three of unentered) made eight and nine guineas a couple respectively. Mr. Baird, of the Cottesmore, did very well. Infinite pains has been bestowed on this kennel, and when the unentered hounds were put up, two and a-half couples of young hounds realised forty guineas, whilst two and a half couples of bitches brought seventy-one guineas. Mr. Gerald Hardy, who before he undertook the responsibilities of a M.F.H. was well-known on all polo grounds, sent up most of what he intended to be his private pack, as an accident has prevented him from hunting them, obtained two hundred and thirty-one guineas for seventeen and a-half couples of entered hounds, while the young

hounds were purchased at five guineas a couple.

**Mange.**—A circular which emanates from a firm of animal importers has been sent to us—it has also been sent to most Masters of Hounds, asking for immediate orders for German foxes for turning down. How or where these foxes were bred no one knows; but that it is to these imported animals that much of the mange scourge is due is indisputable. There can be little or no danger attaching to the transference of some healthy freshly caught foxes, say from some un-hunted region in Scotland to any English country; but when it comes to foreigners which may have been for a long time kept in confinement, the importation of mange is almost as certain as the importation of the foxes.

**The Eastbourne Hounds.**—The Eastbourne sportsmen, not unmindful of the privileges they have enjoyed at the hands of the farmers, invited a goodly number of them to dinner at the Queen's Hotel the other day. The Master, Col. Cardwell, was in the chair, and a very pleasant evening was spent. What a pity it is that hunt dinners are not more common. Then it is that farmers have a chance of talking to some of those who ride over their land, and can see what kind of men they be; opinions can be interchanged, and all classes are for a short time drawn nearer together. Possibly never in the history of hunting was there ever a more popular Master of Hounds than Mr. Charles Hoare, formerly Master of the V.W.H., and the secret of his popularity lay in his personal intercourse with the farmers. When a day's hunting was over, and Mr. Hoare's horse was getting his gruel, or while the Master was waiting for his hack or



conveyance, not a farmer passed the inn without being invited to come in and refresh. Hunting could well do with some more of that sort.

**Testimonials.**—Arthur Thatcher (a son, we suppose, of the late huntsman to the Shropshire), who has been for some time first whipper-in to Mr. Fernie, but who is now huntsman to the Essex Union, has been presented, on leaving the Shires, with the sum of £150 odd, and a clock, while the second horsemen of the hunt have given him a most handsome tea-pot, a pretty good proof of the popularity he enjoyed in his late place. Fred Higgins, too, who for three seasons has whipped in to Lord Fitzwilliam, has left for the Badminton, but before his departure was presented, through the instrumentality of Mr. Whitworth, with a gold watch and chain and a purse of £20.

**Aquatics.**—May is proverbially treacherous, and the rowing season was not exactly ushered in with a flourish of trumpets this year. Now fairly inaugurated, however, cheery prospects are wafted from every quarter. Of course, until after Henley nothing else will be talked about; and already, practice and preparation for the Royal Meeting is in full swing. From a racing point of view the outlook is altogether rosy. True, American and Canadian entries are limited to our old friend Dr. McDowell (Chicago), for obvious reasons, but compensation is afforded otherwise. For several seasons past, the Leander and University crews have more or less ruled the roast on that famous reach, but (unless we are hugely mistaken) the Metropolitan division will very seriously dispute supremacy with them next month. Thus early, some very formidable combinations are at work for the

London Thames and other clubs, whilst Eton, Radley, Dublin University, and a whole host of other organisations will be strongly represented.

Sailing goes on merrily almost daily; the feature of the season, so far, having been the wondrous prowess of Messrs. Ricardo and Watney's "Tiger-cat," which boasts a rare sequence of victories. The Bourne End week from June 20th to 25th promises to exceed all previous meetings, both from a racing and a social point of view. It would be idle to pretend criticism, or to tell of punting, canoeing, &c., with any degree of authority yet awhile. Snowball rumours of this and that are freely bandied round, but we repeat with Catonian emphasis that until after Henley, all such reports are of nothing worth.

Socially, the river season is likely to benefit by the regrettable American-Spanish War: Hundreds of folk have already announced their intention of stopping in England this summer; and, thus early, riparian residences in various favoured reaches of the Thames are being eagerly sought for. Professional rowing is sure to receive a fillip by the forthcoming sweepstakes, in which nearly all our best English scullers will engage. There is a good deal of doubt evinced as to who really is our best exponent, and the issue of this meeting will (at least) tell us who is who. Whether the winner will challenge Gaudaur for the championship of the world is another story—we doubt it. But, at any rate, the outcome will doubtless lead to further challenges, and thus tend to increase that spirit of keen rivalry which is the very backbone of English sport.

**Sport at the Universities.**—From many points of view, the

trial matches at cricket were spoiled by continual rain; still, "it's an ill wind," &c. Those who profit by the breeze should not be too anxious to discover from which quarter it blows. In this case the prevalence of bowlers' wickets afforded full scope for a real test of individual merit in the admittedly weakest department of University cricket. The outcome was very satisfactory, as in Hind and Hawkins (Cambridge) and Stocks, Billings, Lee and More (Oxford) some capital bowlers were unearthed. As both elevens are now fairly before the public, however, we need not plunge too deeply into details at this stage. Enough to express our opinion that Cambridge holds the whip hand again this year. Above and beyond Messrs. Wilson (Capt.), Jessop, Stogdon, de Zoete, Fernie, Burnup and Marriott, the "Old Blues," several capable Seniors and Freshmen are giving masterly expositions. Those well in the running for places are Messrs. Richardson, Hawkins, Taylor, Worthington (Seniors), and Hind, Cole, Penn (Freshmen). Whilst hardly so powerful in batting as last year, they are still very formidable; and recent events have proved their bowling and fielding to be right above the average. At Oxford, Messrs. Cunliffe (Capt.), Champain, Fox, Foster, Eccles, Bromley-Martin, Wright, and Fane, the "Old Blues," will also be reinforced by several well-known cricketers. F. W. Stocks (Leicestershire), E. C. Lee (an "express" bowler of decided merit), and R. H. de Montmorency, of the Seniors, will have extended trial, whilst the newcomers, R. Joyce (Bedfordshire), R. E. More (Westminster), F. H. Mitchell (Eton) and L. P. Collins (Marlborough), possess credentials hard to gainsay. On the

whole, the Dark Blues are a very formidable batting team, all that can be desired in fielding and at the wicket, but their attack (so far) is hardly so varied or effective as that of the Cantabs. Next month we shall have much more authoritative data to go upon, ere permitting final remarks and criticism. Congratulations, by the way, to the Hon. A. Lyttelton (Cambridge) upon his election as President of the M.C.C. Unlike the Lotus-eaters of old, with University rowing-men it is never "afternoon," but always the blaze of mid-day. As the result of consistent practice and careful coaching, the Summer Eights this year promise to be well above the average on either river. At Oxford, New College should retain their proud position as "Head of the River;" and, for the rest, Balliol, Hertford, Christ Church, Keble, Pembroke, Lincoln, and Merton are all crews likely to give a good account of themselves. On current form, Trinity Hall should also retain premier honours on the Cam. Other crews of great promise are Emmanuel, "First," Jesus, Lady Margaret, King's, "Third," Christ's, &c. One of those races which (according to Carlyle) "stir the blood like a cannon-shot" took place for the University Pairs at Cambridge this year. After a magnificent set-to between Messrs. Howell and Bell ("Hall") and Etherington-Smith and Goldie (Trinity) from pillar to post, the result was a dead-heat! The same crews subsequently disputed that other Homeric contest, the Lowe Double Sculls, over the same course, and this time the Trinity pair won.

Since our last, Messrs. H. G. Gold (Oxford) and Etherington-Smith (Cambridge) have been elected Presidents of the respec-

tive boat clubs, to universal satisfaction. Needless to add that the best interests of Oxford and Cambridge rowing are assured in their hands. Athletes are now in strict training for the (postponed) Queen's Club tussle, and are reaping the advantage of getting fit under favourable conditions. With few exceptions (if any) the original teams chosen last Term will do battle, in which case Oxford should win. As, however, the meeting will probably be brought off simultaneously with the next issue of BAILY, we may go in for extended criticism later on. The Prince and Princess of Wales are wishful to witness the contest, and, naturally, every effort will be made by the sister clubs to synchronise the exigencies of Term with the available duties best suited to their Royal Highnesses. It is regrettable that the American Universities—despite current events—have adopted a badgering policy anent the refusal of Oxford and Cambridge to resume International fray yet awhile. They seem to fancy that (like Socrates) they can arrive at the real reason of the English Universities' refusal by permitting endless queries. These Oxford and Cambridge flatly refuse to answer, and quite right too! Nothing can possibly be gained by further paper recriminations, but (if persisted in) we can authoritatively say that this importunity is very likely to disturb the friendly relations at present existing between the English and American Universities. *Verb. sap.*

Old Cantabs and athletes generally will be glad to hear that Mr. R. H. Macaulay, of 1879, '80-'81 fame, has lately been elected a member of the Bombay Legislative Council. Swimming, lawn-tennis, polo, cycling and "all sorts o' games" (to quote Mr. Samuel

Weller) are now in full swing at either University.

**Earl's Court Exhibition.**—Mr. Kiralfy has launched another undertaking which is likely to prove attractive to Londoners. The show has a somewhat grand title—The International Universal Exhibition—but the great thing for the people is plenty of music and good catering in the refreshment department. On the opening day, Saturday the 7th ult., the music was all that could be desired, English and foreign bands vieing with each other to amuse visitors; but the refreshment department was in a decided muddle. By this time, however, the staff will no doubt have shaken down and things will run more smoothly. The Lord Mayor opened the Exhibition, and then the visitors went to the various shows, of which there is no lack.

The naval business is sure to prove the chief attraction and very well organised it is. The ships which take part in the display are a dozen in number, and are of various descriptions. The first part of the performance shows a naval review in which the evolutions are capitally carried out. Then the lights are turned down; a frigate comes sailing into harbour and is promptly fired upon by one of the gunboats, but she gets away and then the fight begins. Gunpowder, or rather a nitrate compound, is liberally burned and finally the attacking force succeeds in shelling the town and setting it on fire, thus bringing to a close a very effective performance. The various ships are said to be propelled by electric motors and are worked by a man inside and he cannot have too much room for his steering and gun business.

Of side shows there are plenty and the visitor who takes his

family with him and goes the round—hardly possible at one visit—can get through a tidy little sum, especially if, during the evening, he goes in for the seven and sixpenny dinner. The Electric Theatre should not be missed. The attraction there is "A Day on the Alps," a pretty Alpine scene to which snow-capped mountains, waterfalls, chalets, and a bridge, lend effect; begins with darkness and then we have sunrise, and later on a very realistic storm which eventually passes away, and the fifteen minutes' entertainment closes with sunset effects. Minstrels of various nationalities sing and play all day; there are the South Sea Islanders, the Japanese, and a host of other shows. In the event of our being vouchsafed a fine summer the beauties of the gardens and the military bands are sure to prove an attraction, while at intervals the shows above-mentioned can be visited.

**The Dogs' Home.**—Mr. Fenwick, sitting at the Southwark Police Court, recently gave a decision which surprised a good many people but which is strict accordance with law. In September last a gentleman bought a terrier at the Dogs' Home, Battersea. The police took it there after having found it in the possession of a man who was sentenced to two months' imprisonment for having stolen it. The buyer took out a licence for the dog, purchased a collar and chain, his address being engraved on the collar. The dog eventually found his way back, and his original owner lost no time in calling on the buyer to inquire into particulars. The buyer produced his receipt for the money paid to the Dogs' Home, but the original owner declined to give up the dog. The original owner, Mr.

Marchant, a fishmonger, when asked his name and address, gave both wrong; but the buyer, Mr. Cade, eventually finding out who he was and where he lived, caused him to be served with a summons for illegally detaining the dog. The magistrate said that there was no doubt the dog had been stolen, and although it had been bought in good faith by Mr. Cade, the original owner could retain it on paying ten shillings for the keep of the dog and the cost of the summons. The Dogs' Home is not Market-overt, and the authorities of that excellent institution cannot, it would appear, give a better title to a buyer than they themselves have. About three years ago Mr. Justice Lawrence decided to the effect that the buyer of a dog at the Home has a good title after keeping the animal for a few days, but the magistrate held a contrary opinion, and if his view prevails in the end, people will be rather chary of buying from the Dogs' Home.

**Sporting Books and Pictures.**—Collectors of these should not miss the sale to be held at Messrs. Christie and Manson's rooms on June 22nd and 23rd, when there will be brought to the hammer the collection of Mr. Henry Howard, of Regent's Park. The catalogue contains about 320 lots, among them being a great many of Alken's drawings. There are also first editions of many rare books, sporting and otherwise, and one of the features of the collection is that the bindings are of the most "sumptuous" character, no expense having been spared in the binders' department.

**Golf.**—It says a great deal for the playing strength of the Royal and Ancient Club that it can go on from year to year holding meetings at which no other prizes are offered than merit medals,

and getting for each of these meetings a very large entry. No doubt a sense of loyalty to the club makes many men enter who know they have not the slightest chance of success, but any one at all familiar with the names, looking through the list, can see at a glance that a very large proportion of them are the names of players, capable upon occasion, of winning without the aid of a handicap allowance—players who figure in championship returns, and in the records of the club itself, as well as in those of other clubs throughout England, Scotland and Ireland. At the Spring Meeting no fewer than 43 couples took the field in spite of the somewhat unfavourable condition of the weather. Among them were a number of the younger players who have been forcing their way to the front—"the bloods"—as they are called at S. Andrews'. On this occasion, however, they earned no distinction. These young gentlemen all go in for big driving, and so to speak magnify the office of a particular stroke. The consequence is that they sacrifice something to accuracy, and on such a day as the Spring Meeting it is accuracy rather than distance that avails most. Mr. Leslie Balfour-Melville, who returned the best score, is by no means a big driver, but he never leaves the line be the weather what it may, and he is what Mr. Horace Hutchinson would, I suppose, call an inspired putter. His straight driving and strength on the putting green won him his place, though for the comfort of players whose putting is not inspired, let me say that he missed a putt of a few inches at the last hole. Mr. Balfour-Melville was followed by another player of the old school. Mr. S. Mure Fer-

gusson who has been winning prizes any time within the last twenty-five years. Where Mr. Mure Fergusson most excelled was in overcoming the misfortunes which befell him in the course of his trip round the links. More than once he missed his tee shot, but he invariably made a good recovery, whether through the green or off the hole side. He had five sixes, but all the other holes, with a single exception, were taken in four. The leading scores of the day were Mr. Leslie Balfour-Melville, 80; Mr. S. Mure Fergusson, 83; Mr. R. T. Boothby, 85; Mr. J. W. B. Pease, 85; Mr. F. G. Tait, 86; Captain W. H. Burn, 86; Mr. R. B. Sharp, 87; Mr. G. H. L. Simson, 87; the Hon. Harold Finch-Hatton, 88; Mr. C. E. Gilroy, 88, and Mr. D. I. Lamb, 89.

The Spring Meeting of the Royal Liverpool Club at Hoylake extends over three days, the first and third being devoted to medal, and the second to match play. During the early portion of the first day there was a gale blowing. Hoylake is one of the narrowest of courses, and in consequence, a cross wind, or, indeed, a wind of any kind plays the deuce with scores. On this occasion, in a field of 128 players, Mr. Harold Hilton, the champion, came in first with a score of 88, or perhaps 10 strokes more than he would have taken had there been no wind. In close association with the name of Mr. Hilton one expects to find that of Mr. John Ball, jun., but on this occasion the latter was suffering from a strained shoulder, sustained, by the way, when he was showing a friend how to take a particular shot. The scores after Mr. Hilton's were as follows: Mr. C. T. Dick, 89; Mr. F. Graham, 90; Mr. Charles Hutchings, 91, and

Mr. Horace Hutchinson 93. On the third day of the meeting the weather was everything that could be desired, and the scores in consequence showed a great improvement. Not only so, but Mr. Ball considered himself well enough to play. His form, no doubt, fell short of his best, but in view of the approaching Championship Meeting it was very satisfactory to find him playing so well as he did. Mr. Hilton was first with 79, and Mr. Ball, Mr. Graham and Mr. Hornby tied for second place with 82.

The Parliamentary Tournament is on the point of being finished, and at present it looks as though the winner will be a gentleman who has not won before. Mr. Arthur Balfour, after beating Mr. E. W. Beckett, M.P., and Colonel Saunderson, M.P., had to play Mr. H. J. Tollemache, M.P., in the third round, but acting on the advice of his doctor he scratched, much to the regret of all who had been following his fortunes in the Tournament.

As to professional matches, it need only be said that Andrew, Kirkcaldy and Alexander Herd proved vastly too strong for Ben Sayers and Archie Simpson, and that in an interesting and exciting match at Burnham J. H. Taylor, who learned a good deal of his golf there, defeated J. Braid by two up and one to play in two rounds.

**London Playing Fields Committee.**—We have received a copy of an urgent appeal issued by the chairman, the Hon. E. Chandos Leigh, for the purchase of their Prince George's Ground, Raynes Park Station. The Committee now provide over one hundred cricket pitches and eighteen football grounds in various places round London, for

the use of clubs, of clerks, working men and boys, who, though not able to give the high rents necessarily demanded by persons who let for profit, can yet pay a sufficient sum for maintenance and thus lease the limited area available for games in the public parts of commons entirely free for the poorest players. But the Committee have to quit at the expiration of their leases, and in some cases the land may have to be given up at any time when required for building. To secure permanence it is necessary to acquire the freehold. On Prince George's Ground alone have the Committee any prospect of purchasing at a moderate price. The Committee have laid out the field at a cost of over £1,100. It provides twenty-four cricket pitches and seven football grounds. The freehold can be bought for £9,800, but this must be done this year. Hence the appeal is urgent, and it is to be hoped that it will be generously responded to. The subscription list is headed by the Duke and Duchess of York, and the sum subscribed and promised is £1,345. Instant active exertions are necessary to raise the requisite amount. Donations to the fund will be thankfully received by—The Hon. E. Chandos Leigh, Q.C., C.B., 45, Upper Grosvenor Street, W. (Chairman); Mr. E. N. Buxton, Knighton, Buckhurst Hill, Essex (Treasurer); Mr. T. Hall Hall, 5, New Square, Lincoln's Inn, W.C. (Deputy Chairman); or Mr. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower, 11, Birchin Lane, E.C. (Secretary); or they may be paid direct to the Committee's Bankers—Messrs. Barclay and Co., Ltd., 1, Pall Mall East, S.W. All Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to "Prince George's Ground Purchase Fund,"

and crossed "Barclay and Co., Ltd."

**Amesbury Champion Coursing Meeting.**—Lieut.-Col. Finch Noyes, Minster Yard, Lincoln, states that he has an engraving "The Amesbury Champion Coursing Meeting," painted by Wm. and H. Barnard, and engraved by G. T. Payne. He asks if any of our

readers can inform him where he can see or borrow a key to the picture.

**The Coaching Club.**—The members of this Society met on Saturday, May 21st, at the Magazine, Hyde Park, when twenty-eight members turned out. Sir John Thursby led the way, and about half the coaches went on to Hurlingham for luncheon.

## Sporting Intelligence.

[During April—May, 1898.]

Mr. A. C. Williamson, who had, since leaving Oxford, devoted much time and money to the development of cricket in Scotland, died on April 21st.

A celebrated oarsman of the first half of the century has just passed away. The Rev. F. E. Tuke, whose death is announced (April 30th), won the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley for the Oxford Etonian Club in 1844, and was stroke of the Stewards' Challenge Cup crew who won the same year. Mr. Tuke also rowed stroke for Oxford against Cambridge in the Easter match, 1845.

Mr. John S. Robinson, the Nottingham amateur cricketer, died on April 21st. Mr. Robinson played first for his county in 1891, after going down from Cambridge, and was a member of Lord Hawke's team, visiting India in 1892-3, and America in 1894.

At Sandown Park, on April 23rd, several steeple-chasers, the property of the Hon. Reginald Ward, were sold by auction, and made the following prices:—Cathal, by Cassock or Hominy—Daffodil, Lord Dudley, 1750gs.; The Tramp, by St. Honorat—Auntie, Mr. A. Yates, 900gs.; Oregon, by Bend Or—Fair Alice, Mr. Fosdick, 320gs.; Romeo, by Boulevard—Cascade, Mr. H. Brassey, 260gs.; Benediction, by Play Actor—Grace II., Capt. Dougall, 60gs.; Telesinus, by Castlereagh—Bright Eyes, Capt. Bewicke, 130gs.

According to the *Sportsman* the times and values for the Two Thousand Guineas, run April 27th, were as follows:—Mr. Wallace Johnstone's Disraeli (9st.) 1 min. 44 4-5 secs., and credited his owner with £4,900. Last year the value of the stakes

was £3,700, and Mr. J. Gubbins's Galtee More (9st.) won in 1 min. 40 3-5 secs., the record time for the course. In 1896 Mr. L. de Rothschild's St. Frusquin (9st.) occupied 1 min. 43 3 5 secs., and the stakes were represented by £4,250. In 1895, when the stakes amounted to £4,000, Sir J. Blundell Maple's Kirkconnel (9st.) was successful in 1 min. 42 2-5 secs., and the colt thus tied with Isinglass, who established the previous best record in connection with the race in 1893, when the stake value was £4,250. In 1894 Lord Rosebery's Ladas (9st.) occupied 1 min. 44 1-5 secs., and accounted for £3,500. The weights carried in the Two Thousand were altered from—colts 8st. 10lb., fillies 8st. 5lb., to colts 9st. fillies 8st. 9lb., in 1882.

The pack of harriers owned by the late Mr. Carleton Cowper were sold by Messrs. Warner, Sheppard and Wade, at Leicester, on April 28th. Two couples of bitches made 100gs., and 16gs. and 35gs. were given for the stallion hounds, Watchman and Tyrant respectively. The working hounds averaged over £33 per couple, the whole pack realised £555 10s.

Sir Frederick A. Milbank died at Barnington Park, Barnard Castle, on April 28th, having just entered upon his 79th year. Although at one time well known in the racing world, it is as a game shot that Sir Frederick will be best remembered, and the remarkable feat he performed on August 20th, 1872, is probably without parallel, when he killed 728 grouse (364 brace) in eight hours on Wemmergill Moor, the total bag for six guns for the day being 2,070. During four days' shooting the bag was 6,198, of which Sir Frederick's share was 5,668. During the season 17,074 were killed.

Mr. G. C. Roller sustained a serious accident while riding in the Berks and Oxon Hunt Steeple-chases at Abingdon, on April 25th. His mount, Random, was leading at the last fence when he fell, injuring Mr. Roller's neck, and causing concussion of the spine.

Nun Nicer, who won the One Thousand Guineas on April 29th, covered the Rowley Mile in 1 min. 48 3-5 sec., the value of the Stake to Sir Biundell Maple being £4,800. In 1897, Lord Rosebery's Chelandry was placed first, her time being 1 min. 42 2-5 secs., the Stake amounting to £4,250. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales won in 1896 with Thisis, whose time was 1 min. 46 1-5 secs., and the Stake was worth £5,000.

While riding Penny Hill on May 6th, Aspal, the trainer, sustained a severe accident; the horse fell dead and its rider suffered a broken collar-bone and other injuries.

Mr. E. A. Bleackley, an owner of race-horses and also past proprietor of the *Manchester Sporting Chronicle*, died at Brighton on May 9th.

The death of the Duke of St. Albans took place on May 10th, at Brookhouse, Isle of Wight. The deceased, who was aged 58 years, registered his colours in 1862 and was elected to the Jockey Club in 1863; he was also a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

On the conclusion of the business at the annual meeting of the Surrey County Cricket Club on May 11th, at Kennington Oval, a presentation was made to Mr. C. W. Alcock, who has been secretary for a period of twenty-five years. The testimonial consisted of a massive silver bowl and a cheque for £450.

The racing stud of the late Mr. Hamar Bass was sold at Newmarket on May 11th by Messrs. Tattersall. The leading prices and purchases were as follows:—R. c., 4 yrs., by St. Serf—Novitiate Sir S. Scott, 1,650 gs. Bl. f., 2 yrs., by Rugeley II., dam by Hermit, Mr. W. Lewis, 250 gs.; B. or br. f., 2 yrs., by St. Simon—Matilda, Mr. W. M. Clarke, 660 gs. B. f., 2 yrs., by Exile II.—Kookaburra, Mr. H. J. King, 880 gs. B. f., 3 yrs., by St. Simon—Chianti, Mr. Brodrick-Cloete, 530 gs. B. or br. f., 4 yrs., by St. Gatien—Busybody, Mr. W. Walter, 1,350 gs. B. c., 2 yrs., by St. Simon—Lonely, Mr. W. T. Jones, 760 gs. Ch. c., 2 yrs, by Kendal—Geraldine, Mr. Batton, 550 gs. Ch. c., 2 yrs., by Kendal—Pixie, Mr. J. W. Larnach, 700 gs. B. c., 2 yrs., by Ayrshire—Solesky, Mr. E. Cassel, 2,400 gs. B. c., 4 yrs., by Wisdom—Lovelorn, Mr. W. M. Singer,

370 gs. Love Wisely, by Wisdom—Lovelorn, Mr. E. Cassel, 5,000 gs.

It is reported (May 13th) that Mr. John Gubbins has sold the famous horse, Galtee More, to the Russian Government for £21,000. The colt is sold with his engagements.

St. Florian by St. Simon—Palmflower, who as a three-year-old, won the Duke of York's Stakes at Kempton Park in 1894, died at Stud in Ireland on May 18th. Since he had been on the Knockary Stud Farm, Limerick, St. Florian showed considerable promise as a sire and left sixteen foals in his first season.

The Hon. Gerald Lascelles, Hon. Sec. of the Old Hawking Club, gives the following particulars of the quarry killed by hawks belonging to the Old Hawking Club during the season 1897-8. Rooks, 177; partridges, 179; seagulls, 10; rabbits, 105; various, 27—total, 498. The gulls mentioned were all killed by one notable tiercel, and the sundries included 11 water-hens taken by the same goshawk that killed the 105 rabbits, 6 larks, 2 pheasants, a kestrel, and a turtle dove.

Mr. Tritton, who has acted as Hon. Sec. to the Surrey Union Foxhounds for seven years, having resigned that position, was presented with a loving cup and some silver plate. At the same meeting William Holdway, the huntsman, was given a cheque for a £100 on completion of ten years' service with the pack.

A sportsman well known with hounds in the south of Ireland has passed away. Mr. J. Barry, Ballivonare, Co. Cork, died during the first week of May, being nearly eighty years of age.

Fishing in the Garry and on Loch Oich at the end of April and early in May, the Duke of Portland had capital sport, landing twenty-five salmon to his own rod in six days. The average weight was 19½ lbs., the heaviest fish weighing 32 lbs.

The death was announced early in May of Captain Scott, a cavalry officer, well known on the Turf many years ago. It is stated that Captain Scott, having dreamed of Daniel O'Rourke, a Derby winner in 1852, backed the horse at fifty to one, he was also supposed to be the first man who gave a jockey a present of £500 for winning a race.

Chelsea by Cremorne, out of Dalham by Cathedral by Warminster, died of heart disease at Mr. T. Robinson's Stud Farm, High Wycombe. Among the races won by Chelsea may be mentioned the Sussex Stakes at Goodwood and the Brighton Stakes in 1886, he sired a number of well-known winners.



## TURF.

## SANDOWN PARK.—SECOND SPRING MEETING.

April 21st.—Seventh Year of the Tudor Plate of 830 sovs. for three-year-olds which have not won any race up to entry; one mile.

Duke of Westminster's b. c. Ameer, by Orme—Quetta, 9st.

M. Cannon 1  
Lord Ellesmere's b. c. Pheon, 9st.

N. Robinson 2  
Prince Soltykoff's b. or b. c. Purser, 9st.

Rickaby 3  
20 to 1 agst. Ameer.

The Walton Two Year Old Race of 970 sovs.; five furlongs.

Mr. Dobell's b. c. Melfi, by Melton—Veritas, 9st.

C. Wood 1  
Mr. L. Brassey's br. f. Marisa, 8st.

Bradford 2  
Mr. W. A. Jarvis's ch. c. Mack Ollive, by Zealot—Mop Fair, 9st.

S. Loates 3  
4 to 1 agst. Melfi.

The Princess of Wales' Handicap of 437 sovs.; five furlongs.

Mr. R. Maguire's b. or br. g. Filassier, by Hackler—Lady Gough, 5 yrs, 7st. 11lb.

O. Madden 1  
Mr. Jas. Wallis' b. m. Star of Peace, 6 yrs., 7st. 11lb.

Chapman 2  
Lord Durham's ch. c. Hellebore, 4 yrs., 8st. 13lb.

Rickaby 3  
3 to 1 agst. Filassier.

April 22nd.—The Sandown Park Stud Produce Stakes for two-year-olds; a sweepstakes of 21 sovs. each, with 500 sovs. added; colts, 9st.; fillies, 8st. 11lb.; five furlongs.

Captain Laing's br. c. Footpad II., by Macheath—Padua, 8st. 2lb.

C. Wood 1  
Mr. Cresswell's ch. Filly by Juggler—Pink Pearl, 8st. 2lb.

O. Madden 2  
Mr. Wallace Johnstone's b. f. Side Light, 8st. 5lb.

S. Loates 3  
10 to 1 agst. Footpad II.

The Esher Stakes (Handicap) of 830 sovs.; one mile.

Lord Wm. Beresford's b. h. Diakka, by The Sailor Prince—Rizpah, 6 yrs., 9st. 2lb.

C. Wood 1  
Mr. T. Worton's ch. f. Celada, 3 yrs., 6st. 2lb.

Purkiss 2  
Sir J. Blundell Maple's br. c. King Hampton, 3 yrs., 7st. 9lb.

Toon 3  
11 to 2 agst. Diakka.

April 23rd.—The Grand International Steeple Chase (Handicap) of 412 sovs.; three miles and a half.

Mr. A. Cairnes' ch. m. Queen Bee, by Royal Meath—Julia Beans, 5 yrs., 9st. 8lb.

O'Brien 1

Lord Dudley's b. g. Cathal, aged, 11st. 12lb.

Mr. R. Ward 2  
Mr. D. Mann's b. m. Mum, 6 yrs., 10st. 11lb. (car. 10st. 10lb.)

E. Matthews 3  
4 to 1 agst. Cathal.

The Great Sandown Hurdle Race (Handicap) of 412 sovs.; two miles.

Major J. D. Edwards' br. h. Bird on the Wing, by Bird of Freedom—Belle Reine, 5 yrs., 11st.

Dollery 1  
Lord Cowley's ch. g. Bayreuth, 5 yrs, 12st. 5lb.

Owner 2  
Mr. Murray Griffith's br. h. Xylophone, aged, 10st. 7lb.

E. Driscoll 3  
100 to 12 agst. Bird on the Wing.

## NEWMARKET.—FIRST SPRING MEETING.

April 26th.—The Hastings Plate of 500 sovs., added to a sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds; D. M. (one mile).

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Locarno, Bend Or—Napoli, 8st. 3lb. (car. 8st. 5lb.)

M. Cannon 1  
Mr. H. E. Beddington's ch. c. Ind, 8st. 10lb.

Allsopp 2  
Lord Rosebery's ch. f. Mauchline, 8st. 3lb.

C. Wood 3  
10 to 1 agst. Locarno.

The First Spring Two Year Old Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 200 sovs. added; Rous Course (five furlongs).

Sir R. Waldie Griffith's b. f. Landrail, by St. Serf—Thistlefield, 8st. 9lb.

Rumbold 1  
Mr. P. Lorillard's ch. c. Sardonice, 8st. 12lb.

M. Cannon 2  
Chev. Ginistrelli's b. f. Allouette, 8st. 9lb.

C. Ward 3  
4 to 1 agst. Landrail.

April 27th.—A Three Year Old Welter Handicap of 335 sovs. for three year-olds only; R.M.

Mr. P. Lorillard's b. c. Elfin, by Sensation—Equality, 8st. 9lb.

C. Wood 1  
Mr. Wallace Johnstone's ch. c. Nikko, 7st. 3lb. (car. 7st. 4lb.)

O. Madden 2  
Mr. E. C. Clayton's br. c. Boy of Egremont, 7st. 9lb.

R. Morgan 3  
5 to 1 agst. Elfin.

The Two Thousand Guineas Stakes of 4,900 sovs.; for three-year-olds; colts, 9st.; fillies, 8st. 9lb.; R.M. (1 mile 11 yards).

Mr. Wallace Johnstone's b. c. Disraeli, by Galopin—Lady Yardley, 9st.

S. Loates 1  
Duke of Portland's b. c. Wantage, 9st.

T. Loates 2

Prince Soltykoff's b. c. Ninus, 9st.  
R. W. Colling 3  
100 to 8 agst. Disraeli.

April 28th.—The Chippenhams Stakes of  
10 sovs. each for starters, with 200  
added, for three-year-olds; D.M.  
(one mile).

Sir J. Miller's b. f. Santhia, by St.  
Simon—Sanda, 8st. 9lb.  
S. Loates 1

Sir M. Fitzgerald's ch. c. Heir Male  
9st. ....M. Cannon 2

Mr. H. McCalmont's br. c. Brecon,  
8st. 7lb. ....T. Loates 3  
100 to 8 agst. Santhia.

The Newmarket Two Year Old Plate  
of 247 sovs. Rous Course (five fur-  
longs).

Mr. Raphael's b. c. Amurath, by  
Janissary—Ladykin, 9st. 6lb.  
T. Loates 1

Mr. D. J. Jardine's b. Colt by Prism  
—Hearsease, 8st. 10lb. F. Finlay 2

Mr. W. Rhodes Emmott's br. c.  
Guerilla, 8st. 10lb. ....Bradford 3  
11 to 10 agst. Amurath.

The March Stakes of 450 sovs.; R.M.  
(1 mile 11 yards).

Mr. W. Cooper's ch. h. Newhaven  
II., by Newminster—Oceana,  
5 yrs., 8st. 7lb. ....Rickaby 1

Mr. A. Belmont's ch. h. Bridegroom  
II., 5 yrs. 7st. 7lb. ....T. Loates 2  
9 to 4 on Newhaven II.

April 29th.—The May Plate of 292 sovs.  
for two-year-olds; Rous Course.

Mr. J. C. Murphy's br. f. Politesse,  
by Boulevard—Gracie, 8st. 7lb.  
T. Loates 1

Lord Dunraven's b. c. Morgante,  
8st. 10lb. ....Rumbold 2

Mr. L. Brassey's b. f. Doliola, 8st.  
7lb. ....Bradford 3  
100 to 14 agst. Politesse.

The Brinkley Plate of 225 sovs. for  
three-year-olds; Ab.M.

Duke of Devonshire's b. c. Neish,  
by Ayrshire—Applause II., 8st.  
10lb. ....M. Cannon 1

Mr. L. de Rothschild's br. c. Ex-  
ceptional, 8st. 3lb. ....T. Loates 2

Mr. Jersey's br. f. Myrto, 8st.  
F. Finlay 3  
2 to 1 agst. Neish.

The One Thousand Guineas Stakes of  
4,800 sovs. for three year-old fillies,  
9st. each; R.M. (one mile eleven  
yards).

Sir J. Blundell Maple's b. f. Nun  
Nicer, by Common—Priestess  
S. Loates 1

Mr. W. T. Jones' br. f. Airs and  
Graces ....O. Madden 2

Lord Derby's ch. f. Alt Mark  
F. Rickaby 3  
11 to 2 agst. Nun Nicer.

The Bretby Handicap of 246 sovs.;  
Bretby Stakes Course (six furlongs).

Mr. Dobell's b. c. Sligo, by Dun-  
combe—Springthorn, 4 yrs., 7st.  
11lb. ....C. Wood 1

Mr. T. Jones's ch. f. Stone Bow,  
5 yrs., 7st. 2lb. ....Toon 2

H.K.H. the Prince of Wales's br. f.  
Mousme, 3 yrs., 6st. 12lb.  
H. Jones 3  
7 to 1 agst. Sligo.

#### HURST PARK CLUP. — APRIL MEETING.

April 30th.—Hurst Park Spring Handicap  
of 780 sovs.; one mile.

Mr. C. S. Newton's br. h. Clip-  
stone, by Friars Balsam—Sweet  
Bay, 5 yrs., 8st. 4lb. (inc. 7lb. ex.)  
S. Loates 1

Mr. C. S. Newton's b. c. St. Fort,  
4 yrs., 7st. 7lb. ....Toon 2

Mr. J. G. Mosenthal's b. c.  
Chaleureux, 4 yrs., 7st. 13lb.  
(inc. 5lb. ex.) ....Allsopp 3  
6 to 1 agst. Clipstone.

#### CHESTER MEETING.

May 3rd.—The Mostyn Two-year-old  
Plate of 463 sovs.; five furlongs.

Mr. J. W. Larnach's br. filly by  
St. Simon—Hampton Rose, 8st.  
4lb. ....O. Madden 1

Mr. F. Alexander's b. f. Quassa,  
8st. 8lb. ....M. Cannon 2

Mr. W. A. Jarvis's ch. c. Mack  
Ollive, 8st. 7lb. ....S. Loates 3  
5 to 1 agst. Hampton Rose filly.

May 4th.—The Chester Cup (Handicap) of  
2,030 sovs. (a Cup value 50 sovs.  
and the remainder in specie) for  
three-year-olds and upwards; old  
Cup course, nearly two miles and a  
quarter.

Mr. H. Pack's b. c. Up Guards,  
by Aughrim—Clonavarn, 4 yrs,  
6st. 10lb. (car. 6st. 13lb.)  
S. Chandley 1

Mr. Dobell's ch. h. The Rush, 6  
yrs., 9st. ....C. Wood 2

Mr. G. M. Inglis' ch. h., Piety, 5  
yrs., 7st. 13lb. ....O. Madden 3  
33 to 1 agst. Up Guards.

May 5th.—The Dee Stakes of 554 sovs. for  
three-year-olds; about one mile and  
a half.

Lord Stanley's b. c. Schonberg, by  
Royal Hampton—Orange, 8st.  
7lb. ....Rickaby 1

Duke of Westminster's b.c. Calve-  
ley, 8st. 7lb. ....M. Cannon 2

Mr. H. McCalmont's b. c. Argosy,  
9st. ....F. Pratt 3  
7 to 4 agst. Schonberg.

The Ormonde Two-year-old Plate of 463 sovs. ; five furlongs.  
 Mr. F. Alexander's br. c. Wolf's Hope, by Wolf's Crag—Playing, 8st. 11lb. ....M. Cannon 1  
 Mr. A. James's b. c. Sinopi, 8st. 7lb. ....O. Madden 2  
 Mr. Vyner's ch. f. Periscope, 8st. 4lb. ....Black 3  
 5 to 1 agst. Wolf's Hope.  
 The Great Cheshire Handicap Stakes of 900 sovs. ; one mile and a quarter.  
 Mr. Theobald's br. m. Lady Ernie by Galliard—Lady Peggy, 5 yrs., 8st, 4lb. ....Allsopp 1  
 Lord Farquhar's b. c. The Reeve, 3 yrs., 7st. ....N. Robinson 2  
 Mr. D. Seymour's ch. f. Lady Fisher, 4 yrs., 7st. 8lb. ....O. Madden 3  
 11 to 2 agst Lady Ernie.

# KEMPTON PARK.—SPRING MEETING.

May 6th.—The Royal Two Year Old Plate of 3,000 sovs. ; five furlongs on the Straight Course.

The Prince of Wales' ch. f. Eventail, by Ayrshire—Fanchette, 8st. 6lb. ....O. Madden 1  
 Mr. R. H. Combe's b. f. No Trumps, 8st. 3lb. ....S. Loates 2  
 Mr. T. Cannon's b. c. North Britain, 8st. 9lb. ....M. Cannon 3  
 9 to 2 agst. Eventail.

May 7th.—The Twelfth Year of the Kempton Park Great "Jubilee" Stakes, a Handicap of 2,650 sovs. ; "Jubilee" Course (one mile).

Mr. Reid Walker's br. h. Dinna Forget, by Loved one—Barometer, 6 yrs., 7st. 11lb. ....N. Robinson 1  
 Mr. Jersey's ch. h. Bridgroom, 5 yrs., 7st. 11lb. ....T. Loates 2  
 Duke of Devonshire's b. c. Minstrel, 4 yrs., 7st. 6lb. ....O. Madden 3  
 9 to 4 agst. Dinna Forget.

# NEWMARKET.—SECOND SPRING MEETING.

May 10th.—The Newmarket Handicap of 252 sovs. ; Cambridgeshire Course, last mile and a half of A.F.

Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's b. c. Jacquemart, by Martagon—Fair Lady, 4 yrs., 2st. 12lb. ....T. Loates 1  
 Mr. Jersey's b. m. Maluma, 6 yrs. 7st. 2lb. ....N. Robinson 2  
 Lord Derby's ch. g. Crestfallen, 4 yrs., 8st. 6lb. ....Rickaby 3  
 2 to 1 agst. Jacquemart.

The Exning Plate of 482 sovs. ; for two-year-olds ; Rous Course (five furlongs).

Mr. Richard Croker's br. c. Knickerbocker, by Dobbins—Imp Flirt III., 8st. 9lb. ....O. Madden 1

Mr. J. W. Larnach's br. Filly by St. Simon—Hampton Rose, 9st. 5lb. ....J. Waits 2  
 Lord Derby's ch. c. Arsenal, 8st. 12lb. ....Rickaby 3  
 8 to 1 agst. Knickerbocker.

The Somerville Stakes of 707 sovs. ; for two-year-olds sold by Messrs. Tattersall as foals or yearlings ; Rous Course (five furlongs).

Sir M. FitzGerald's b. f. Sister Angela, by St. Angelo—White Veil, 8st. 2lb. ....C. Wood 1  
 Duke of Devonshire's b. filly by Morion—Lady Yardley, 8st. 7lb. ....O. Madden 2  
 Sir S. Scott's b. or br. c. Fiordaliso, 8st. 10lb. ....Rickaby 3  
 6 to 5 on Sister Angela.

The Newmarket Stakes of 3,655 sovs. ; for three-year-olds ; colts, 9st. ; fillies, 8st. 11lb. ; A.F. (one mile two furlongs).

Mr. C. D. Rose's ch. c. Cyllene, by Bonavista—Arcadia, 9st. ....S. Loates 1  
 Sir M. FitzGerald's ch. c. Heir Male, 9st. ....Robinson 2  
 Mr. Russell's br. c. The Virginian, 9st. ....F. Pratt 3  
 9 to 2 agst. Cyllene.

The Spring Two Year Old Stakes of 372 sovs. ; for two-year-olds ; Rous Course (five furlongs).

Mr. L. Brassey's b. f. Umbrosa, by Ayrshire—Shade, 8st. 7lb. ....Bradford 1  
 Mr. Wallace Johnstons's b. f. Side-light, 8st. 7lb. ....S. Loates 2  
 Lord Dunraven's b. c. Morgante, 8st. 10lb. ....Kumbold 3  
 6 to 1 agst. Umbrosa.

May 12th.—The Bedford Two Year Old Plate of 600 sovs. ; Rous Course (five furlongs).

Mr. J. Wallace's br. f. Queen Fairy, by Oberon—Lady Lothian, 8st. 4lb. ....Bradford 1  
 Mr. P. Lorillard's br. f. Sibola, 8st. 11lb. ....C. Wood 2  
 Mr. Reid Walker's b. c. Dunkettle, 8st. 4lb. ....O. Madden 3  
 100 to 7 agst. Queen Fairy.

The Payne Stakes of 815 sovs. ; for three-year-olds ; R. M. (1 mile 11 yds.) Duke of Westminster's br. c. Batt, by Sheen—Vampire, 9st. 1lb.

.....S. Loates 1  
 Mr. J. Daly's ch. c. Succoth, 8st. 12lb. ....Allsopp 2  
 Duke of Devonshire's b. c. Neish, 8st. 12lb. ....O. Madden 3  
 100 to 30 agst. Batt.

The Breeders' Plate of 485 sovs. ; for two-year-olds ; Rous Course (five furlongs).

Mr. Douglas Baird's b. f. Musa,  
by Martagon—Palmflower, 8st.  
6lb. ....Rickaby 1  
Lord Carnarvon's bl. or br. c. Dark  
David, 8st. 6lb. ....Bradford 2  
Mr. H. King's b. Colt by Melanion  
—Irish Stew, 9st. 3lb. ....J. Watts 3  
9 to 4 agst. Musa.

#### GATWICK.—SPRING MEETING.

May 14th.—The Prince's Handicap of 879  
sovs. ; (one mile one furlong).  
Mr. B. S. Straus' br. h. Teufel, by  
Despair—Clottie, 5 yrs., 8st. 4lb.  
Bradford 1  
Capt. Machell's bl. h. Portmarnock  
6 yrs., 8st. 13lb. ....C. Loates 2  
Mr. Teddy's ch. g. Northallerton,  
4 yrs. 8st. 10lb. ....C. Wood 3  
100 to 14 agst. Teufel.

#### NEWTON MEETING.

May 14th.—The Newton Cup of 274 sovs. ;  
(one mile).  
Mr. Booth's b. g. First Foot, by  
Pioneer—Sequidilla, 5 yrs., 8st.  
F. W. Lane 1  
Mr. C. J. Cunningham's br. c. Am-  
berite, 5 yrs., 8st. 3lb. ....Fagan 2  
Mr. F. W. Lee's ch. c. Royal Flush,  
5 yrs., 8st. 11lb. ....Finlay 3  
5 to 2 agst. First Foot.

#### YORK.—SPRING MEETING.

May 17th.—Great Northern Handicap  
Plate of 445 sovs. ; (one and a-half  
miles).  
Mr. Vyner's b. c. King Crow, by  
Crowberry—Queen of Hearts, 4  
yrs., 7st. 11lb. ....H. Lake, jun. 1  
Mr. L. de Rothschild's b. c. Jacque-  
mart, 4 yrs., 9st. ....T. Loates 2  
Mr. A. Alexander's br. c. Bavelaw  
Castle, 3 yrs., 6st. 5lb. ....C. Leader 3  
100 to 15 agst. King Crow.  
The Zetland Stakes of 285 sovs. for  
two-year-olds ; new T.Y.C. (five  
furlongs straight).  
Mr. J. C. Joicey's ch. f. Silver  
Thames, by Royal Hampton—  
Silver Sea, 8st. 6lb. ....T. Loates 1  
Mr. D. Baird's b. c. Ugolino, 8st.  
9lb. ....Rickaby 2  
Mr. F. Alexander's b. f. Quassia,  
8st. 6st. ....S. Loates 3  
6 to 1 agst. Silver Thames.

#### BATH AND SOMERSET COUNTY MEETING.

May 18th.—The Somersetshire Stakes  
(Handicap) of 367 sovs. ; (one mile).  
Mr. R. C. Garton's b. f. St. Lucia,  
by St. Angelo—Little Emily, 3  
yrs., 7st. 11lb. ....N. Robinson 1

Mr. T. B. Miller's b. or br. c.  
Morisco, 4 yrs., 8st. 11lb.  
K. Cannon 2  
Mr. H. Monkshall's ch. c. Beverini,  
3 yrs., 7st. 12lb. W. B. Randall 3  
100 to 30 agst. St. Lucia.

#### DONCASTER.—SPRING MEETING.

May 19th.—Doncaster Spring Handicap  
Plate of 905 sovs. ; The Sandall  
Mile.  
Mr. Vyner's b. h. Sardis, by Crow-  
berry—Sardica, 6 yrs., 7st. 13lb.  
F. Finlay 1  
Mr. C. S. Newton's b. h. Clip-  
stone, 5 yrs., 8st. ....Rickaby 2  
Mr. J. H. Holdsworth's b. c.  
Morning Dew, 3 yrs., 6 st. 11lb.,  
A. Pratt 3  
8 to 1 agst. Sardis.  
May 20th.—The Chesterfield Handicap of  
270 sovs. for three-year-olds and  
upwards ; (one and a half miles).  
Sir J. Miller's b. c. Invincible II., 3  
yrs., 7st. ....T. Loates 1  
Mr. Vyner's ch. f. Bird of March,  
3 yrs., 6st. 8lb. ....H. Lake, junr. 2  
5 to 2 on Invincible II.

#### CRICKET.

May 10th.—At Lord's, M.C.C. v. Lanca-  
shire, former won by an innings and  
25 runs.  
May 6th.—At Lord's, M.C.C. v. Sussex,  
former won by an innings and 58 runs.  
May 10th.—At Cambridge, The University  
v. Mr. Thornton's XI., latter won by  
7 wickets.  
May 14th.—At Lord's, M.C.C. v. York-  
shire, latter won by 99 runs.  
May 18th.—At Leyton, Essex v. Surrey,  
former won by 6 wickets.  
May 18th.—At Bath, Somerset v. York-  
shire, latter won by 198 runs.  
May 18th.—At Birmingham, Warwickshire  
v. Worcestershire, former won by 80  
runs.  
May 18th.—At Oxford, The University v.  
M. A. J. Webb's XI., former won  
by 99 runs.

#### RACKETS.

April 22nd.—At Queen's Club, Harrow  
beat Eton by 4 games to 2, and  
retained the Public School Double  
Challenge Cup.

#### TENNIS.

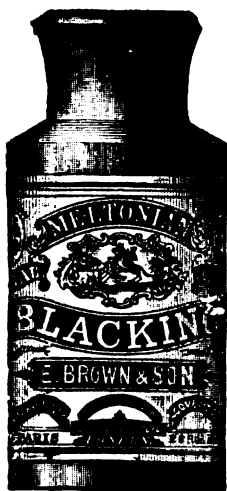
April 30th.—At Queen's Club, J. B.  
Quibble v. Sir Edward Grey, latter  
won by 3 sets to 1, and became the  
Amateur Champion.

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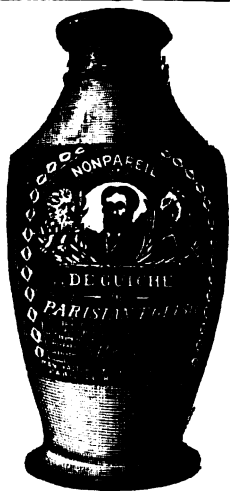
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